



## OBITUARY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Budd Smith, Widow of the Late Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith.

It is becoming that the death of this gentle woman should receive more than a passing notice, for she exemplified during a long life so many distinguishing virtues that her memory should be cherished.

She was born at the little village of Asbury, Warren county, New Jersey, on the 18th of June, 1827, and died at the residence of her son, Walter George Smith, in this city, on the 16th of February, 1899. Thus she had completed the three score years and ten allotted to mankind. Her father, Dr. William Budd McCullough, came from an old New Jersey family, which had intermarried with the Budds and other ancient Philadelphia families. Her grandfather, Colonel William McCullough, was a Revolutionary soldier and had been Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of his district. On her mother's side she came of the family of Piatt, notable, too, for the service of its members in the war of the Revolution and afterwards as pioneers in the Ohio valley. The death of her mother when she and a younger sister were of tender years led to their being adopted into the family of her grandfather, Judge Benjamin M. Piatt, and in his romantic home, in Logan county, Ohio, she was brought up and educated.

The exceeding wild beauty of the country where Judge Piatt had made his home but a few years after its Indian inhabitants had removed further "towards the setting sun" left an impression upon her life that never faded from it. During all its changes and vicissitudes she turned back in thought to the primeval forest, the murmuring streams, the broad savannahs on which her childish eyes so long rested and in all the sights and sounds of nature she found an unceasing interest and delight.

Her grandmother, Mrs. Piatt, a Virginian by birth, and strong as became a pioneer's wife, was converted to Catholicity in the early days, when the struggling Church in Cincinnati could boast of but one little building, and its members were but a small flock in a hostile community. That she might not be denied all the consolations of her faith, she erected a little log chapel on her husband's broad domain, which still stands, though empty and deserted, an eloquent monument of days gone by.

It was in this humble edifice that the old time missionary priests were wont to celebrate Mass when visiting Judge Piatt's household, and here on the 2d of May, 1848, Elizabeth Budd McCullough was married to Thomas Kilby Smith, a young lawyer of Cincinnati. Her life thereafter was that of the devoted wife and mother, giving all the wealth of her mind and heart to her family, but not forgetting her duty to God and her neighbor. Gentle, retiring, yielding in everything but that which touched her faith or her principles, and then firm and brave as the bravest,

when the storm of war took her husband from her side for three long years of battle and campaign, she bore her responsibilities as became a soldier's wife. Her ardent patriotism sustained his efforts and no word of complaint fell from her lips that she was left alone to nurse, protect and educate her children. She lived to see her family grow up around her and to bear the sorrow of many deaths.

One of her most lovely daughters was first called, then her husband, then two noble sons, one of them giving up his life as a missionary priest in South America, the other ending a brief career of unusual promise in his profession of architecture.

The simple faith and dignity of her nature sustained her to the last—serene, patient, unselfish. Hers was a type of mind not often developed. She was a natural musician, and no art could teach the grace and melody with which she sang her own songs to her own music. She was a poet whose inspiration came from nature and from nature's God. Her taste in art, in literature, in all that refines social life was of the purest. Amidst all her trials, her spirit soared to ethereal heights. The old-fashioned domestic virtues found in her a worthy exemplar yet she never lost sight of the great ends of life in absorption in these necessary works that are but means. To the very close of her days she maintained an interest in contemporary events. She had read in her girlhood the best literature attainable, and during all her life her vigorous intellect was fed by constant reading. Her familiarity with modern history and with the great questions of social and political moment gave to her opinions a justness and truth that would have been remarkable even in a public man.

She had known many of the statesmen whose names became famous in later days. Her girlhood was spent in the home of a distinguished Whig, but she could recall her father's going to the polls to vote for Jackson. Many of the great men of the days immediately preceding the war, as well as those who attained distinction during its continuance, were frequent visitors at her grandfather's, and subsequently at her husband's home. Her judgment of their characters and careers was keen and discriminating. She was unhesitating in denunciation of sham, whether political or social, yet such was her gentleness that she never offended.

Hers was a life sustained and carried on by the impulse of a living faith. Life was but a preparation for the hereafter, but it was not to be used lightly or despondingly. The full measure of its opportunities must be availed of, and it mattered not for the merit whether worldly success crowned the effort. It was the intention that marked its value.

The influence of such a life cannot be measured. The great force of her example has sustained and is sustaining many a struggling heart. In the fullness of time, yet while all her mental faculties were in unabated vigor, God has called her to her reward. Through the mist of sorrow for the loss of so dear a friend, so devoted a mother, so noble a woman, her family and her friends may reverently thank His goodness for her beautiful life.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*, Feb. 26, 1899.



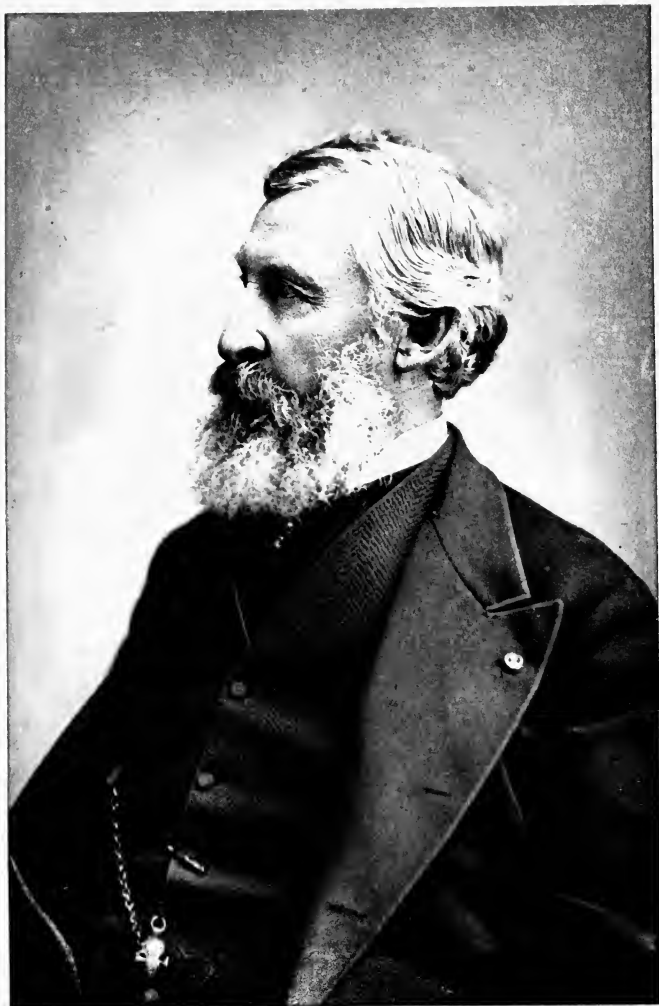
Henry S. Maccoast-Ere  
From Walter George Smith











Sincerely Your friend,  
 Wm. Hilby Smith

LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
THOMAS KILBY SMITH

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

1820-1887

By HIS SON

WALTER GEORGE SMITH

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WITH PORTRAITS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
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The Knickerbocker Press

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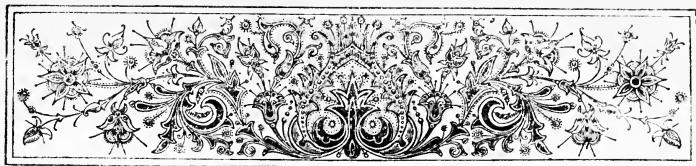
TO THE  
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The Knickerbocker Press, New York



TO THE COMPANIONS  
OF  
THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION  
OF  
THE UNITED STATES  
THIS NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE  
OF THEIR  
FELLOW SOLDIER  
IS DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

**A**FTER a lapse of ten years since the death of my father, I venture to give this work to the public.

I am impelled by two thoughts : first, a filial desire to pay tribute to his memory, and second to add to the literature of the Civil War this collection of his letters. The personal consideration taken alone might possibly not constitute sufficient ground for the publication, but it has seemed to me, that as a contribution to the records of the time, the letters ought not to be withheld.

General Smith's career as a soldier was a type of that of many others whose impressions have been published, but I doubt if any collection of letters has been made, descriptive of the scenes in the theatre of war in which he moved, so full and graphic as those written by him, marked as they were by the frankness that characterizes a family correspondence. His judgment of events was often inaccurate, and his statements at times doubtless exaggerated by the excitement of the moment ; but the conclusions he formed of the leading actors with whom he was associated will be found to have been for the most part borne out by the event.

Interest in books of this kind must of necessity become less and less intense as later events in the world's history claim our attention. While there are many thousands still surviving who bore arms in the Civil War, almost all of the leaders have passed away, and the veterans of every rank are rapidly giving place to men who know of the great conflict only as a tradition. Still, so long as history is read, men will be interested in the story of this period ; and the names of the great men on both sides will never be erased from the roll of fame.

Although these letters do not touch on the causes of the war, they do show in graphic language the heroism of those who fought, the hardships they endured, and the tenacity of the American people in the support of the fundamental principles of free government.

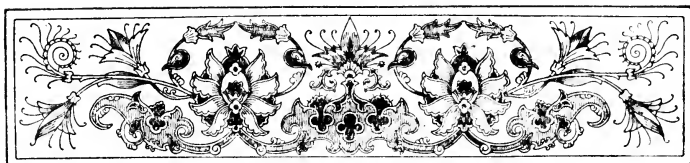
I have thought it wise to print a few extracts from early letters and to continue the series until after my father's retirement from the consulship at Panama, though these particular letters were not strictly within the purview of the work.

If I have been mistaken in my estimate of the value of this work to the public at large, I feel confident at least that I shall give pleasure to many an old soldier who will read in the description of the adventures of his fellow-soldier a counterpart of what happened to himself. As he recalls the memory of the stirring days of his military life, his patriotism and zeal for American institutions will grow stronger and firmer, and his faith in the permanence of a form of government that could outlive such a trial will gain new force.

WALTER GEORGE SMITH.

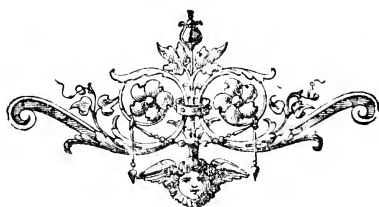
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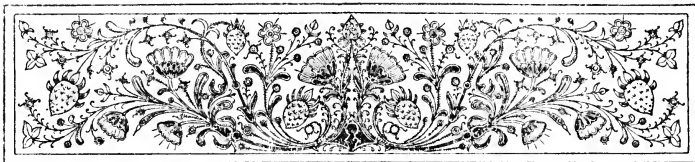


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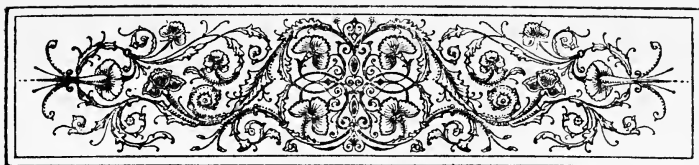
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# LIFE

OF

## THOMAS KILBY SMITH

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ABOUT the year 1752, there came to America from Germany a young physician, Doctor Godfried Christian Schmidt. He had been educated at Ulm, though his native place was Wolfenbüttel, a small town in Brunswick. It is a tradition well attested by relics, that he was connected with the army of Great Britain and her colonies in the French and Indian War. After that conflict was over, he settled at Newburyport, Massachusetts, where, on the 27th of March, 1764, he married Hannah Calef, a daughter of Joseph Calef of Boston and on her mother's side descended from a Maine family, she having been a grand-daughter of Dominicus Jordan, called the "Indian Fighter," who was one of the early settlers in the neighborhood of Casco Bay.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Schmidt attained great eminence in his profession, and died at the age of sixty years on the 16th of March, 1791. The youngest of the seven children of Dr. Schmidt was George, born in Boston in 1782. In early life this son was bred to the sea, and became so proficient as a mariner that he rose to the command of ships and made many voyages. In his young manhood perhaps the most important commission to the master of a sailing vessel was to trade to the northwest coast of America and thence to China and from China home by way

<sup>1</sup> *The Trelawny Papers*, p. 433.

of Europe,—thus circumnavigating the globe. Captain Smith not only made this voyage, but visited the northwest coast of South America and led for many years an adventurous life. At one time he was taken by the Chinese and held in prison ; at another, by the Spanish settlers of South America, from whom he escaped and made his way across the Isthmus of Panama, enduring many hardships. After retiring from the life of a sailor, he was married at Christ Church in Boston on the 31st of January, 1817, to Eliza Bicker Walter, then in her seventeenth year. Miss Walter came of a distinguished family of New England lineage on both sides of her house. Her father could trace among his lineal ancestors the Lyndes, father and son, the first and second chief justices of Massachusetts ; John Eliot, called the "Apostle to the Indians," who translated the Bible into their tongue ; the Rev. Increase Mather, father of the famous Cotton Mather, and the sixth President of Harvard College, and by intermarriage her family were related to many others notable in New England history. The first surviving child of this marriage was Thomas Kilby Smith, born at Dorchester near Boston on the 23d of September, 1820. His mother gave him the name of Thomas Kilby Jones, in honor of her great uncle, a descendant on the maternal side of that family of Kilby whose name is perpetuated in Boston by the well-known Kilby Street. When, however, the son thus baptized grew to man's estate, he discarded the name of Jones<sup>1</sup> ; not from any lack of respect to his mother's choice,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Kilby Jones was a grandson of Thomas Kilby, an amusing account of whom appears in a letter from the late General Samuel J. Bridge, of December 3, 1860, to Mrs. George Smith, as follows :

I have been reading *Dealings with the Dead*, by a Sexton of the Old School, L. M. Sargent, who you will recollect built a house on the rear of R. G. Amory's Elm Hill, not far from Uncle Jones' seat. In chapter 136, he speaks of Thos. Kilby for whom Uncle Jones was named, and in turn your son. "Thos. Kilby was a gentleman of education, graduated at Harvard in 1723, and died in 1770, and according to Pemberton, published essays in prose and verse. Not long ago a gentleman enquired of me if I ever heard that Peter Faneuil had a wooden leg : and related the following amusing story, which he received from his collateral ancestor, John Page, who graduated at

or to his distinguished namesake, but because he thought the name of Kilby would be sufficiently distinguishing without adding that of Jones to the then, as now, too common patronymic Smith. For nine years Captain Smith and his wife made their residence in or near Boston. During a portion of this time he resided in the ancient town of Quincy not far from Boston, or at least his family made long visits to relatives there. The widow of Dr. Schmidt died in Boston in 1832 at the age of 90 years. She made her home in an interesting house said to be the oldest in Quincy, and still standing, the comfortable homestead of Mr. Hull Adams and his sister Elizabeth, the children of Judge Samuel Adams, the brother of John Quincy Adams and the son of John Adams, the second President of the United States. Tradition tells of the flaxen-haired child who played in the

Harvard in 1765, and died in 1825, aged 81. Thos. Kilby was an unthrifty and rather whimsical gentleman. Being without property and employment, he retired to Nova Scotia. There he made a will, for his amusement, having, in reality, *nothing* to bequeath. He left liberal sums to a number of religious, philanthropic, and literary institutions; his sons to a worthy clergyman, as he appeared not to have any; his *body* to a surgeon of his acquaintance, 'excepting as hereinafter mentioned'; his *eyes*, which were very good, to a blind relative; his *heart* to an aged spinster; and the choice of his *legs* he bequeathed to his friend, Peter Faneuil."

Sargent says, "upon enquiry of the oldest surviving relative of Peter Faneuil, I found that nothing was known of the wooden leg. But a day or two after, a highly respectable and aged citizen, attracted by the articles in the *Transcript*, informed me that his father, born in 1727, told him that he had seen Peter Faneuil in his garden, and that on one foot he wore a high-heeled shoe. This probably gave occasion to the considerate bequest of Thomas Kilby. The will, coming to the knowledge of Peter Faneuil, he was so much pleased with the humor of it that, probably, having a knowledge of the *testator* before, he sent for him and made him his commercial agent at Canso, Nova Scotia, and so enabled him to live like a gentleman all the rest of his life." The story is worth keeping in the family, which induces me to send it to you. Uncle Jones inherited much of Tom Kilby's humor. You will recollect that Uncle Jones often spoke of his relatives in Nova Scotia, but how he came to be named for Thos. Kilby I never understood. If the dear old man was alive how he would laugh at this story. . . .

garden or rode his pony about Constitution Hill at the foot of which the little homestead stands ; and there in later life when the child had become a war-worn soldier he was wont occasionally to return and renew the inspirations of his earlier days.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to the late George D. Budd, Esq., of Philadelphia, who had written for *The Penn. Monthly* a review of the then recently published life of John Adams, the subject of this narrative speaks of his relations with the Adams family as follows :

“ Your critique upon the life of John Adams, begun by his son, completed by his grandson, I have read with a great interest that you will readily appreciate when I tell you that the earliest years of my life were closely associated with the society that surrounded and was identified with the rise and progress of the family illustrated through four generations by the names of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, and John Quincy Adams the younger, the last, but not least of the quartet, a lawyer, orator, statesman, publicist. Three days before the death of John Adams, I sat upon his knee under the shade of the branching oaks his own hand had raised from the acorn. The most impressive scene of my childhood was the burial of his body. The funeral cortege I remember as an event of yesterday, my father lifting me in his arms to view the face of the dead as it lay confined in the hearse. John Quincy Adams I knew as a farmer better than a statesman, though I have heard him in his happiest vein when old enough to appreciate his powers. But I have seen him more frequently in his shirt sleeves driving behind his oxen or coming from the marshes with his gun on his shoulder, or returning from his morning bath in the ocean. The frequent recipient of that sort of hospitality most grateful to a child from Mrs. Adams, for I was free of the house, I can bear ample testimony to her thorough accomplishment in that art so often neglected by the ladies of the period who cannot vie with her genius for conversation, literature, and fascination in the drawing-room.”

The family of Thomas Kilby Smith were descended on his mother's side from the family of Thomas Boylston, and were therefore distantly related to the Adams family. John Adams, the second President of the United States, was a grandson of Thomas Boylston, his granddaughter Susannah having married John Adams, the father of the statesman. Susannah Boylston was the daughter of Peter, a son of Thomas. Rebecca, a daughter of Thomas Boylston, married William Abbot, of Brookline. Their daughter Rebecca married Rev. Nehemiah Walter, whose great-granddaughter was the mother of Thomas Kilby Smith. A relationship so distant was not known to him, but his reference to this family makes it of interest in this connection.

Failing in business and attracted by what he had heard of the rising importance of the then metropolis of the West, Captain Smith removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, about the year 1829. After some vicissitudes he finally made his home at a short distance from the city, in Coleraine Township, Hamilton County. Before his removal from Boston another son was born, and a large family grew up in the Ohio home, there being in all three sons and two daughters surviving to adult age. Seventy years ago, it is needless to say, the civilization of the Ohio Valley was far less perfect than at this date when it teems with a busy and prosperous population. The virgin forests still covered the hills in many places; the manner of living was simple; there was little wealth, and the descendants of the pioneers and the survivors of those hardy adventurers themselves, had scarcely perfected the foundations of the young commonwealth. Manual labor was not held in disrepute, and it was a lifelong boast of the eldest son of George Smith that he had gained health and strength and skill by battling with the adverse forces of nature. There was at that time, however, no lack of intellectual activity in Cincinnati: many strong and able men in various walks of life had cast their lot in that community, and opportunities were not wanting for education, both academic and professional, to ambitious youth. As he grew in years, young Smith developed an active mind and a well-nigh perfect physique. He had inherited from his German ancestors the ruddy complexion and the blonde type that distinguishes them in so eminent a degree. Proud of his physical prowess, he was a swift runner, a splendid swimmer, and an accomplished horseman. One of his favorite stories was the description of a race between himself and some companions of twenty-five miles from a neighboring town to the city of Cincinnati, which he had made in an incredibly short space of time. It is said that he swam the Ohio River with his clothes on, and was daunted by no obstacle in boyish feats of strength. One of the notable institutions in Cincinnati at that early date was the old Woodward High School, and there he was a pupil with other lads, many of whom became distinguished in later life: such men as Stanley Mat-

thews, Geo. H. Pendleton, John B. Groesbeck, George E. Pugh, and Daniel Drake Henrie. Subsequently, Ormsby M. Mitchel came to Cincinnati, fresh from his studies at West Point and his military training in the army. He set up a military school, and his friendship for Captain George Smith led him to take a special interest in Thomas Kilby, who became one of his favorite pupils. From Mitchel the youth received a training that in future life was of great advantage to him. His attention was directed to the science and practice of civil engineering, and as Mitchel himself was called upon from that time to make surveys, he appointed him upon his staff of assistants. Together they made the preliminary surveys for the first railroad in the State of Ohio, and through Mitchel's influence young Smith was attached to an expedition in Wisconsin in 1838, where he had much experience of border life. After returning from that expedition, being then in his nineteenth year, the young engineer made a visit to his parents' relatives in Boston, where he was received with cordial admiration. On his return after a brief sojourn in his parents' home, he determined to adopt the legal profession, and notwithstanding the entreaties of his father's friends who looked upon the relationship as likely to shadow his future success, he was placed in the law office of Salmon P. Chase, who was then in the successful practice of his profession in partnership with Flamen Ball. It was owing to no personal defect in the character or the professional standing of the future Chief Justice of the United States, that Captain Smith's friends urged him not to put his son under such preceptorship, but because of the unpopularity of Mr. Chase on political grounds. At that time, the feeling in Ohio in opposition to interference with slavery was very strong, yet Salmon P. Chase was an ardent and uncompromising opponent of slavery, and did not hesitate to denounce it both publicly and privately.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In after years, when the burning questions that divided men in those days had been settled, and the small minority had been changed into an overwhelming and triumphant majority, and the great Chief Justice had passed to his reward, his remains were transferred to their present resting-place in Spring Grove Cemetery near Cincinnati. In the course of an eloquent oration pronounced by his friend, the Hon-

It was not because of any special sympathy with the abolitionists, probably, that Captain Smith determined to place his son under the preceptorship of Mr. Chase ; but having determined that he possessed the qualifications, and knowing the nobility of his character, he was not deterred by his unpopularity. In the office of Messrs. Chase & Ball, the usual course of law study was pursued by the young man until, in the year 1846, he was admitted to the bar of Hamilton County. After his admission to the bar, Mr. Smith remained in the office of Messrs. Chase & Ball for a number of years, engaged in the active practice of his profession. He was, however, of a restless temperament, and by nature averse to a sedentary life. He would often go to the woods and fields on hunting expeditions, of which he was extremely fond. On one occasion he accepted an invitation from another young lawyer, afterwards known to fame as Donn Piatt, to accompany him to his father's home in Logan County. Donn Piatt was a son of Judge Benjamin M. Piatt, one of the earliest pioneers of the West. After the usual vicissitudes of a pioneer's life in Illinois and Kentucky, Judge Piatt had fixed his home at a beautiful and romantic spot near the geographical centre of the State of Ohio, called " Mac-o-cheek," after the name of an Indian tribe, who but a few years before had lived there. This name in the Indian vernacular, is said to mean " smiling valley," and the name was surely appropriate, for its aspect was so beautiful, ro-  
orable George Hoadly, on that occasion, there occurs the following passage :

"What made him content to be the best hated man in Cincinnati ; to bear opprobrium, to stand (as he once did) by the side of General Thomas Kilby Smith and meet volleys of stale eggs, while he calmly continued his appeal for justice to the slave? He was not helped in his work by malice, or hatred, or spite,—the stimulus of little, mean men. When I made his acquaintance his most intimate friend was a Kentucky slave owner. He made war on the system, not the man ; and knowing full well that any life, his own even, caught within the folds of slavery, must submit to the crushing of its free thought, and its errors be largely, if not wholly, excused by the impossibility of escaping the control of circumstance, education, interests, surroundings. What helped him,—yes, made him,—was this : he walked with God."

mantic and serene as to suggest the happiest thoughts. Through it flowed a little stream of the same name, meandering through woods and across broad prairies until it lost itself in the Mad River near the point where the town of West Liberty now stands. To this favorite spot where Judge Piatt had built himself a plain but substantial pioneer's house of hewn logs, situated upon a rising knoll and facing across the savannas towards the west, the young man came in the autumn of 1847. It can be well imagined that the advent of the handsome young stranger accompanied by his beautiful white pointer dog made some sensation in the Judge's family, and not the least of those affected by it was his granddaughter Elizabeth Budd McCullough, a daughter of Dr. William Budd McCullough of Asbury, Warren County, New Jersey,<sup>1</sup> who had been taken in infancy after her mother's death to live amid those romantic scenes. The impressions made upon her were reciprocated in the heart of the visitor. After another year Mr. Smith returned again to the "smiling valley," and found his bride in Miss McCullough. They were married on the 2d of May, 1848, in the old log church which had been erected by Mrs. Piatt not far from the family residence, by the Right Rev. J. B. Purcell, D.D., then Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Cincinnati. Captain George Smith and his wife were Protestants, the men of the Walter family, from which the latter had sprung, being almost in an hereditary line Church of England or Congregationalist ministers. The Piatts were also originally of the strongest Protestant stock, being an old French Huguenot family; but the Judge's wife had become a convert to Catholicism, and had educated her family in that faith. The usual pledges having been given by Mr. Smith, the good Bishop

<sup>1</sup> Dr. McCullough was a son of Col. William McCullough, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Warren County, New Jersey, and a great landed proprietor at Asbury. Colonel McCullough was an early convert to Methodism, and his son a lifelong member of that denomination. The early death of his young wife made the doctor consent to the education and practical adoption of his two daughters by their grandmother; but though living apart from them during all his life, his affection remained undiminished until his death, which occurred in California in 1868.



did not hesitate to perform the ceremony. Mrs. Smith was born on the 18th of June, 1827. She had inherited from both parents a beauty of distinctively brunette type. She had been a delicate girl, but was gifted with an unusually intelligent mind. Her life in the quiet seclusion of the country had afforded her opportunities for the development of latent tastes in poetry and music, which made her most attractive. With her young sister Arabella, who died in early youth, she was already recognized in her family circle, as having graces not often combined, with feelings sensitive to all that was beautiful in nature or art. She gave her hand with romantic devotion to her young lover, and during his varied career she was ever devoted to his best interests and those of her children. The quiet influence of her well-nigh perfect life is their best heritage, her teaching their earliest instruction in the way of truth and unselfish service towards God and man.

After his marriage Mr. Smith continued in the practice of his profession in Cincinnati with varying success until 1853, when he was appointed to a responsible position in the department of the Postmaster-General at Washington. In politics he was what was known in those days as a "Free Soil Democrat," and attained sufficient prominence in his party to merit recognition. At that time Franklin Pierce was President of the United States, and James Campbell of Philadelphia, Postmaster-General. A warm friendship sprang up between the President, Judge Campbell and the young man which was maintained during the remainder of their lives. He made his residence in Washington until the year 1856, when, towards the close of the Pierce administration, he was honored by the appointment of United States Marshal for the Southern District of Ohio. Resigning his position in the Postmaster-General's Department, he removed his family back to Cincinnati, and proceeded to familiarize himself with the duties of his new position. But the dominant forces of Ohio politics during the administration of President Buchanan were not in accord with his views and his appointment failed of confirmation in the Senate ; so that he found himself in the position of so many who have relied upon the Govern-

ment's service as a means of livelihood, suddenly out of office with the responsibility of a young and growing family, and his professional life marred by the years lost as a salaried official. Soon afterwards, however, he was appointed Deputy Clerk of the Court of Hamilton County, and devoted himself to the duties of that office for the next four years. His love of excitement and warm interest in public affairs which seemed to be almost a part of his nature, prevented him from becoming merely a routine official. He had the friendship and confidence, young as he was, of many of the most distinguished and successful statesmen and politicians of that day. He had served on the National Democratic Committee during a portion of President Pierce's administration, and found his relaxation to a great extent in the excitement attendant upon public life. He had formed the personal friendship and entertained the highest admiration for Stephen A. Douglas, at that time Senator from Illinois, and as the gathering clouds portended the conflict that culminated in the disruption of the Democratic Party in 1860, he took his stand with Douglas and his associates. After the election of Mr. Lincoln and his inauguration in the Spring of 1861, his mind was made up, as was that of his great political leader, to support Mr. Lincoln's administration, sinking all minor differences in the determination to maintain the integrity of the Federal Union.

On the 1st of June, 1861, he went to Washington to offer his services to the Government as a soldier. While he was in Washington the Battle of Bull Run was fought, and he witnessed the scenes of confusion and dismay subsequent to that discouraging conflict. Returning, he paid a visit to his venerable mother, then living in New York, and while there made some further study of the military situation. On his return to Cincinnati he found that his wife's uncle, Abram S. Piatt, had been commissioned a colonel of volunteers and had undertaken the task of recruiting three regiments at Camp Dennison near Cincinnati; but before his purpose was attained he had been ordered to the field with his own command, the 37th Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. This left a few hundred men recruited for the 54th Ohio

Volunteer Infantry without a commanding officer, and through the influence of Senator Chase, his old preceptor in the law, and Governor Dennison, Mr. Smith received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 54th Ohio Volunteer Infantry on the 9th of September, 1861. He went at once to his place of duty. Excepting the education he had received more than twenty years before from Professor Mitchel, he had nothing but his instincts and such opportunities as the busy life into which he had plunged permitted, to fit himself for the command. His courage and hope were high, but he had some doubt as to his ability to recruit and organize his regiment to its full strength and drill it for active duty. He lost no time, however, in hesitation, but turned his back upon the pursuits of civil life and leaving his young and delicate wife to direct the fortunes of herself and five children, one but an infant in arms, he went to his patriotic work with the same spirit of zeal and hope that distinguished so many hundreds of thousands of his fellow-soldiers in those memorable days. On the 31st of October, 1861, he was mustered into the service of the United States as Colonel of his regiment.

The war had now begun in real earnest. The shock and surprise of the defeat of the Union Army at Bull Run had served the valuable purpose of awakening the North and West to a full realization of the determination of the Southern leaders to disrupt the Union and found a new confederacy whose corner stone would be human slavery. The lusty youth of Ohio needed but little encouragement to rally about the standards that were set up in different parts of the State, and the 54th Regiment, recruited for the most part from the country districts, gradually found its ranks filling, and under the energetic care of its colonel, became a well-disciplined body of men. The uniform of the Zouaves was adopted, and daily upon the level plains upon which Camp Dennison was pitched, the regiment was drilled in the manual of arms. The writer can recall his experience as a child while visiting at the Camp, the soldierly appearance of the long line as it stood in front of his father, and hear in imagination the tones of his sonorous voice as he gave the commands. He can see

the long line break into companies and remember his feeling of elation as he led the regiment back to its quarters when the afternoon drill had closed. During all of the autumn of 1861, and until the 16th of February, 1862, Colonel Smith devoted himself to the duties of preparation for the trials that were to follow. Mounted upon a magnificent chestnut stallion, he rode about the Camp during the mornings, and until late in the day was occupied with the arduous duties of his new responsibility.

At last orders came to take the field ; the 54th was directed to proceed to Paducah, Kentucky, and report to Major-General Halleck at St. Louis by telegraph. Promptly and without confusion, the command was transported to Cincinnati and placed on transport steamboats. On the 19th of February, 1862, the Colonel reported to Brig.-Gen. W. T. Sherman, then commanding at Paducah, and by his orders was assigned to the 2d Brigade of the Fifth Division, Col. David Stuart of the 55th Illinois Infantry commanding. At that time General Sherman was a brigadier-general of volunteers, and Colonel of the 13th Infantry of the Regular Army. The little town of Paducah is situated on the Ohio River. The 5th Division was made up of four brigades, and each brigade composed of three regiments. This was the first large command exercised by General Sherman, and as the soldiers composing it afterwards became veterans and served with great distinction, it will be of interest to give the composition and names of the commanding officers. They were almost all more or less distinguished in the old Army of the Tennessee, an organization that will go down to history with a record untarnished and illustrious. The first brigade consisted of the 6th Iowa, Col. J. A. McDowell ; the 40th Illinois, Col. Stephen G. Hicks ; the 46th Ohio, Col. Thomas Worthington, and the Morton Battery, Captain Frederick Behr. The second brigade : the 55th Illinois, Col. David Stuart ; the 54th Ohio, Col. Thomas Kilby Smith, and the 71st Ohio, Col. Rodney Mason. The third brigade : the 77th Ohio, Col. Jesse Hildebrand ; the 53d Ohio, Col. J. J. Appler, and the 57th Ohio, Col. William Mungen. The fourth brigade : the 72d Ohio, Col. R. P. Buckland ; the

48th Ohio, Col. Peter J. Sullivan ; and the 70th Ohio, Col. J. R. Cockerill.

Of these regiments almost all, both officers and men, were without actual military experience. In his report of the battle of Shiloh, General Sherman says :

“ My division was made up of regiments perfectly new, nearly all having received their muskets for the first time at Paducah. None of them had ever been under fire or beheld heavy columns of enemy bearing down on them. The division embarked on steamboats on March 8th and proceeded down the Ohio River to the Tennessee and up that stream arriving at Fort Henry March 9th, and at Savannah, Tennessee, March 11th.”

On the 14th, General Sherman disembarked his command at the mouth of Yellow Creek on the Tennessee River and sent cavalry to destroy the Charleston and Memphis Railroad ; but the heavy rains had so swollen the streams that the country was impassable. On the 16th, the command dropped down to Pittsburg Landing, and disembarked, and again attempted the destruction of the railroad, cavalry encountering a force which was routed, but it failed in its undertaking, and on the 19th of March the division went into camp on ground extending from Purdy to the Hamburg Road, two and a half miles from the Landing.

The history of the battle of Shiloh is one that has provoked no little controversy. A glance at the map of the battlefield shows that it was enclosed by the Tennessee River at the rear, a little stream called Snake Creek at the right, flowing into the Tennessee River, and Lick Creek on the left, flowing into the same river. The Army of the Tennessee, of which General Sherman's division was a part, was composed of six separate divisions, all under command of Major-Gen. U. S. Grant. After making a reconnaissance in force towards Pea Ridge, ten miles towards Corinth, on the 24th of March, the troops lay in camp without event of special moment until the 6th of April when the great battle began. The army of the Tennessee mustered nearly forty-five thousand men, and as they have been described by an eye-witness, they “ mounted guard daily, devoured their rations and slept in peace. . . .

All was security beneath the shadow of the old church and the nodding grasses that margined the streams hard by. No breastwork faced toward the foe ; no rifle-pit told the story of an army alert, active, and conscious. . . . Vernal days shed languor over musketeer and cannoneer.”<sup>1</sup>

At Corinth, a commercial centre of considerable importance situated in the State of Mississippi, a few days march from Pittsburg Landing, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command of the Confederate Army of the Mississippi. He had formed the plan of concentrating every available soldier of the Confederacy and by sudden marches falling upon Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing and crushing it before the arrival of the Army of the Ohio, which was making its way steadily to form a junction with Grant. Johnson summoned his troops from all parts of the South, and on the 2d of April issued the following order :

“ Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi :

“ I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property, and honor. Remember the precious stake involved ; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children on the result ; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes and ties that will be desolated by defeat.

“ The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your race and lineage ; worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds and with the trust that God is with us, your general will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success.”<sup>2</sup>

Generals Grant and Sherman have been criticised with unsparing severity because they made no apparent preparation for the attack that was impending. It will be for military

<sup>1</sup> Col. John A. Cockerill, *The Surprise at Shiloh*.

<sup>2</sup> *War Records*, vol. x., series i, part ii., p. 233.

critics to say whether or not their conduct in this respect was open to censure. How many mistakes have been made by successful generals as well as men in every profession, history does not always tell. But certain it is, that the commanders of troops on both sides during the American Civil War learned much from experience as that great conflict progressed, and it may well have been that in later years different dispositions would have been made. General Sherman himself has said : " For days we knew the enemy was in our front, but the nature of the ground and his superior strength and cavalry prevented us from breaking through the veil of their approach to ascertain their true strength and purpose. But as soldiers we were prepared at all times to receive an attack, and even to make one if circumstances warranted it. On that morning our pickets had been driven in, and our main guard was forced back to the small valley in our front. All our regiments of infantry, battalions of artillery, and squadrons of cavalry were prepared. I myself, their commander, was fully prepared, right along the line of this very regiment (the 57th Ohio, Colonel Mungen) and so was in position in front of their camp and looking to a cause-way across the small creek by which the enemy was expected to approach. . . . It is simply ridiculous to talk about a surprise." <sup>1</sup>

In a letter of General Halleck to Secretary Stanton, under date of June 15, 1864,<sup>2</sup> the former states :

" It is not my object in this communication to offer any comments on the battle beyond the remark that the impression which at one time seemed to have been received by this department,—that our forces were surprised on the morning of the 6th, is entirely erroneous. I am satisfied from a patient and careful inquiry and investigation that all our troops were notified of the enemy's approach some time before the battle commenced." And General McPherson has said <sup>3</sup> : " It was well known the enemy was approaching our lines and there had been more or less skirmishing for three days preceding the battle."

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Hon. B. Stanton of June 10, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> *War Records*, vol. x., part. i., series i., p. 99.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 181.

History has recorded how Sidney Johnson fell upon the Union lines in the early morning of Sunday the 6th of April, 1862 ; how the fiery legions of the South hurled themselves through the underbrush and into the very camps of the Union army ; how the new and but partially disciplined troops of the West and Northwest met the shock ; how some thousands of stragglers, losing courage, fled from the field crying all was lost, and betook themselves to the Landing where they huddled under the protection of the gunboats on the Tennessee River close to Pittsburg Landing, where the *Lexington* and *Tyler*, commanded by Captains Gwinn and Shirk, U. S. N., were stationed ; how the commanding general, Grant, took his departure from Savannah, and hastened to the field, where he arrived at ten o'clock in the morning, and how through all that terrible day, the Union army, fighting inch by inch, gradually gave way before the onslaught of the enemy. But it is with the conduct of the Second Brigade of the First Division that this narrative is especially concerned. In order to understand the operations of this command, it must be borne in mind that between the Union lines and those of the enemy was a dense forest bordered by ravines. Sherman's division was not large enough to occupy the whole line and he placed the First, Third and Fourth Brigades on his right, and the Second Brigade on the extreme left, and in this position they were on Sunday morning. The interval between the Second and Third Brigades was occupied by the division of Gen. B. M. Prentiss. General Sherman's division was stationed to the right of the Union line ; toward the left was that of McClernand, and towards his left was that of Prentiss ; to the rear of Prentiss was the division of Hurlbut, and to his right that of Gen. C. F. Smith, then commanded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, owing to the severe illness of General Smith which subsequently terminated fatally. During all that long fight on Sunday this small command had to make its own battle, and, as the conflict progressed, its tenacity of purpose was of the utmost importance to the safety of the whole army. Had it taken panic or made a less stubborn fight, the columns of the enemy would have flanked the army ; the enemy would



perhaps have reached Pittsburg Landing, thus gaining the rear of the entire Union force, and perhaps overwhelming it before the arrival of the Army of the Ohio. The story of its resistance may be found in General Stuart's report. He describes how the conflict began at 7.30 in the morning ; how he made his dispositions, and, notwithstanding the flight of the largest portion of the 71st Regiment, with the small remainder of men in his command, not to exceed eight hundred, of the 55th Illinois, under command of Lieut.-Col. Oscar Malmborg, and the 54th Ohio, he held his own until his ammunition was exhausted ; then gradually and in good order he fell back towards the Landing until additional ammunition was brought. During the day he received a wound in the shoulder that compelled him to relinquish his command to Col. Thomas Kilby Smith, the next in rank, who proceeded to carry out the duties thus imposed upon him. General Stuart says :

“ The experience on Sunday left me under no apprehension as to the fate of the brigade ; if coolness, deliberation, and personal bravery could save it from loss or disgrace. Colonel Smith from the beginning to the end of the engagement on Sunday was constantly at his post, rallying, encouraging, and fighting his men under incessant fire regardless of personal safety.”<sup>1</sup>

At last the long day closed and friend and foe sank exhausted upon the battlefield. During all that night torrents of rain fell, and while the officers consulted about the plans for the morrow, the soldiers rested upon their arms. But Johnson had failed in his purpose notwithstanding the impetuosity of his attack, and his own personal gallantry, which cost him his life, for he received a fatal wound during the progress of the battle. He had not accomplished more than to drive the Union army from its camps and press it back towards the bank of the river, and he had spent all his energy in the terrific struggle. Whether or not with the exhausted troops, their high hopes dampened by his death, Beauregard, who succeeded him, could have overwhelmed Grant's Army of the Tennessee on

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. x., part i., p. 259.

the following day, can only be a matter of conjecture. The safety of the shattered army was insured, for the well-trained columns of the Army of the Ohio, with General Buell in command, arrived at sunset on the opposite bank of the Tennessee River, and all night long they were transported to the battlefield. On Monday morning the conflict was renewed, and General Stuart's brigade under its new commander bore its full share in driving the enemy back to Corinth.

The magnitude of this battle and the heroic gallantry of the troops engaged, must appear from the roll of the casualties. There were 1513 officers and men killed, 6601 wounded, 2830 captured or missing, making an aggregate of 10,944, as the number lost in the Union army. How gallantly the Second Brigade of the First Division did its duty will be apparent from the fact that it lost 587 killed and wounded, and of this number the 54th lost about 195. The loss on the part of the Confederate army was reported by Beauregard as 1728 killed, 8012 wounded, and 957 missing ; total 10,697, but it is thought to have been much greater. A captain of the 54th Ohio Regiment, I. T. Moore, of Company D, speaks thus of some of the incidents of the day :

“ Our brigade was encamped on the extreme left, consisting of two thousand men commanded by Colonel Stuart, acting Brigadier-General, and T. K. Smith. From the nature of the ground we were cut off from the main body of our army. About ten o'clock A.M., we were attacked by eight thousand infantry, two divisions of cavalry, and one battalion, that shelled us first and then advanced in solid columns. We waited until they were within three or four rods and then arose, advanced and fired with terrible effect and then falling back a few rods formed three oblique squares in the woods to protect ourselves against cavalry ; then the squares were reduced and formed in line of battle. The enemy was distinctly seen not more than twenty rods distant over a ravine. We lay down and waited their approach, then rose and let drive at them. We held the enemy here for three hours, but we had no cavalry or artillery, and the enemy was five to one of us. We were compelled to fall

back to the river to the gunboats. . . . We lay on our arms all night and next morning about seven o'clock we went into it again. We pursued the rebels all day; lay on our arms Monday night, got up Tuesday morning, ordered over to our left to sustain the battery; kept in line of battle for this purpose all day. Lay out Tuesday night, again Wednesday morning ordered to advance three or four miles. . . . The field and staff in our brigade all day on duty as far as I know. Major Fisher was perfectly calm and serene, urging the men on to action; but of all men I ever saw, Col. Thomas Kilby Smith took the lead. For an example of his actions: On Sunday while making our grand stand against the enemy, numbering five to our one, the shell, grape and rifle balls falling thick as hail, he rode "Old Blackie" all along our lines, scratching his head, apparently as much unconscious as though he was on dress parade, directing the troops to take good aim, shoot low, and not shoot at all unless they saw a rebel to shoot at. After Colonel Stuart, Acting Brigadier-General, was wounded and carried from the field, Colonel Smith had command of the whole brigade and sometimes other regiments, and maintained throughout this uniform coolness and self-possession."

In his report, General Sherman says:

"My Second Brigade, Colonel Stuart, was detached near two miles from my headquarters. He had to fight his own battle on Sunday, and the enemy interposed between him and General Prentiss early in the day. Colonel Stuart was wounded severely and yet reported for duty Monday morning, but was compelled to leave during the day, when the command devolved on Col. T. Kilby Smith, 54th Ohio, who was always in the thickest of the fight, and led the brigade handsomely."

In that portion of his report devoted to Monday's battle, he says:

"The enemy had one battery close by Shiloh and another near the Hamburg road, both pouring grape and canister upon any column of troops that advanced toward the green point of Water Oaks. Wittich's regiment had been repulsed, but the whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beauti-

fully, deployed and entered this dreaded woods. I ordered my Second Brigade, then commanded by Col. T. Kilby Smith (Colonel Stuart being wounded), to form on its right, and my Fourth Brigade, Colonel Buckland, on its right, all to advance abreast with this Kentucky brigade before mentioned, which I afterwards found to be Rousseau's brigade of McCook's division. I gave personal direction to the twenty-four pounder guns, whose well-directed fire first silenced the enemy's guns to the left, and afterwards at the Shiloh Meeting House. Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it, and at four P.M. we stood upon the ground of our original front line, and the enemy was in full retreat."<sup>1</sup>

In this splendid charge no doubt Colonel Smith made the acquaintance of General Rousseau, with whom, until his death, he retained the most friendly relations.

So ended the battle of Shiloh. Had the issue been different, the theatre of war might have been transferred north of the Ohio River. The chief interest of this battle arises not alone, however, from the terrible consequences of success or failure on either side, but from the evidence it gives of the natural soldiership of the population from whom the component elements of each army were made up. It is safe to say, that in no conflict have raw troops behaved with greater steadiness or gallantry. That there were some who skulked or sought safety in flight, cannot be denied; but, for the most part, they acquitted themselves worthily, and gave evidence that the conflict must be stubbornly fought out to its logical conclusion.<sup>2</sup>

Colonel Smith remained in command of the brigade until the 18th of May, when he assumed again the command of his regiment, which was assigned to the brigade of Gen. Morgan

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. x., part i., p. 251.

<sup>2</sup> General Sherman's own conduct in this battle won him his commission of Major-General. In a dispatch to the Secretary of War, dated May 5, 1862, Asst. Secy. Thos. A. Scott says: . . . "Nomination of Sherman for Major-General gives great satisfaction. It was nobly gained upon the field of Shiloh." *War Records*, series i., vol. x., part ii., p. 164.

L. Smith. Gen. Morgan L. Smith's brigade was the First of the Fifth Division,<sup>1</sup> and the next general engagement that fell to the lot of the 54th was at Russell's House in the operations before Corinth. It was not so actively engaged as the other regiments of the brigade, but elicited from its commander complimentary reference. General Smith says in his report under date of May 19, 1862 :

"The 54th, Col. Thomas Kilby Smith, and the 57th Ohio, Col. A. V. Rice, were held in good order, obeyed all orders with alacrity, and were disappointed because they could not become hotly engaged."

General Sherman endorses this report :

"I was near at hand and witnessed with great satisfaction the cool and steady advance of this brigade, and bear my willing testimony to the brave conduct of Colonel (M. L.) Smith and the entire brigade, officers and men."

On the 29th of May, Corinth was taken, and the 54th Ohio occupied the town as a guard.<sup>2</sup> From that day this regiment

<sup>1</sup> This Brigade consisted of the 8th Missouri, 55th Illinois, 54th Ohio, and 57th Ohio. *War Records*, series i., vol. x., part ii., p. 194.

<sup>2</sup> "I came back through Corinth with my last brigade, and finding there no part of Buell's forces, I thought proper to leave a regiment—the Fifty-fourth Ohio, Col. T. Kilby Smith—to guard the public property there. . . ." Sherman to Halleck, May 30, 1862. *War Records*, series i., vol. x., part ii., p. 231.

<sup>3</sup> The spirit animating the Union army at that time is well illustrated by General Sherman's congratulatory order after the fall of Corinth :

"General Orders }  
No. 30.

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTH DIVISION,

"CAMP BEFORE CORINTH, May 31, 1862.

"The general commanding Fifth Division, right wing, takes this occasion to express to the officers and men of this command his great satisfaction with them for the courage, steadiness, and great industry displayed by them during the past month. Since leaving our memorable camp at Shiloh we have occupied and strongly intrenched seven distinct camps in a manner to excite the admiration and highest commendation of General Halleck. The division has occupied the right flank of the Grand Army, thereby being more exposed and calling for more hard work and larger guard details than from any

was engaged in active field service in Tennessee, following the fortunes of Sherman's division, but in no severe engagements until the 26th of December, 1862.

It would be tedious to follow in detail the movements of Sherman's command immediately following the capture of Corinth. About the 20th of June he occupied Holly Springs, Miss., pushing his cavalry as far South as the Tallahatchie River and destroying several bridges. On the 29th of June he took up his line of march from Moscow Bend and pro-

other single division, and the commanding general reports that his officers and men have promptly and cheerfully fulfilled their duty, and have sprung to the musket or spade, according to the occasion, and have just reason to claim a large share in the honors that are due to the whole army for the glorious victory terminating at Corinth on yesterday, and it affords him great pleasure to bear full and willing testimony to the qualities of his command that have achieved this victory, a victory none the less decisive because attended with comparatively little loss of life.

"But a few days ago a large and powerful army of rebels lay at Corinth, with outposts extending to our very camp at Shiloh. They held two railroads extending north and south, east and west, across the whole extent of this country, with a vast number of locomotives and cars to bring to them speedily and certainly their reinforcements and supplies. They called to their aid all their armies from every quarter, abandoning the sea-coast and the great river Mississippi, that they might overwhelm us with numbers in the place of their own choosing. They had their chosen leaders, men of high reputation and courage, and they dared us to leave the cover of our iron-clad gunboats to come and fight them in their trenches and still more dangerous ambuscades of their Southern swamps and forests. Their whole country, from Richmond to Memphis and from Nashville to Mobile, rung with their taunts and boastings as to how they would immolate the Yankees if they dared to leave the Tennessee River. They boldly and defiantly challenged us to meet them at Corinth. We accepted the challenge, and came slowly and without attempt at concealment to the very ground of their selection, and they have fled away. We yesterday inarched unopposed through the burning embers of their destroyed camps and property and pursued them to their swamps, until burning bridges plainly confessed they had fled, and not marched away for better ground.

"It is a victory as brilliant and important as any recorded in history, and every officer and soldier who has lent his aid has just reason to be proud of his part. No amount of sophistry or words from the

ceeded again to Holly Springs. On the 7th of July we find Colonel Smith's command, one regiment, on guard at Ammon's Bridge over the Wolf River between Moscow and La Grange. On the 15th of July, by command of Major-General Halleck, the divisions of Sherman and Hurlbut were ordered to Memphis, and on the following day, General Halleck announced his orders whereby he was transferred to the command in chief of the army at Washington.<sup>1</sup> On the 20th of July, the command reached Memphis, and was encamped in and about Fort Pickering. General Sherman made the best

leaders of the rebellion can succeed in giving the evacuation of Corinth under the circumstances any other title than that of a signal defeat, more humiliating to them and their cause than if we had entered the place over the dead and mangled bodies of their soldiers. We are not here to kill and slay, but to vindicate the honor and just authority of that Government which has been bequeathed to us by our honored fathers, and to whom we would be recreant if we permitted their work to pass to our children weaned and spoiled by ambitious and wicked rebels.

"The commanding general, while thus claiming for his division their just share in the glorious result, must at the same time remind them that much yet remains to be done, and that all must still continue the same vigilance, patience, industry, and obedience till the enemy lays down his arms and publicly acknowledges for their supposed grievances they must obey the laws of their country, and not attempt its overthrow by threats, by cruelty, and by war. They must be made to feel and acknowledge the power of a just and mighty nation. This result can only be accomplished by a cheerful and ready obedience to the orders and authority of our own leaders, in whom we now have just reason to feel the most implicit confidence. That the Fifth Division of the right wing will do this, and that in due time we will all go to our families and friends at home, is the earnest prayer and wish of your immediate commander." *Ibid.*, p. 233.

<sup>1</sup> "I am ordered to Washington and leave to-morrow (Thursday). I have done my best to avoid it. I have studied out and can finish the campaign in the West. Don't understand and cannot manage affairs in the East. Moreover, do not want to have anything to do with the quarrels of Stanton and McClellan. The change does not please me, but I must obey orders. Good-by and may God bless you. I am more than satisfied with everything you have done. You have always had my respect, but recently you have won my highest admiration. I deeply regret to part from you."—Halleck to Sherman, Corinth, July 16, 1862. *War Records*, series i., vol. xvii., part ii., p. 100.

of this opportunity of comparative quietude in camp for perfecting the organization of his troops. In his general orders of July 24th, he directs :

“ Every officer in command of a regiment or detachment will now see that his men are well protected with clothing, provisions, arms, ammunition, canteens, haversacks, and everything which his own experience has shown him is necessary for the efficiency of the soldiers. . . . All officers of this command must now study their books. Ignorance of duty must no longer be pleaded.”<sup>1</sup>

On the 8th of September, the brigade of Morgan L. Smith, or selections from its regiments, were ordered on an expedition for the destruction of a new bridge across Cold Water about seven miles below the town of Hernando.<sup>2</sup> The expedition was eminently successful, and did sharp fighting with six hundred Confederate cavalry, and defeated them with small loss.<sup>3</sup> For the most part, the summer and fall of the year 1862 was occupied by the general in command with the details of civil administration in Memphis. His subordinates were occupied in the disciplining of their troops.

The attention of the administration at Washington had been directed for some time towards the opening of the Mississippi River by the reduction of Vicksburg. General McClelland had been detailed on a special mission to the Governors of Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, to secure additional troops, with the understanding, expressed or implied, that he would be put in command of the expeditionary forces. During this time, General Grant, who had succeeded to the command vacated by Halleck on his transfer to Washington, had been in correspondence with Sherman and Steele, who commanded the department of Arkansas, upon the same subject. On the 25th of November,<sup>4</sup> Sherman issued his orders to leave Memphis, and on the 26th began his march southward to form junction with McPherson and Hamilton, south of Holly Springs, where General Grant fixed his headquarters on the 29th. On the 6th of December the command was at College Hill, Miss., and on the 9th,

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xvii., part ii., p. 119.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 209.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 217.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 361.



Sherman ordered back the men of the Second Division under M. L. Smith, to Memphis.<sup>1</sup> On the 13th of December we find Sherman at Memphis, writing :

“ I have to report the arrival of Morgan L. Smith’s division in the city, so that my Memphis forces of three divisions are now on hand. . . . I will have all things ready by the 18th, except as a matter of course the transportation. I have ordered the quartermaster here to hold on to ten gunboats for our use.”<sup>2</sup>

On the 19th, orders were issued for the embarkation of the First, Second, and Third Divisions of the command which was now known as the “ Thirteenth Army Corps ”:

“ To proceed with all dispatch by divisions below Helena and lay to there on the Mississippi side, the head of the column at Friars Point and the other divisions well closed up, there to await further orders.”<sup>3</sup>

General Sherman’s command consisted of about twenty thousand men, and the plan as outlined by General Grant, contemplated his landing above Vicksburg, proceeding up the Yazoo as far as practicable, and cutting the Mississippi Central Railroad and the railroads running east from Vicksburg where they cross the Black River. Grant himself was to remain on the north of the Mississippi and co-operate as circumstances might require. After cutting the two railroads Sherman’s movements were left to his own judgment.<sup>4</sup> Grant’s official orders dated December 8th, addressed to General Sherman, directed him to assume command of the troops then at Memphis and such portion of General Curtis’s forces as were at that time east of the Mississippi, to organize them into brigades and divisions and as soon as possible to proceed with them down the river to the vicinity of Vicksburg, and with the co-operation of the gunboat fleet under command of Flag Officer Porter, to proceed to the reduction of that place.<sup>5</sup> Sherman planned to reach Vicksburg about Christmas time, and to connect with Porter at Milliken’s Bend, twenty-five miles above Vicksburg on the 24th.<sup>6</sup> On

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xvii., part ii., p. 397.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 408.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, part i., p. 474.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 601.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 434.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 603.

the 25th of December, after having destroyed portions of the railroads upon which Vicksburg depended for its supplies, he had his forces at the mouth of the Yazoo, and the whole naval squadron of the Mississippi, iron clads and wooden boats, was also there with Admiral Porter in command. On the 26th he debarked his command and moved up in four columns toward Vicksburg. On the night of the 27th the ground was reconnoitred and found to be as difficult as it possibly could be from nature and art. He describes it thus :

“Immediately in our front was a bayou passable only at two points on a narrow levee and on a sand bar which was perfectly commanded by the enemy’s sharp shooters that lined the levee or parapet on its opposite bank. Beyond this was an irregular strip of bench or table land, on which was constructed a series of rifle pits and batteries, and beyond that a high abrupt range of hills, whose scarred sides were marked all the way up with rifle trenches and the crowns of the principal hills presented heavy batteries.”<sup>1</sup>

It was against such defences as these that it was proposed to lead this expeditionary force; and the purpose was carried out. Some skirmishing was carried on on the 28th, and during that day while reconnoitering, Gen. Morgan L. Smith received a critical wound in the hip, and the command of his division falling to Gen. David Stuart, Col. T. Kilby Smith took command of Stuart’s brigade. Sherman had expected to hear some news of the arrival or approach of an expeditionary force under command of General Banks proceeding up the river from New Orleans, but Banks had not passed Port Hudson. No word had reached headquarters for some time from General Grant, and, as Sherman says :

“Time being everything to us, I determined to assault the hills in front of Morgan on the morning of the 29th,—Morgan’s division to carry the position on the summit of the hill, Steele’s division to support him and hold the country road. I had placed General A. J. Smith in command of his own (first) and that of M. L. Smith (second) I ordered to cross on the sand pit undermining the steep bank of the

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 606.

bayou on the farther side facing the levee parapet and first line of rifle pits, to prevent a concentration on Morgan. The assault was made and a lodgment effected on the hard table land near the country road, and the head of the assaulting columns reached different points of the enemy's works, but there met so withering a fire from the rifle pits and cross fire of grape and canister from the batteries, that they faltered and finally fell back to the point of starting leaving many dead, wounded, and prisoners in the hands of the enemy. . . . When the night of the 29th closed in, we stood upon our original ground and had suffered a repulse."

After consultation with Porter, it was determined to make another assault on the following morning at four o'clock ; but subsequently, under the advice of the Admiral, that, "in as much as the moon does not set to-night until 5.25, the landing must be a day-light affair, which, in my opinion, is too hazardous to try," Sherman drew off his forces and re-embarked on his transports on January 2d.<sup>1</sup>

General Sherman's report shows the sharp fighting the Second Division took part in during his operations. The Fourth Brigade under the command of T. Kilby Smith was charged especially with the duty of clearing away a certain road under the fire of the enemy. General Stuart says :

"The work was vigorously pressed under his immediate supervision and orders and he devoted himself to it with as much energy and activity as any living man could employ. It had to be prosecuted under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, protected as well as the men might be by our skirmishers on the bank, who were ordered to keep up so vigorous a fire that the enemy should not dare to lift their heads above their rifle pits ; but the enemy, and especially their armed negroes, did dare to rise and fire, and did serious execution upon our men. I received a message from Gen. Sherman verbally, that Gen. Morgan was crossing and to push my forces across if possible. I ordered Col. Smith (54th Ohio) to commence the crossing of his brigade at some hazard, and he placed his own regiment (54th Ohio) in the advance and had them in the right way descending the hill

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 608, 609.

when Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith appeared on the ground to assume the command of the division by Major-Gen. Sherman's orders. . . . After Gen. Smith assumed command, he ordered the work to be resumed in the roadway to clear off all obstacles still further. Under the fire of battery and the skirmishers, I set a party of thirty men with officers (from the 54th Ohio) at work, which was by this time well down near the foot of the steep, in view of the enemy's sharpshooters, and the first man to strike an axe into a tree was shot dead. At almost the same moment, a shell from one of our batteries exploded prematurely, killing three men in the roadway and wounding some others. Two other shells from the same gun prematurely exploded in the same manner and the men swore terribly, but did not seem dismayed nor did they leave their ground till they were retired by Gen. Smith's orders. He desired to make a personal reconnaissance of the ground in our front and our operations for the day were suspended. It was near sunset, and the Fourth Brigade had alone of all the troops in the division, been engaged as skirmishers, as pickets, and working parties from the time we were debarked, and were fatigued. . . . Col. T. Kilby Smith, of the 54th Ohio, who succeeded to the command of the Fourth Brigade, after I assumed that of the division, performed every duty with activity, intelligence and directness most marked. He was constantly in every part of the field executing my orders, and was tireless in his zeal, enterprise and devotion. I was sincerely grateful to him. Unsuccessful though our attempt was, it proved our men to be all we had hoped of them. There was no skulking timidity and no racing to the rear."<sup>1</sup>

General Sherman's losses in this assault in killed, wounded and missing, were 1776 ; while those of the enemy were but 63 killed, 134 wounded and 10 missing. It was undoubtedly a decided victory for the Confederate forces, and the Union commander was compelled to send a flag of truce, asking permission to bury his dead and care for his wounded.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The casualties in the brigade were : 11 killed, 40 wounded, and 4 missing. *Ibid.*, p. 637.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 668. This flag was carried by Col. T. Kilby Smith.

Without a very careful study of the topography of the country about Vicksburg from maps and the descriptions given in detail in the reports, the reader cannot understand the various movements of troops ; but what has been quoted is enough to show their metal, the patient, steady heroism displayed in the conflict and the undaunted spirit with which they sustained their reverses. They were veterans after a year of campaigning and instruction, since they moved up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing. Sherman was severely criticised for his action in this assault, known among military men sometimes as the battle of " Chickasaw Bayou," and the newspaper criticisms led to the trial by court martial of a reporter who, in the presence of Col. T. Kilby Smith and other officers, admitted to General Sherman the inaccuracy of his published statements.<sup>1</sup> In this affair Sherman showed his characteristic courage and straightforward determination to maintain the dignity of his position, and he came out of it without losing a particle of the confidence of his officers and men. The whole assault was practically in the nature of a forlorn hope, and it proved that Vicksburg was the most difficult obstacle yet encountered by the Army of the Southwest. In writing of this attempt, Admiral Porter expresses himself thus :

" Had the combinations been carried out in our last expedition, Gen. Grant advancing by Grenada, Gen. Banks up the river, and Gen. Sherman down the river, the whole matter would have assumed a different aspect ; but Gen. Sherman was the only one on the ground. The army of Gen. Grant had been cut off from its supplies,<sup>2</sup> Gen. Banks never came up the river, and Gen. Sherman having attempted to take the enemy by surprise, lost about seven hundred wounded, three hundred killed and about four hundred prisoners." <sup>3</sup>

The command now moved to Milliken's Bend, where it was joined by Major-General McClelland, who, in pursuance of orders from Washington under directions of Gen-

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, Series i., vol. xvii., part ii., p. 890.

<sup>2</sup> By the capture of Holly Springs.

<sup>3</sup> Porter to the Secretary of the Navy, January 18, 1863 ; *Ibid.*, p. 888.

eral Grant, assumed command of the forces on the 4th of January, 1863. McClelland determined, under the advice of Sherman, to proceed to the reduction of a strong fort established by the enemy on the White River, known as "Arkansas Post," or "Post Arkansas," a small village fifty miles from the mouth of the river and one hundred and seventeen below Little Rock. It was defended by Fort Hindman and garrisoned by about five thousand troops under command of the Confederate General Churchill. Upon taking command of the expedition, he divided the forces into two corps d'armee, namely, the Thirteenth, his own, and the Fifteenth, Sherman's. Col. T. Kilby Smith was in command of the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Fifteenth Corps, Brigadier-General Stuart commanding. This brigade was composed of the 55th Illinois, the 127th Illinois, the 54th Ohio, and 83d Ohio, and the 57th Ohio. On the 9th of January the command landed, and on the 10th marched towards the fort. On the 11th, a combined attack was made by the army and the gunboats under command of Admiral Porter. The assault was so successful that white flags were raised without orders of General Churchill, and the whole rebel force surrendered at discretion. General McClelland, in his official report speaks of the brigade commanders of the Second Division in the following terms :

"Col. G. A. Smith and T. Kilby Smith led their commands in a manner challenging the commendation of their superior officers."

It fell to the lot of the latter to marshal the prisoners who had been taken,—nearly five thousand men, and a large quantity of mercantile stores were the spoils of this exploit. The Union army lost an aggregate of 1061 men in killed, wounded and missing. Col. T. Kilby Smith received from Sherman commendation as having "commanded the Second Brigade of the division and did it bravely and well, and deserves special notice"; and Stuart thus speaks of his brigade commanders :

"Col. Giles A. Smith, commanding the First Brigade, and Col. T. Kilby Smith, commanding the Second Brigade, led their brigades with gallantry and deserve honor and advance-

ment—deserve it because they have earned it in the field, where alone it can be earned.”<sup>1</sup>

The success at Arkansas Post gave no little reputation to General McClernand, but it is fair to believe that he reaped but the harvest that had been sown by Sherman : such is the testimony of Porter, who remarked in a letter to Sherman under date of February 3, 1863 :

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 706, 757, 773. Report of Colonel Thomas Kilby Smith, 54th Ohio Infantry, commanding Second Brigade :

“ HDQRS. 2D BRIG., 2D DIV., 15TH A. C.  
“ POST ARKANSAS, ARK., Jan'y 12, 1863.

“ CAPTAIN :

“ I have the honor to report the part taken in the late action by the Second Brigade under my command.

“ Debarking by order of General Stuart on Saturday, 10th instant, the Brigade followed the line of march indicated, and just before night took position in the woods in front of one of the enemy's batteries. I ordered the 57th Ohio to the right to support the 8th Missouri, by request of Colonel Smith, commanding the First Brigade, and the 55th Illinois and 83d Indiana forward with instructions to draw the enemy's fire, which they did, with such effect as to cause the loss of 14 killed and wounded by their shells, among them Captain Yeoman, commanding the 54th Ohio, whose right arm was shattered, since amputated.

“ Early the next morning the Brigade moved forward, and at one o'clock formed in line of battle to storm the fortifications, the 57th Ohio, led by Colonel Mungen, on the right, the 127th Illinois on the centre, the 83d Indiana on the left, with the 55th Illinois and 54th Ohio in reserve immediately in the rear. Their action was under the eye of General Stuart. I saw none falter, and where all officers and men were so gallant, I cannot make invidious distinction. The 83d Indiana and the 57th Ohio each have a Texan flag as trophies surrendered by the enemy before the close of the fight. I desire to make special mention of Colonel Malmborg, commanding the 55th Illinois, whose zeal and unremitting diligence in superintending working parties and planting batteries, performing at the same time his whole duty to his regiment, command compliment.

“ With a list of casualties in my command, appended below, and which I have to submit herewith, I am, with the highest respect,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ THOMAS KILBY SMITH,

“ Col. comdg. 2d Brig., 2d Div., 15 A. C.

“ CAPT. C. McDONALD,

“ Ass't Adjt. Gen.”

“As to the Arkansas Post affair, it originated with yourself entirely, and you proposed it to me on the night you embarked the troops, and before it was known you had been relieved, and after General McClernand had arrived. Whatever disposition was made of the troops after landing, your plans at least were carried out as far as the state of the woods and country would permit. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

After dismantling Fort Hindman, and destroying a quantity of property and sending an expedition to capture Des Arc and Du Val's Bluff, McClernand by orders from General Grant, withdrew his army to Napoleon on the Mississippi at the mouth of the Arkansas River. On the 21st of January, 1863, the troops were landed at Young's Point, and on the 2d of February, General Grant arrived and took command in person. He at once set himself to consider the problem of the reduction of the great rebel stronghold. Vicksburg is situated on a high bluff on the side of a horseshoe made by the Mississippi taking a sharp curve. The bluffs upon which it stands rise

“A little below the City and extend northeast twelve or fifteen miles to the Yazoo River where they terminate in Haines Bluff. In the rear of the city the ground is high and broken, falling off gradually towards the Big Black River twelve miles distant; this range of hills fronting the Mississippi and the Yazoo, which projected along its entire length, and the only approach to Vicksburg by land was up their steep faces. . . . At the base of these bluffs were rifle pits, and to render the approach still more difficult, there is a deep natural ditch called ‘Chickasaw Bayou,’ extending from the Yazoo below Haines Bluff, passing along near the base of the bluffs for some distance and emptying into the Mississippi. Added to this is a deep slough, whose bottom is quick sand, and supposed to have once been a lake, which stretched along the foot of the bluffs and entered the bayou where the latter approached them.”<sup>2</sup>

Sherman's assault on the 28th of December, 1862, had shown the futility of any effort to carry the enemy's works

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 883.

<sup>2</sup> *The Civil War in America*, Lossing, vol. ii., p. 576.



by assault from the front of Chickasaw Bayou. When General Grant looked over the field it was suggested to his mind that if a canal could be cut across the narrow peninsula formed by the bend of the great river and the waters of the stream be diverted through this canal, Vicksburg would be left isolated, and troops and supplies might be transported without annoyance from its batteries to a new base below the town. The canal had been commenced the year before, by General Williams, and to complete this, a mile of digging was all that was necessary and energetic efforts were made to accomplish the work ; but it was the spring of the year and the waters of the Mississippi were very high, and notwithstanding every effort to restrain them, on the 8th of March they broke through the barrier that had been erected and submerged the camps. The project of diverting the main stream was found to be futile, and a new plan had to be devised. A glance at the map of the region about Vicksburg, shows an extraordinary system of waterways, various inland streams being so connected that it is possible for boats of light draught to make their way from points on the Mississippi through the country and back again to the main stream. Some of these, such as the Tallahatchie, the Sunflower, Deer Creek, Steele's Bayou, and others, immediately became objects of attention to the general commanding, and he thought that if a channel were cut from the western shore of the Mississippi forty or fifty miles above Vicksburg across the narrow neck of land into Lake Providence, he could obtain a continuous water connection far below Vicksburg through the bayous Baxter and Macon and the Tensas River, as also into the Washita and Red Rivers. Various expeditions were projected and sent out to accomplish this result.<sup>1</sup> On the 15th of March, Admiral Porter, taking some of his gunboats, endeavored to find a way through Steele's Bayou into the Sunflower Creek, and so into the Yazoo between Haines' Bluff and Yazoo City. Perhaps no more remarkable effort was made during the war to carry on hostilities by the aid of the naval arm of the service. Admiral Porter was aided by a detachment from the Fifteenth Army

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 586.

Corps in his operations. He had advanced up Deer Creek with five ironclads, but "before reaching Rolling Fork, had found the Creek so full of growing trees and willows that his progress was slower than he had calculated, and the enemy had begun further to obstruct his progress by felling trees in the channel and firing from ambush on his working parties when exposed on the decks or on the banks of the stream."<sup>1</sup>

Finding himself in this exposed position, and being threatened with the danger of losing his fleet, he called on Sherman for assistance. The latter hastened to his aid. Sherman in person accompanied the division of General Stuart with its three brigades, those of Giles A. Smith, T. Kilby Smith and Hugh Ewing. There were no serious hostilities in the course of this expedition, and the consequence was but small loss of life, and eventually the fleet was extricated from its dangerous position. As a part of the narrative of the command of T. Kilby Smith, his report is given in full :

" HDQS. SECOND BRIG., SECOND DIV., FIFTEENTH A. C.,  
CAMP OPPOSITE VICKSBURG, March 27, 1863.

" SIR :

" I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by four regiments of the Second Brigade, under my command, in the late expedition in aid of Admiral Porter. (The 55th Illinois was ordered on special service the 15th instant, under command of Brigadier-General Ransom, and did not report back to my command till the 26th instant.)

" On the morning of the 17th instant, the brigade was embarked at Young's Point upon transports, and, proceeding up the Mississippi River, landed at Eagle Bend, from whence a bridge and road sufficient for the passage of infantry was constructed to Steele's Bayou by details from the division.

" On the evening of the 19th, the brigade was debarked, and, marching to Steele's Bayou, bivouacked near its intersection with Muddy Bayou. At this time I placed the command with Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, of the 57th Ohio, the senior officer of the brigade, and, in company with Generals Sherman and Stuart, proceeded up Steele's Bayou in a tug,

<sup>1</sup> Sherman's Report, *War Records*, series i., vol. xxiv., pt. i., p. 434.

to reconnoiter and prepare the way for the transit of troops. The bayou was tortuous and overhung with trees, whose branches seriously impeded the passage of transports. Great skill and constant vigilance on the part of the navigators were required to keep these from irreparable injury ; the sinking of a boat would have been fatal to the expedition and resulted in disaster to the gunboat fleet.

“ I remained with General Stuart, aiding him in facilitating the embarkation and debarkation of troops until the whole division was landed at the mouth of Black Bayou. By misunderstanding I was prevented from joining my own brigade at Hill’s Plantation, two miles above, it having marched before my arrival at that point, where I expected to meet it with the residue of the troops. The brigade, therefore, remained under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, to whose report, forwarded herewith, I respectfully refer for its proceedings from the evening of the 21st to the morning of the 24th instant. While I was mortified at being separated from my soldiers, my perfect confidence in the ability of this fine officer left me no apprehension as to his conduct of the command.

“ You will observe by his report that, on the morning of the 22d, the brigade marched up the east bank of Deer Creek, and having, in co-operation with the First Brigade, extricated Admiral Porter and his gunboats from their perilous position, returned to Hill’s Plantation at 11 A.M. of the 24th instant. Here it bivouacked.

“ At noon on the 25th instant, I ordered the 83d Indiana, Colonel Spooner commanding, to take position on Fore’s Plantation, a mile or more distant from Hill’s, as an advance post, a body of cavalry and regiment of infantry from the enemy making demonstrations in that direction. With these a sharp skirmish ensued, and Private William Lathrop, of Company G, 83d Indiana, was killed, the only casualty or accident of any kind I have to report.

“ In the engagement the regiment sustained its high reputation, and for minute particulars I respectfully refer you to the report of then Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Myers.

“ At the close of evening, the 83d was withdrawn from the

front, and the following day (26th) the brigade was embarked, with other troops, upon the transports *Silver Wave* and *Eagle*, and, after an exciting passage through the bayous into the Yazoo, debarked at the lower landing of Young's Point on the 27th, from whence it marched, in good order, to camp on the levee.

"It is usual, in reports of this character, to compliment officers and soldiers, and because the custom is common the compliment loses value ; yet I cannot, in justice to the hardy veterans of the Second Brigade, let the opportunity pass without once more testifying to the courage, constancy, and uncomplaining fortitude that sustains them under every exposure, fatigue, and privation. The whistling of bullets is as familiar to their ears as household words. Danger they scorn, and the cheerfulness with which they encounter hardships is beyond all praise.

"Respectfully referring to the accompanying reports of regimental commanders, with request that they be returned at some future time for copy, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"THOS. KILBY SMITH,

"Col., Comdg. Second Brig., Second Div.,

"Fifteenth Army Corps.

"Capt. C. McDONALD,

"A.A.G., 2d Div. Fifteenth Army Corps,  
Dept. of the Tennessee."

The reports of Lieut.-Col. A. V. Rice, of the 57th Ohio, who commanded the brigade during the absence of Col. T. Kilby Smith, and of the other regimental commanders are interesting for details. In that of Major C. W. Fisher, of the 54th Ohio, there appears a pleasing incident of the conduct of General Sherman, showing the comradeship with which he treated his troops. Major Fisher says :

"I must here mention the fact that the Major-General commanding the Fifteenth Army Corps was himself on foot and marched part of the time at the head of the 54th Ohio, and this exhibition of carelessness of personal comfort on the part of one so high in command, filled the men with enthusi-

asm, and it is saying but very little to say that all believed in General Sherman.”<sup>1</sup>

On returning from this expedition, an event occurred of personal significance to the officers and soldiers of the Second Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, which no doubt filled them with regret. General David Stuart, who had been their commander during all the operations of the siege and for some time prior thereto, who had displayed his soldierly qualities from the conflict at Shiloh, had failed of confirmation as brigadier-general by the United States Senate. Whatever may have been the reasons for the action of that body in refusing to “advise and consent” to the advancement of this gallant officer, the result was to deprive the army of one of its most efficient commanders. General Sherman showed his appreciation by a highly complimentary order and appointed Major-Gen. Francis P. Blair, Jr., to command the division :

“General Orders }  
No. 19.

“HDQRS. FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
“YOUNG’S POINT, LA., April 4, 1862.

“1. Brig.-Gen. David Stuart, having been relieved from duty with his division, by special orders No. 92, Headquarters Department of the Tennessee, April 2, 1863, Maj.-Gen. F. P. Blair, Jr., is appointed to command the same, and will transfer his present brigade to the senior officer for duty with it, and assume command of the Second Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, Headquarters near the centre of the present division camp.

“2. In relieving General Stuart of the command of the Second Division, with which he has been so long identified, the commanding general takes the opportunity to thank him for his energetic, patriotic and successful services. Ever present, ever active, and by a high-toned spirit of honor and dignity imparting to his troops a similar tone, he has now the deep respect and affection of his men and he elicits the praise of all his commanders. Whilst all must yield to the

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, part i., vol. xxiv., series i., p. 448.

decree which separates us for a time, all may properly hope that the services of General Stuart are by no means lost to a cause which is common to a whole continent, and the success of which more interests coming generations than the people of the present day.

“ His old comrades in arms wish him honor and success in life, and will hail his return to the colors which, for a time, he must leave to the care of others.

“ By order of Maj.-Gen. W. T. Sherman, Commanding.

“ L. M. DAYTON,

“ Assistant Adjutant General.”<sup>1</sup>

Grant now determined upon a plan, which, for boldness and success, was not exceeded in his military career, and which resulted in placing him in the front rank of the world's greatest soldiers. His plan was to attack Vicksburg in the rear, and, in order to accomplish this, to transport his entire army to the east bank of the Mississippi at New Carthage, a point below Vicksburg. To this end, Admiral Porter on the 16th of April, at night, having protected the boilers of his transports, ran the batteries in front of Vicksburg, and, although some of his boats were injured, and one entirely consumed, succeeded in getting the others by. On the 22d of April, another fleet of transports was sent down the river and passed the batteries with the loss of but one vessel. The injured transports were forthwith put in repair, and then the barges loaded with forage and rations got by and the army was put on the march overland. On the 29th of April, an attack was made upon Grand Gulf. This attack failing, a landing was effected at Bruinsburg, in Louisiana, the gunboats as well as the transports being used to ferry the army across. The Thirteenth Army Corps, under command of General McClelland, met the enemy at Port Gibson, where, after a heavy battle, the latter were driven back. Meantime, the Fifteenth Corps, under command of General Sherman, had been left alone to prevent General Pemberton, the Confederate commander, from despatching any of the army in Vicks-

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxiv., part iii., p. 172.

burg to the aid of the forces opposed to Grant. Sherman was directed to make a demonstration on Haines Bluff in order to deceive Pemberton and give him the impression that an attack in force was intended. Having embarked his Second Division on the 29th of April, and accompanied by the flag boat *Black Hawk* and several other naval vessels, he proceeded up the Yazoo. Late in the night of April 29th he was at the mouth of Chickasaw, and early the next morning came within easy range of the enemy's batteries and engaged them. Towards evening, he ordered the Second Division to disembark in full view of the enemy and seemingly prepared to assault, and thus kept up appearances until night, when the troops were re-embarked, and during the next day similar movements were made accompanied by reconnoissance of all the country on both sides of the Yazoo. Orders were then received from General Grant to hurry forward to Grand Gulf, which in the meantime had been evacuated by the enemy in consequence of their losses at the battle of Port Gibson. Having accomplished the object of his feint, Sherman dropped back to camp at Young's Point without any casualties, save a slight injury to one man, and on the next morning, the 1st of May, started on his march, leaving Blair's division at Milliken's Bend. Marching with great rapidity, he effected a junction with the remainder of the army about the 13th of May, in the neighborhood of Jackson, Mississippi, and, after considerable fighting, occupied that place, and having destroyed the railroads and much property of value to the enemy, he turned about towards Vicksburg. Blair, meanwhile, had remained at Milliken's Bend until the morning of the 7th of May, when, in obedience to orders, he started his march towards Jackson with the First and Second Brigades, the Third Brigade being left with Gen. Hugh Ewing at Milliken's Bend; he arrived at Hard Times, opposite Grand Gulf, at one o'clock on May 10th, a distance by the road of sixty-three miles. He succeeded in crossing the river on the night of the 11th, and on the morning of the 12th, took up his march for Jackson and on the evening of the 15th he reached Raymond. At this point the enemy had made a stand, and on the morning of the 16th a severe battle took

place. For about three hours the enemy resisted the advance of the Union army. Blair's division took an active part in the defeat that was inflicted upon the troops commanded by Generals Gregg and Walker of the Confederate army; and during that day, and on the morning of the 17th, about three hundred prisoners were taken. Early on the morning of the 17th, orders were received to proceed by Edwards' Depot, on the Black River railroad bridge, where the enemy had made a stand, but upon reaching Edwards' Depot, an order was given to proceed to Bridgeport. At 10 A.M. the command reached this point, and resistance being made by a small party of the enemy, they were compelled to surrender and a bridge was then laid across the river and the division passed over and bivouacked for the night. On the 18th of May, the division closed in with the remainder of the army about Vicksburg.

During this short campaign, occupying rather less than three weeks, the army under General Grant had crossed the Mississippi, had defeated the enemy with great loss in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, and Jackson, at Champion's Hill and Edwards' Ferry, and now it was determined to make another effort to carry the stronghold of Vicksburg by an assault from the rear.

On the morning of the 19th of May, the entire line of skirmishers of Blair's division was pushed forward with a view of obtaining a closer position and reconnoitering the ground. In his report General Blair says :

" At 2 P.M. the signal was given for an assault, and my whole division pushed forward, and wherever the nature of the ground was not insuperable, reached the enemy's entrenchments and in several instances planted our flags upon his works. The 2d Regiment of General Ewing's brigade, the 4th Virginia, and 47th Ohio, succeeded in approaching very near the enemy's works. The 13th U. S. Infantry, Capt. E. C. Washington, and the 116th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Col. N. D. Tupper, of the First Brigade, Col. Giles A. Smith, commanding, pushed forward to the bastion, and the 127th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Col. Hamilton N. Eldridge, the 83d Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Col. Benjamin J.



Spooner, of the Second Brigade, commanded by Col. Thomas Kilby Smith, also succeeded in reaching the same ground, but the heavy fire of the enemy, who, not being pressed in any other quarter, was strongly re-enforced in our front, made it utterly impossible for them to make a lodgment in the works. They held their positions, however, with the utmost tenacity until night, when they withdrew.

“The 20th and 21st were employed in skirmishing with the enemy, reconnoitering the ground and improving our position.

“On the 22d I received an order to renew the assault at ten o'clock in the morning.<sup>1</sup>

“I massed my division on the ravine to the left of the Graveyard road, where it *debouches* upon that road as it passes across the valley immediately in front of the bastion. A volunteer storming party, consisting of two officers and fifty men from each brigade of the division, was to lead the assault. General Ewing's brigade and the brigades of Cols.

<sup>1</sup>The following were the official orders:

General Field }  
Orders, No. —. }

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
“NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., May 21, 1863.

“A simultaneous attack will be made to-morrow at ten o'clock A.M. by all the army corps of this army. During to-day army commanders will have examined all practicable routes over which troops can possibly pass. They will get in position all the artillery possible and gain all the ground they can with their infantry and skirmishers, and at an early hour in the morning a vigorous attack will be commenced by the artillery and skirmishers. The infantry with the exception of musketeers and skirmishers will be placed in columns of platoons or by a flank, if the ground over which they may have to pass will not admit of a greater front, ready to move forward at the hour designated. Promptly at the hour designated we will start at quick time with bayonets fixed and march immediately on the enemy without firing a gun until the outer works are carried. The troops will go light, carrying with them only their ammunition, canteens, and one day's rations.

“The skirmishers will advance as soon as possible after heads of columns pass them, and scale the walls of such works as may confront them. If prosecuted with vigor, it is confidently believed this course will carry Vicksburg in a very short time and with very much less

Giles A. Smith and Thomas Kilby Smith were to follow in the order in which they are named, and to charge across the road by the flank.

“ At the signal, the volunteer storming party, led by Capt.

loss than would be sustained by delay. Every day's delay enables the enemy to strengthen his defences and increases his chances for receiving aid from outside.

“ By command of Maj.-Gen. U. S. GRANT,

JOHN A. RAWLINS, A. A. Gen.

Official, W. D. GREEN, A. A. Gen.

General }  
Orders, No. —. }

“ HDQRS. FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, CAMP

“ BEFORE VICKSBURG, May 21, 1863.

“ In addition to the details set forth in General Orders No. —. from Headquarters Department of the Tennessee, the following is added :

“ General Blair's and Tuttle's divisions will assault along the main road by the flank, the head of column preceded by selected or volunteer storming party of about 150 men.

“ The skirmishers along the whole front will, during the night, advance within 100 yards of the enemy's works and will, with the spade or axe, prepare pits or fallen trees, so as to give them cover, from which to kill artillerists who attempt to load the guns and also to keep down the fire of the enemy's infantry and rifle-pits during the assault. As soon as the head of column is seen to enter the works, these skirmishers will hastily scale the works, fire upon the enemy, and drive him as far as possible.

“ The artillery will collect all the ammunition they can close at hand, and will begin at daylight to fire on the enemy's sally-port, the bastions, and batteries that have a fire on the ground over which the columns must pass, firing with great care and precision, reserving in their caissons, if possible, about 100 rounds of canister and shrapnel, for service after passing the parapet.

“ No wagons of any kind will attend the assaulting columns, but as soon as the infantry has passed inside, the artillery will follow, then the ambulances and ammunition wagons, one to a regiment. No other wagons will enter the enemy's lines until we are in full possession of Vicksburg. Notice is given to Division Commanders to call up their wagons.

“ Officers will assault on foot, but may have their horses brought to them inside by their servants as soon as the troops have passed in.

“ General Steele's division will in like manner attack by any route he may select,—the one to the front of Thayer being suggested.

“ Each column will attack by the watch and not depend on signals.

John H. Groce, of General Ewing's brigade, dashed forward in gallant style and planted the flag of the Union, which was borne by Private Howell G. Trogden of the 8th Missouri, upon the bastion of the enemy. . . . I then ordered the brigade of Colonel Giles A. Smith forward by the same route to the left of the road, as that taken by the last two regiments of General Ewing, and, as soon as this brigade went forward

All must presume that others are doing their best, and do their full share.

"As soon as the enemy gives way, he must be pushed to the very heart of the city, where he must surrender.

"There is another valley or bayou on the other side of the one now separating us from the enemy. After the enemy retreats across that bayou our troops must follow at their heels and not permit them to rally in an interior work.

"The General now looks to his corps to give the world the signal example of steady courage and its result,—success. We must have Vicksburg, and most truly have we earned it by former sacrifices and labor.

By order of

"Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN,

"R. M. SAWYER, A. A. Gen.

"Official, W. D. GREEN, A. A. Gen.

"Col. THOMAS KILBY SMITH,

"Commanding, Second Brigade."

General }  
Orders No. —. }

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
BEFORE VICKSBURG, May 22, 1863.

1. General Blair will hold the present ground in front now occupied by General Ewing and Colonel Giles A. Smith, and will withdraw the other brigade to a position of easy support.

2. General Tupper will dispose two of his brigades to support the batteries and hold the other in reserve near the forks of the road.

3. General Ewing and Colonel Giles A. Smith will construct in their front a rifle-pit or breast-height of logs, and lay out a covered road to their rear to be constructed as soon as poles can be procured.

4. The artillery will hold its present position and lose no time or effort in renewing their supplies of ammunition.

5. Each regiment will, under cover of night, remove their dead and wounded, inter the former and remove the latter to the hospital.

By order of

Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.

R. M. SAWYER.

(Original lead-pencil order).

it was followed by the brigade of Col. Thomas Kilby Smith. But this route, while it was better covered from the fire of the enemy, led through ravines made almost impassable with abatis of fallen timber, and did not admit of anything like a charge. I therefore directed Col. Giles A. Smith to go forward as rapidly as the nature of the ground would admit, and assault whenever he found it practicable to do so, and directed Col. Thomas Kilby Smith to follow close up and support any movement Colonel Giles A. Smith should make. Col. Giles A. Smith pushed forward following the ravine to the left of the position of General Ewing, and reached a ridge about one hundred yards from the enemy's entrenchments. . . . It was late in the afternoon before these brigades were able to reach the positions which I have referred to, so difficult and toilsome was the nature of the ground. . . . Both brigades went forward with a cheer when the signal was given to advance, . . . but after reaching the face of the works of the enemy they encountered a most fatal and deadly enfilading fire from the enemy's guns on the left, which came crashing through the ranks, while in front they were met by an obstinate resistance from the entrenched foe, and it was found impossible to advance.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was during a part of this assault, probably, that the following orders were issued by Sherman :

NO. 1. GEN. BLAIR :—I am on the hill behind you. Can see everything. Gen. Grant has been here. He assures me McPherson is advancing handsomely and I hear his fire steadily advancing—don't mistrust others. I hear McClelland also advancing. Grant tells me when he was with McPherson he could not hear any musketry fire. The cannon which fires at you from the high bastions to your left is a blank gun and does not look to McPherson. I see to the right four guns firing at McPherson. Hold every foot of ground and waste as little ammunition as possible. I have plenty of ammunition near me and by sending details you can have it. Carry your wounded in the ravines till they can be removed. Remove the dead out of sight.

"No. 2. I will direct the artillery to fire when they can without killing our men, whose colors I can plainly see. Reserve Kilby Smith; send him this note: Let each brigadier get his brigade as close to the parapet as possible. Wait developments but fail not advantage of any let up. McPherson is well up, I can see the effect of his musketry. General Grant has gone to Steele to watch his

Both brigades, however, maintained pertinaciously the ground they had won, and Col. Giles A. Smith's brigade still retains it, having fortified the position, and, under orders the position has been materially strengthened and advanced. . . .

"I desire to mention in terms of the highest commendation the conduct of the three officers commanding the brigades of my division throughout the two affairs of the 19th and 22d, and the almost continuous fighting which intervened."

General Sherman endorses the report of General Blair, and says in the course of his remarks :

"In reviewing and submitting the report of General Blair, . . . I take great pleasure in endorsing all he says of the conduct of his men and officers during both assaults of May 19 and 22, for, from my position on both days, I had this division in full view. If any troops could have carried and held the entrenchments of Vicksburg, these would." <sup>1</sup>

The losses sustained by the Second Division aggregated 890 men killed, wounded and missing, whereof the Second Brigade met with the smallest loss, 201, the Third with the largest, 386. As this narrative is especially concerned with the troops under the command of Col. Thomas Kilby Smith, his report of operations from May 6th to May 24th, is given in full:

movements. Where there is no regular glacis, the nearer you are to the parapet, the better chance there is for shot passing over. Send this note to all your brigadiers.

Yours,

SHERMAN.

(Note). These relics of the war are written with lead pencil on the back of paroles, wherein W. McKay Perry, a private of Company H, 5th Regiment, Mississippi, Volunteer Infantry, and J. A. Barton, Corporal of Company I, 5th Missouri Volunteers, C. S. A., pledge their words and honor not to take up arms against the United States Government until they are regularly exchanged, and bear date May 17, 1863. They are of interest as showing how closely General Sherman watched the movements of his troops, and how carefully he anticipated the exigencies of the battle.

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxiv., part ii., p. 261.

“ HDQRS. SECOND BRIG., SECOND DIV. FIFTEENTH A. C.,

“ IN CAMP ON WALNUT HILLS, NEAR VICKSBURG, May 24.

“ MAJOR : In compliance with orders of even date, I have the honor to make the following report :

“ The Second Brigade is composed of the 55th Illinois, commanded by Col. Oscar Malmberg ; 54th Ohio, Lieut. Col. C. W. Fisher ; 57th Ohio, Col. Americus V. Rice ; 83d Indiana, Col. Benjamin J. Spooner ; 127th Illinois, Col. H. N. Eldridge ; and Company B, 1st Illinois Light Artillery, Capt. S. E. Barrett, a battery of four 6-pounder brass field pieces and two 12-pounder howitzers.

“ On the 6th instant, at Milliken's Bend, I received an order from General Blair to break up camp, and, with ten days' rations and ammunition, marching light, without tents or baggage, take up the line of march for Grand Gulf.

“ On the 7th, at daybreak, with the 54th Ohio, the 83d Indiana, and battery, we were on the road, the other three regiments having been detached to repair roads and bridges from Milliken's Bend to Richmond and beyond. These were picked up *en route*, and, on the evening of the 7th, the whole brigade was closed in due order of march, with transportation.

“ On the evening of the 10th, we reached Hard Times Landing, sixty-five miles.

“ On the 11th, we crossed to Grand Gulf.

“ On the 12th, resumed march, via Willow Springs, Rocky Springs, Cayuga, and Auburn, and arrived at Raymond, fifty-three miles, on the 15th, and in the evening, one mile from Raymond, on the road to Bolton, bivouacked in line of battle.

“ On the morning of the 16th instant, having the advance of the division, and following the command of Gen. A. J. Smith, I marched towards Edwards' Station. Firing was heard in front as early as eight o'clock. About noon I received orders to hold my command in readiness for an engagement. At one o'clock I found my left resting on the road, and shortly afterward, by order from General Blair, moved by the left flank of regiments, but without artillery, the broken and woody nature of the ground rendering the transit of the pieces impossible. I advanced three-quarters

of a mile. Before I had changed front, a battery from the enemy opened fire upon me, and, by orders from General Blair, I fell back to near my first position, where I placed Captain Barrett in battery, supporting him by my entire brigade. Here we remained some two hours, when, by order from General Blair to support Gen. A. J. Smith, we moved forward by the left flank on the road, the battery following the 54th Ohio, till we reached a portion of General A. J. Smith's command, deployed, and under fire from a battery, within six hundred yards. Here I again formed, and reported to Gen. A. J. Smith. Shortly afterward, General Blair, in person, ordered me to connect my lines with those of the First Brigade, Col. Giles A. Smith, which had been manœuvring on my right and General Smith's. This was done by flank and forward movement, and accomplished by ten o'clock. The men rested upon their arms till day-break, when we marched without opposition to Edwards' Station, the enemy having precipitately retired under cover of the night, leaving the ground strewn with small arms and ammunition. I omitted to mention that we captured some two hundred prisoners during the afternoon and night.

"We crossed the Jackson Railroad at Edwards Station at 9 A.M., and marched to Bridgeport, where we joined General Sherman, and crossed Black River over pontoons, at twilight, and proceeded two miles upon the Vicksburg Road and bivouacked.

"On the morning of the 18th, the Second Brigade followed the First upon the road to Vicksburg, until, arriving at a point where the road forked, within one and one half miles of these headquarters, I was ordered by General Sherman to press forward upon the Graveyard road, and relieve the Thirteenth Regulars, who were deployed as skirmishers. About four o'clock I formed in line of battle within seven hundred yards of, and opposite to, the enemy's works, then, however, veiled from my view by the thick woods, and deployed seven companies of skirmishers, the woods in front being filled with the enemy. Shortly afterward General Sherman advanced in person. Within brief space of time General Steele's command was ordered upon my right, and

my line of skirmishers connected with him and the forces of General McPherson, one and one half miles to my left. Captain Barrett was placed in battery by Major Taylor, Chief of Artillery of the Fifteenth Army Corps, in front and centre, supported by two companies from the 55th Illinois.

“As night fell, I ordered the 54th Ohio, with three companies from the 127th Illinois as a reserve, to deploy far to my left, with a view of connecting with General Ransom’s picket. Col. Giles A. Smith meanwhile had advanced and relieved my pickets on the right. Thus we remained resting on our arms till daybreak, when, by orders from General Sherman, I threw the pickets, as skirmishers, forward within close range of the enemy, advancing the brigade in line of battle on either side of what is called the Graveyard road, leading to what was supposed to be a sally-port in the fortifications, the right wing, 83d Indiana and 127th Illinois with its left, the left wing, 55th Illinois and 54th Ohio with its right, upon the road till we reached the crest of a hill, five hundred yards from the enemy’s works, Company B, 1st Illinois Artillery, Captain Barrett, in position in front, still supported by details from the 55th Illinois.

“At 9 A.M., the signal being given by Battery A, five shots were fired to get range, when a vigorous fire was opened along the line, skirmishers and sharpshooters pouring in most destructive volleys from sheltered points along the range of hills and close under the parapets.

“At eleven o’clock the following order was received from department headquarters, viz :

“ ‘Corps commanders will push forward carefully, and gain as close position as possible to the enemy’s works, until 2 P.M.; at that hour they will fire three volleys of artillery from all the pieces in position. This will be the signal for a general charge of all the army corps along the whole line. When the works are carried, guards will be placed by all division commanders to prevent their men from straggling from their companies.

“ ‘By order of Major-General Grant, &c.’

“At one o’clock I assembled my pickets, calling in the 54th Ohio. A reconnoissance of the ground over which I



should pass had developed the fact that it would be impossible to advance my whole brigade in line of battle, the hills and knobs being exceedingly precipitous, intersected by ravines in three directions, the bottom treacherous, filled with sink holes, concealed by dried grass and cane ; the whole covered by abatis of fallen timber from a dense forest cut six months or more ago, affording spikes and *cheveaux de frise* most difficult to surmount. The roadway alluded to is cut and filled, slightly winding upon a ridge nearly perpendicular to my line of battle, and at its point of intersection with the fortifications makes an embankment some eighteen feet high; therefore I placed my right wing, 83d Indiana and 127th Illinois, in command of Colonel Spooner, its senior officer, in whose ability and dauntless courage I repose the fullest confidence, on the right of the road, with instructions to press forward as rapidly as possible, and in such order as he could best get over the ground. I ordered Captain Kili, of Company K, 54th Ohio, to take charge of his line of skirmishers, and Captain Moore, Company D, of the 54th Ohio, brigade officer of the day to aid him. I formed the 55th Illinois with its right upon the road ; the 54th Ohio on line with the 55th, with orders to guide it ; and the 57th Ohio immediately in the rear but not in reserve.

“ At the appointed hour the signal was given, and at the command ‘forward,’ the troops advanced gallantly and without hesitation. It was almost vain to essay a line, owing to the nature of the ground, yet three times, under a most galling and destructive fire, did these regiments halt and dress upon their colors ; the nerve and self-possession of both officers and men perfect ; not a man flinched from his post. Having advanced some four hundred yards, I discovered that the men were thoroughly exhausted, and halted the left wing under the crest of a hill, from sixty-five to seventy-five yards from the ditch and parapet, and where they were comparatively sheltered from the small arms of the enemy. Returning to reconnoitre the position of my right wing, hid from my view by the embankment of the road, I perceived their colors advanced to the very base of the parapet, and also that my brigade was alone, unsupported

on the left or right, save by a portion of the Thirteenth Regulars, who had advanced to a position under the parapet, near the 83d Indiana and 127th Illinois.

“To the left, as far as I could see (and from an elevated point I had great range), not a soldier to be seen, and only an occasional puff of smoke from the rifle of a sharpshooter, concealed far away among the hills, revealed the fact that we had friends near us outside of our division. Therefore, I determined to halt my command, report, and wait for further orders, especially as from the position of my left wing occupied (that which General Ewing is now fortifying) great execution could be done by my men upon the sharpshooters of the enemy, who, from the trees close behind the works, were picking off our officers with devilish skill.

“Returning to the front, I sent an aide-de-camp to General Blair with report. I received in answer orders from General Sherman ‘to get my men as close to the parapet as possible, and be ready to jump in when they began to yield,’ coupled with the assurance that McPherson was well engaged, and that General Grant was on the ground, and that the artillery of the enemy, which began to enfilade us, would be silenced.<sup>1</sup> I ordered my men to cease firing and fix bayonets, with intent to charge, when, upon closer view, I discovered the works too steep and high to scale without proper appliances; a few men could have been got over by the aid of a ladder of bayonets or digging holes in the embankment, but these would have gone to destruction. I could not make a demonstration with my isolated command that would have resulted permanently; therefore I determined to maintain the position and await developments. The sequel to the

<sup>1</sup> KILBY SMITH :

Gen. Grant is here. He says McPherson is well engaged. When there he could not hear our fire. Never mind the artillery.

Ammunition is being brought just to rear of Battery. Caution your men not to fire too much. Steele is also working forward. Get your men as close to the parapet as possible and be ready to jump in when they begin to yield. Blair is along his line.

SHERMAN.

Col. T. K. SMITH,  
On the Field.

attempt at assault is my guarantee for the course I pursued.

“ Meanwhile details were ordered back and ammunition furnished in abundance ; the most accurate marksmen were thrown forward with *carte blanche* to select the best cover. Companies were advanced from each regiment and relieved as ammunition gave out or guns became foul. A most deadly fire was kept up, and none of the enemy ventured his head above the wall who failed to pay the penalty. At the same time the right wing, with stern determination, maintained their ground. Their loss had been fearful, falling upon their best line and non-commissioned officers. Captain after captain had been shot dead ; field officers were falling ; still, there was no flinching. I communicated through my aides.

“ As night fell, I received a verbal order, through an unusual source, to fall back to my original position. This order was in immediate conflict to two received from General Sherman, and gave me no little surprise. I had won by severe loss the best position to fortify in our whole front. Already I had made arrangements to plant batteries upon the hill I occupied. Reluctantly I left the command with Colonel Rice, Colonel Malmborg, senior officer, having been most painfully wounded in the eye, and went back in person for report and explanation.

“ At General Blair’s headquarters I received the following written orders :

“ ‘ Brigade commanders will collect the forces of their respective regiments, and occupy the last ground from which they moved to the assault to-day, where their men will be well covered, advancing a line of skirmishers as near as possible to the enemy’s works, for the purpose of occupying his attention. They will be prepared to assault at daybreak in the morning.

“ ‘ By order of Maj.-Gen. F. P. Blair, &c.’

“ At this time it had become quite dark, when suddenly the whole scene was brilliantly lighted by the flames of certain wooden houses within the works, ignited by simultaneous action of the enemy for the purpose of discovering our change of movement. This purpose had been anticipated

by Colonel Spooner, who, with skill and good judgment, withdrew from the ditch beneath the parapet to shelter. A few moments later, and hand-grenades and the grave would have been supper and bed for his men.

"In pursuance of the last order, I quietly withdrew my command by details. At three o'clock in the morning they were in their old position.

"Here we remained till the morning of the 22d instant, when orders issued to all the army corps for a simultaneous attack were received. My instructions were to march by the right flank down the road before mentioned, following the First Brigade, the right of the division being led by Brigadier-General Ewing, commanding the Third Brigade, by right of rank, the position of my brigade being upon the left; a storming party of one hundred and fifty men to precede. Volunteers of fifty were called from each brigade, and promptly furnished *pro rata* of regiments. Of these I have occasion to report hereafter.

"As soon as the First Brigade had formed, I closed behind it in the following order of regiments: 55th Illinois, 83d Indiana, 57th Ohio, 127th Illinois, and 54th Ohio, moving forward through a winding and covered roadway, constructed through the ravines near my line the night previous.

"As we emerged upon the high ground from the cover of the woods and hills, I discovered that the programme had been changed. Instead of a dense column marching by the flank down the road, as I had expected, the ground I had passed over in the first assault on the 19th instant was covered by scattered masses. The flag of General Ewing was flying from the hills from which I had been withdrawn. I reported in person to General Blair, and received an order to support Col. Giles A. Smith, who was endeavoring to make a position somewhere between General Ewing and General Ransom. This movement I could not have anticipated. Nevertheless, discovering cover, and knowing the ground well, I threw the brigade in column of regiments, and, by regiments, moved rapidly over the brow of the hill, massing them as best I could under cover from the enemy's musketry and a Whitworth gun, waspish in its annoyance.

“ They went over under heavy fire, but fortunately, owing to the promptitude and gallantry of the men, without having one killed or wounded, the volleys in each instance passing over their heads. Thence, by filing down a long ravine that skirts the main chain of bluffs, I overtook and again massed by column of regiments in the rear of the 8th Missouri, of the First Brigade, which had the most advanced position. Shortly I threw out the 55th Illinois in line with the 8th Missouri, and communicated with Col. Giles A. Smith in person. His report will suffice for the operations of that afternoon.

“ I maintained the position till ten o'clock the following morning, when, by intimation from Col. Giles A. Smith that orders had been issued to that effect, I fell back to the position now occupied by the troops, and reported in person to General Blair for further orders.

“ I shall make no apology for undue length of my report, nor stint with measured praise the meed of the officers and men of the Second Brigade. I only regret my own inability of language to do them full justice. With Colonel Malmberg, of the 55th Illinois, I have been side by side in several battles ; have stood with him literally amid heaps of slain. He is always cool, prudent, and of dauntless courage, and in the recent engagement, although wounded twice, and, by strange fatality, first in the right and next in the left eye, displayed these qualities with the ardor and cheer so necessary in a charge.

“ Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler and Major Hefferman, of the same regiment, were constantly in the front ranks, doing their full duty with high bearing, setting a brave example for their men.

“ Colonel Fisher, ever ready, zealous, and watchful, keeping his men well in hand, led his charge most gallantly. His flag was foremost. He sought no shelter save under its folds.

“ Colonel Rice maintained his position exactly and handled his regiment as he would upon review—calm, collected, but full of daring. Should his severe wound prove fatal, as is feared, the service will suffer irreparable loss.

“ Colonel Spooner has displayed in this last campaign soldierly qualities of the highest order. Indefatigable in his zeal for the welfare of his men, he fights them as he handles them upon the march. Always alert and ready, he can well share with them his own laurels. What I have said of Colonel Spooner equally applies to Lieutenant-Colonel Myers ; both scorn danger and both have skill to apply their courage.

“ Colonel Eldridge won for himself a conspicuous place. Among so many heroes it is hard to be distinguished ; yet he was first with the foremost. The richest honors of a grateful country should be showered upon him.

“ The following list of line officers I make special mention of for courage, and not only for courage, but patient fortitude and endurance of horrible heat in the ravines and hillsides, and fatigue ; exposed by night and day on pickets and with advanced companies of skirmishers, uncomplaining, only careful that their soldiers should suffer as little as possible. I make special mention of Major Frank S. Curtiss, of the 127th Illinois, who exhibited courage and great zeal during the first assault particularly. He was ever in the foremost ranks, and even exceeded his duty in assisting soldiers with their guns when from frequent firing they became foul ; also of Captain Barrett and his admirable battery. His guns were splendidly served. He and his company are veterans, and have won imperishable honor on many a hard-fought field. His discipline and drill are perfect.

“ Lieut.-Col. Samuel R. Mott took command of the 57th Ohio after Colonel Rice had been carried wounded from the field. He handled his regiment with consummate skill and daring, proving that he was well worthy of his recent promotion.

“ I desire to compliment Capt. G. M. White, my acting assistant adjutant-general, and my aides-de-camp, Lieuts. John Enoch, of the 54th Ohio, and Edward E. Root, of the 57th Ohio, and to express my obligations to Captain Gillett, of the 127th Illinois Volunteers, and Lieutenant Dorchester, of Thielemann's Cavalry, who were my volunteer aides. Each one of these discharged his duty with the utmost

promptness and gallantry. Each one is intelligent, brave, and meritorious. I have to regret that I do not possess the power to advance them, but earnestly commend their promotion, and ask that the commanding general secure it. I also mention the names of my orderlies, James L. Sherer and Henry Leibrant, as worthy of great commendation for faithfulness and courage.

" Herewith I submit a list of the casualties in battle,<sup>1</sup> and with request to hereafter make a supplementary report, inasmuch as commanding officers of the regiment and batteries composing my brigade, having been ordered from the battlefield upon the march, have had no opportunity to make formal report, and respectfully calling attention to the reports of commanding officers of the storming party, Colonel Malmborg, Lieutenant-Colonels Mott and Fisher, now filed.

" I have the honor to be, with highest respect, your obedient servant,

" THOS. KILBY SMITH,

" Col. Comdg. Second Brig., Second Div.,

" Fifteenth Army Corps.

" Maj. W. D. GREEN, Assistant Adjutant-General."

The report of Colonel Fisher of the 54th Ohio, contains a graphic description of the part borne by that regiment, and he pays tribute to his commander, who was acting brigadier, in the following language :

" Colonel T. Kilby Smith was on the field in both engagements, and displayed the same reckless personal bravery for which he has long since distinguished himself."<sup>2</sup>

Sherman's corps were roughly handled by the defenders of Vicksburg, and their experiences were not more severe than those of either McClernand or McPherson, who made the effort simultaneously with them. McClernand, under the false impression that some of his brigades had succeeded in capturing important defences of the enemy, sent word to that effect to General Grant, and, calling for re-inforcements, Grant ordered McPherson and Sherman to renew the assault

<sup>1</sup> Nominal list, omitted, embraced in revised statements.

<sup>2</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxiv., part ii., p. 279.

at a time when, if the mistake had not been made, the loss would have been much less. Grant says :

" I attempted to carry the place by storm on the 22d, but was unsuccessful. Our troops were not repulsed from any point, but simply failed to enter the works of the enemy. At several points they got up to the parapets of the enemy's forts and planted their flags on the outer slope of the embankments, where they still have them. The assault was made simultaneously by the three army corps at 10 A.M. The loss on our side was not very heavy at first, but, receiving repeated despatches from General McClernand, saying that he was hard pressed on his right and left, calling for reinforcements, I gave him all of McPherson's corps but four brigades, and caused Sherman to press the enemy on our right, which caused us to double our losses for the day. The whole loss for the day will probably reach 1500, killed and wounded."<sup>1</sup>

No substantial success repaid the carnage of this terrific battle. The attacking army had put forth its full strength and had been aided by the fleet under Porter ; but it was not possible for human effort to have been successful against works so well garrisoned, so impregnable strong, and so valiantly defended : the Union army recoiled with a loss of almost three thousand men, and General Grant made up his mind there was but one way to capture Vicksburg, and that was by a regular siege.

Colonel Thomas Kilby Smith, as we have seen, had been performing the duties of brigadier during all the operations attendant upon the movement against Vicksburg. He had been clothed with that responsibility in his first battle more than a year past, and his superior officers had not failed to commend him in official reports and by private testimony. In a letter to his mother, General Sherman wrote as follows :

<sup>1</sup> Grant to Halleck, May 24, 1863, *War Rec.*, series i., vol. xxiv., part i., p. 37. He animadverted severely upon McClernand, and eventually that officer was relieved of his command.



“ HDQRS., RIGHT WING, MEMPHIS,  
“ December 14, 1862.

“ MRS. ELIZA B. SMITH,  
“ Cincinnati, Ohio.

“ DEAR MADAM: Yours of December 9th, is received, and I have sent the letter for your son, Col. T. Kilby Smith, to him at his camp on the outskirts of Memphis. . . . We are now back at Memphis, and soon embark for lower down. Your son is in splendid health and spirits; always cheerful and ready to serve his country. His past military career must be to you a source of pride, and, whatever the future has in reserve for us, you will have reason to feel satisfied with him.

“ I am rejoiced that Mrs. Sherman saw you, for she could tell what I cannot write.

“ I am, with great respect,

“ Your servant,

“ W. T. SHERMAN,  
“ Maj.-Gen.”

It was but natural that his family and his friends should feel an ambition that the military services of Colonel Smith should meet with official reward: the only reward that a soldier can properly aspire to,—promotion, to the grade he has won. So long as this promotion was withheld, he was liable to be superseded in the command of his veteran brigade by any newly made brigadier who might be assigned to the division. Accordingly the subject of his promotion was brought to the attention of his commanding officers as soon as his military career warranted the appeal. In replying to one of Mrs. Smith's letters, General Sherman wrote :

“ HDQRS. FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
“ CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, Feb. 18, 1863.

“ MRS. ELIZA B. SMITH,  
“ Cincinnati, Ohio.

“ DEAR MADAM : Your note of February 3d is received. I have borne official testimony to the gallantry, courage, and zeal of your son on several occasions, and will do all that I can that he may receive the reward a soldier covets and

which his family and friends have a right to expect. I know that I am either behind or ahead of the times in sparing praise which, degenerating into adulation or flattery, offends a proud and conscientious gentleman. I am not one of those who fear that this war will cease before all are gratified with the full measure of military fame and glory. I know our enemy, and think I know enough of the deep-seated causes of this war, to feel confident that every ambitious man will have ample opportunity to reap fame and distinction. To your son and others in whom I have felt a special interest, I have ever counselled patience : ‘ Go on ; watch the developments of war ; study it ; learn from the experience of others the true art ; knowledge, experience, and true merit in time will be worth more than rank.’ The old leaven of party politics is so deeply implanted in the American heart, time is necessary to eradicate it, but it will be eradicated, and the soldier who, by close observation, by experience, and by real courage has gained a reputation among his fellow soldiers, will be called out to lead regardless of the mere rank conferred for political reasons or newspaper fame. The man who is to lead our country out of anarchy and chaos may be, as Napoleon, a captain still, and no one should covet honor too early. With this honest conviction, I have not pushed forward the young and ambitious soldiers who have looked to me for counsel and advice. Still, as you and others who have a right to act, wish to advance Colonel T. Kilby Smith, you may count on my hearty co-operation. His record is perfect, his habits excellent ; his health good ; his bravery a little rash ; his judgment good, and all he needs is hard study of books and men—I mean, of course, military textbooks, and men who compose large armies. He has commanded a brigade and now commands one, and naturally, he should be commissioned as a brigadier. It is improper for me to write to the President direct, because I know he is overwhelmed with care and labor, and it would be presumptuous in me to suppose him influenced by my recommendation, further than as contained in my official reports. I therefore enclose a letter to my brother John, which you can use according to the judgment of your friends. Excuse so

long a letter, but believe me, with great respect, one who will always take a pleasure in sustaining the glory of our country and the true interests of all committed to my care.

“ W. T. SHERMAN,  
“ Maj.-Gen.”

His letter to his brother was as follows :

“ CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, Feb. 18, 1863.

“ Hon. JOHN SHERMAN,  
“ Washington, D. C.

“ DEAR BROTHER : I have been a little slow in pushing forward the young and ambitious officers in my command, because I have been more anxious that they should perfect themselves in true knowledge and experience, than in getting rank. Col. T. Kilby Smith, of Cincinnati, joined me at Paducah in Feb. last, and has, therefore, attended me in all my devious movements for the past year. Never absent one day. At Shiloh he succeeded to the command of the brigade on the disabling of his senior, Colonel Stuart, and I think in my report I mentioned how handsomely he acted. In several small actions, as we approached Corinth, he was ever on hand, and, more recently, at Chickasaw and Arkansas Post, he actually commanded a brigade, and in each case he bore himself well, almost too conspicuously. I honestly think that services on the battlefield, or wherever his men are, should be one of the reasons for promotion ; but I am sorry to observe, in the long lists published, that the old maxim holds good : ‘ One campaign at Court (Washington) is worth five in the Field.’ By this time, the country must be convinced that war, and war alone, can restore the just power of the Government, and the first step must be in recognizing military service in the Field, and in encouraging those who seek the enemy in the South and not at Chicago. When you observe this change, I beg you will assist the friends of Col. T. Kilby Smith in being promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, the command of which he now exercises, only liable to be displaced by the arrival of some new appointee who may not have smelt gunpowder or heard a bullet in earnest.

"My official reports on file in the Adjutant-General's office will always form the basis of a recommendation.

"Affectionately,

"W. T. SHERMAN."

Such was the testimony of the corps commander. Certainly not less grateful to the feelings of a true soldier, and not less weighty in distinguishing his merit, is the opinion of those who were closest to him and under his responsible direction in so many campaigns and desperate actions. As early as the 24th of April, 1863, the following paper had been prepared and signed by the officers of the 54th Ohio and 83d Indiana regiments at least, and no doubt it was the intention to secure the signatures of the other officers of the regiments under his command, but the paper would seem to have been considered unmilitary, and was probably not presented. It is given, however, as an indication of the feeling of his subordinate officers :

"SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

"YOUNG'S POINT, LA., April 24, 1863.

"R. M. SAWYER,

"A. A. Gen.

"SIR : Under General Orders No. 86, issued from the War Department April 2, 1863, Col. Thos. Kilby Smith, Comd'g Second Brigade, Fifteenth Army Corps, may at any moment be mustered out of the service of the United States, for the reason that his regiment the 54th Ohio Vols. does not now reach one half the maximum number prescribed by law. We understand that an attack will be made upon the city of Vicksburg in a few days, and as officers of said brigade, we beg leave to say that we desire to go into this fight under the immediate command of Col. Smith, and trust, that whether mustered out or not he may be permitted to lead his old brigade. We hope this communication will not be regarded as ill-timed or unmilitary.

"Respectfully."

The following paper bears testimony of the affection of his

subordinate officers, and the approval of his superiors, and was forwarded to Washington :

“ YOUNG’S POINT, LA., BEFORE VICKSBURG,

“ March 1, 1863.

“ GENERAL :

“ Impressed by a strong conviction that we owe to the services of a zealous officer, a true and faithful man and a gallant soldier, our comrade in arms, under whom we are serving with confidence and pleasure, an expression of our appreciation of his merits and deservings, we take the liberty (not generally approved, yet one we feel assured *you* will not criticise) of addressing you as our appropriate medium in seeking the accomplishment of our wishes.

“ The officers and soldiers of the Second Brigade think Col. Thomas Kilby Smith, of the 54th Ohio, now commanding the brigade, ought to be promoted. He has been upward of a year and a half in service, having never for a day nor an hour been absent from his command.

“ His regiment formed one of your old division, with which you fought the battle of Shiloh, made the advance on Corinth, and commanded from that day to this—with that division, we say, you fought, mainly, the battle of Shiloh.

“ It claims for its record the testimonial of Major-General Halleck—‘ To General Sherman, more than to any other officer, are we indebted for repulsing the enemy on Sunday, and greatly for the glorious victory on Monday.’

“ It is considered that Colonel Smith was conspicuous amongst your officers for his gallantry on that occasion. Numerous promotions were made for the battle of Shiloh, but not one from your division. We were content and satisfied by the distinction bestowed on you, for it was reflected on us. In the march on Corinth we were constantly in the advance. Colonel Smith was ever foremost and never deficient.

“ In the affair before Vicksburg (at Chickasaw Bayou) no officer in the field was more conspicuous for his zeal, bravery, gallantry and indifference to danger or his own repose or comfort than Colonel Smith.

“ It did not escape the observation of the division that no

officer was more constantly or actively employed, or more efficient in the discharge of the duties assigned him, than he.

“ At the Post of Arkansas, Colonel Smith led the brigade and commanded it in the fight—certainly with equal gallantry with any officer in the field and with all the skill which the position involved or the occasion called for, or which any other officer exercised.

“ Our intercourse with him since he has been in command of the brigade, has commanded our respect and confidence in him as an officer, our esteem and regard for him as a gentleman, and our interest for him as our friend. Whilst in other divisions numerous high promotions of officers, very far Colonel Smith’s juniors in rank, have been made (made, no doubt, for services performed, yet which it was never our fortune to observe or hear of) we have to suggest, yet without complaint, that we believe but one promotion in our old division, has been made—that of Colonel Stuart, 55th Illinois, who was but recently made Brigadier.

“ We are proud (though personally we may suffer temporarily as a consequence) to believe and know that we are not overlooked because our division is comparatively deficient in merit, but rather because our commanding general insists upon a higher and worthier standard of qualifications, than obtains in the volunteer service of the country, east or west. We accept it not only, but conform to it cheerfully, and will abide our own time, and the result of our achievements.

“ Yet we respectfully urge, that our commanding officer, in whose behalf we respectfully solicit, his, and our commanding general’s recommendation, quite comes up to the standard which he has himself by his recommendations established, and far surpassed that which is, and has been accepted in most of the promotions made, at least, from the Western Army.

“ These considerations (amongst others) expressed as concisely as we can, have induced the undersigned officers of the Second Brigade in the Second Division of your Army Corps to solicit you to ask the promotion of Colonel Smith, or to forward with your favorable endorsement, through the proper military channel, this our communication, which in that

event we pray may be accepted as our representation and request of the President of the United States.

“ We are very respectfully,

“ Your obed’t Serv’ts.”

This paper was signed by all the regimental officers of the command.

General Stuart endorses this memorial as follows :

“ HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV.,

“ 5th March, 1863.

“ I cordially endorse the within recommendation of the officers of Colonel Smith’s brigade. In my official report of the battle at Post of Arkansas, I remarked Colonel Smith’s gallantry, and suggested his promotion.

“ I think he has fairly earned it, and is entitled to it.

“ Numbers of his juniors (certainly no more entitled to the distinction) have been advanced and I earnestly hope he may speedily be.

“ (Signed)

D. STUART,

“ Brig.-Genl. Comdg.”

General Sherman follows :

“ I have on several occasions borne special testimony to the gallantry and bravery of Col. T. Kilby Smith, 54th Ohio, —in my reports of the battle of Shiloh, of our several engagements as we approached Corinth, during our marches to Memphis, to the Tallahatchie, and finally at Vicksburg and Arkansas Post. And in a special communication to the Secretary of War, I made special recommendation for the promotion of Colonel Smith.

“ I am conscious my old division is impressed with the belief that I have not pushed forward their claims to promotion as other commanders have done ; but all must feel that I have urged one and all to acquire knowledge and experience of war ; and that such knowledge was more valuable to them than mere rank.

“ The war in which we are engaged is no holiday affair,

but all worthy, ambitious and educated officers will have ample time and opportunity to attain rank equal to their expectations, and my ambition is to assist those under my command to acquire that knowledge and proficiency in their profession, without which promotion brings no pleasure or satisfaction to the officer.

“ With these explanatory remarks, I add my hearty approval and sanction to this paper.

“ (Signed)                      W. T. SHERMAN,  
    “ Maj.-Genl. Com'd'g  
    “ 15th Army Corps.”

And finally General Grant added his own testimony :

“ HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE,  
     “ BEFORE VICKSBURG, March 10, 1863.

“ Respectfully forwarded to Headquarters of the Army. Besides the high recommendations Col. T. Kilby Smith has from his Division Comdr. and those serving under him, I am pleased to add my testimonial to his activity, energy, and ability as a soldier.

“ His advancement has been won upon the field of battle, and in camp in disciplining his men. Promotion on Colonel Smith would be most worthily bestowed, and would not fall upon one with whom the question would become : ‘ What will you do with him ? ’

“ (Signed)                      U. S. GRANT,  
    “ Maj.-Gen.

“ Official

“ (Signed) JNO. A. RAWLINS,  
                  “ Asst. Adjt. General.”

This paper had gone forward to Washington, and Colonel Smith no doubt waited with expectant hope the results of this powerful appeal in his behalf. His disappointment and chagrin may be imagined when, on the 24th of May, but forty-eight hours after he had led his soldiers in a terrific assault, he was superseded by General J. A. J. Lightburn, by General Sherman's orders. His feelings show themselves in the following note at once addressed to Sherman :



" HDQRS. 2D BRIGADE, 2D DIV., FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
" IN THE FIELD, May 24, 1863.

" SIR :

" Your orders assigning General Lightburn to the command of the Second Brigade, is this moment received. At this time it is of vital interest to me to know if the order relieving me can be construed as a reflection upon my conduct of the command or my personal bearing in the late engagement. I hope you will not deem the question coming from me to you impertinent. I have the honor to be respectfully,

" Your obt. servt.,

" THOMAS KILBY SMITH,  
Col. Comd'g.

" Major-General SHERMAN,

" Comd'g Fifteenth Army Corps."

General Sherman instantly sent the following reply :

" May 24, WALNUT HILLS.

" Col. T. KILBY SMITH,

" Comd'g Second Brigade.

" DEAR COLONEL :

" I have just received your note. Most undoubtedly is this assignment of General Lightburn no reflection on you personally. He is assigned by order of Gen. Grant to me. His Legal Rank compels me to give him a brigade. General Lightburn is in your division and is entitled by law to one of the two brigades commanded by you and Giles A. Smith. The brigade of the latter belongs to his brother, Morgan L. Smith, who may join at any moment ; indeed, has notified me that he will in less than three weeks. Instead of reflecting on you, I would prefer to add substantial honors on you, and I doubt not General Lightburn will in a great measure rely on you to aid him in fighting it during the siege of Vicksburg. Lightburn reported before the assault and I waited till it was over, when I had to assign him to a command.

" Yrs. truly,

" W. T. SHERMAN,  
" Maj.-Gen."

Certainly, nothing could be handsomer or more soldierly than this letter shows General Sherman's conduct to have been ; and the peculiar delicacy of his compliment in waiting until after the assault had been made, showed the sincerity of his feeling. None the less, the blow was a heavy one to Colonel Smith. His own regiment had been diminished by the casualties of war until its numbers had fallen below the limit fixed by a recent order for its maintenance as a separate organization. After his gallant services in the field and his long and arduous discipline in camp, he found himself liable at any moment to be turned adrift, much as his friend General Stuart was shortly afterwards. His feeling during this period was expressed in a letter which he wrote to his old-time preceptor and friend, Salmon P. Chase, who was then Secretary of the Treasury :

“ HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 2D DIV., 15TH A. C.,

“ CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, April 27, 1863.

“ MY DEAR SIR :

“ Permit me to call your attention to the enclosed correspondence with reference to the accompanying order<sup>1</sup> from the Sec'y of War, not that I propose to intrude upon you a discussion of Army matters but that I may indicate how immediately I am affected by the order and its results to my command.

“ I have the assurance from my friends that you have taken an interest in my promotion, and feel satisfied that when you become aware, that unless I receive an appointment from the President I shall necessarily be forced from the service, that interest will not abate. Upon a former occasion I promised you that if I was enabled to take the field you should hear from me. I can only point to the official reports of my commanding generals, ‘ Shiloh,’ ‘ Russell’s House,’ ‘ Chickasaw Bluffs,’ ‘ Arkansas Post.’ The casualties of battle, skirmish, and an active campaign have reduced the ‘ 54th Ohio,’ and brought it within the rule, and though for a year past at intervals, and for four months continuously, I have been in command of a brigade of five regiments, once,

<sup>1</sup> For the consolidation of regiments.

in battle, of a division, I am to-day liable to be mustered out.

“ I am identified with the Second Brigade. I am satisfied its soldiers wish me to lead them, a fact of which the papers on file at headquarters in Washington, and the enclosed copy of a paper signed by the entire command will furnish evidence. I forward the latter for *your* consideration though as it was wholly unmilitary I ordered it suppressed when it came to my knowledge. It is my hope and ambition to lead them to victory, but my duty as a soldier teaches me to obey my superior officers in tacit submission. The order first expelling *me*, will speedily operate upon other, and more worthy officers—already I note in dejected countenances the disappointed hopes of many a gallant war-worn veteran.

“ When I offered my sword to my country, it was with the determination that it should not be sheathed, till her honor was redeemed, and the rights of her loyal citizens vindicated. For twenty months I have done her service to the best of my humble abilities, and in all that time have never asked or received leave of absence, or for any cause been an hour from my post. I should not now become a suppliant for the privilege of wearing her livery, were it not that I deem it essential in some degree to her interests. I stifle indignation, and as I must write to some friend of power, and influence with the President, for ancient memories' sake, I call on you. Pardon my trespass upon your time also sacred to our country. If I have reason to expect the appointment of Brigadier General, and the assignment to my present command, that will naturally follow, I can pursue with renewed hope my career here, sufficiently arduous at this season in the bayou and swamp—if the contrary, will you advise me of the fact *soon*, for if worthless to the Republic, the remainder of my life may be of value to my family, and should not be liable to sacrifice as a camp follower. With the most profound respect, I have the honor to be,

“ Always your sincere friend and obt. servt.,

“ THOS. KILBY SMITH,

“ Col. commanding 2d Brigade,

“ 2d Division, 15th A. C.

“ Hon. S. P. CHASE,

“ Secretary of the Treasury.”

In this crisis of his career, his mother followed him with anxious thought. She corresponded with Generals Grant and Sherman and addressed herself to Secretary Chase, to Senator Sherman, Secretary Stanton, and to the President himself. She had anticipated the danger that had arisen from the order for consolidating regiments, and had written to General Sherman on the subject. His reply to her letter was as follows :

“ HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

“ WALNUT HILLS, May 25, 1863.

“ MRS. ELIZA B. SMITH,

“ Yellow Springs, Ohio.

“ DEAR MADAM :

“ Yours of May 8th, overtook me here. The order for consolidating regiments has been very properly suspended by General Grant and is made exceptional : that is, only such regiments will be reduced to battalions as corps commanders recommend. I know that none should be so reduced, but the ranks of all should be filled with conscripts and the old regiments thereby revived and their History kept up.

“ Your son commanded his troops up to yesterday, when the arrival of General Lightburn, promoted by the last session of Congress, was assigned to me, and I was compelled by that law which all must obey to give him a brigade. I regret this exceedingly, and have, both in writing and verbally, explained it fully to Kilby. Of course he feels naturally very sore at retiring from the superior command of a brigade to that of his small regiment ; but there is no help for it. He asked last night for a leave or to resign. This would be wrong, and I advised him strenuously against it, at all events, till Vicksburg is gained. Then I promise to use my influence with General Grant to get him orders to proceed to Ohio and enlist enough men to fill up his old regiment.

“ I certainly will do all I can privately and officially to promote his interests, and will watch his career with an interest second only to that of his own family. I am pleased to note that you are acquainted with Mrs. Sherman, but our children are at that age that requires her personal care, so

that I fear she will not find it convenient to accept your kind invitation to the Springs, yet she can do as she likes.

"I write on a Battle Field, with the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon in my ears, and I feel assured you will pardon the haste in which I reply to you.

"With respect and affection, yrs.,

"W. T. SHERMAN,

"Maj.-Gen."

General Grant showed his warm interest by assigning Colonel Smith to a special and important duty pending the results of the application made to Washington. So that, although he no longer commanded troops during the remainder of the operations in front of Vicksburg, he was relieved of the mortification of taking a less important service than that he had hitherto been entrusted with; and as no further assaults were made but only the regular processes of a tedious siege were carried on, he escaped some arduous duty without diminution of credit. He was assigned to the staff of General Grant. On the 25th of May, by special order from General Grant, he organized a court of inquiry, of which he was President, and Lieut.-Col. Thomas McMahon, Judge Advocate, which was in session at Milliken's Bend, La., from the 1st to the 17th of June, 1863. While on duty at that place, an attack was made on Milliken's Bend by the Confederate General, J. G. Walker. It so happened that this important point was defended by negro troops, and the object of the attack was to demoralize the troops of General Grant from the rear and divert his attack from Vicksburg. Although at first the black troops were considerably confused, they soon recovered themselves and repulsed the attack handsomely. As soon as Admiral Porter heard of the affair, he went up in his flag ship *Black Hawk*, and reported the circumstance to General Grant. The conduct of the post was severely criticised in a communication of Captain A. G. Strickle, Commissioner, who, under date of June 9th, wrote to General Grant:

"It is with feelings of regret that I have to communicate to you the sad intelligence of the loss of at least one hundred

of our white and black troops ; but while it is painful to record this butchery, it is a pleasure to know that they stood firm while they had commanders, and that three fourths of the African troops that were slain, were found in the ditch where they were ordered to make their stand. . . . It is proper here to say that Col. Thomas Kilby Smith and the other members of the Court of Inquiry, that happened to be here engaged in examining the case of Col. I. F. Shepard, have rendered essential services on this occasion, and, had their counsel been heeded, perhaps many lives would have been saved, and nearly an entire rout of the enemy been the result. . . . The capacity of the negro to defend his liberty, and his susceptibility to appreciate the power of motives in the place of the last, have been put to such a test under our observation, as to be beyond further doubt.”<sup>1</sup>

The gallantry of the African troops in this affair, and the heavy slaughter, aroused a great sensation throughout the country. It was reported by Colonel Smith that the enemy attacked them bearing a flag with the skull and cross-bones, and it was further currently reported that they showed no quarter and had inflicted tortures upon some of the white officers whom they had captured. These reports having been brought to the notice of General Grant, he determined to send a special message by flag of truce to the Confederate General, Richard Taylor at Delhi, La., and selected Colonel T. Kilby Smith and Colonel John Riggins to bear his missive. In the course of his note he says :

“ I feel no inclination to retaliate for the offences of irresponsible persons ; but if it is the policy of any general entrusted with the command of any troops, to show ‘ no quarter,’ or to punish with death persons taken in battle, I will accept the issue. . . . Hoping there may be some mistake in the evidence furnished me, I remain, etc.”<sup>2</sup>

General Taylor, under date of June 27, 1863, disclaims any knowledge of any such improper and unmilitary conduct, and promises an investigation.

On his return from this expedition, Colonel Smith remained

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxiv., part ii., p. 456.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, iii., p. 425.

on staff duty with General Grant until the 2d of July, when he was ordered to proceed with despatches and verbal communications from that General to Gen. N. P. Banks, commanding the Department of the Gulf, and then investing Port Hudson. This service he performed, bearing the following letter :

“ HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
“ NEAR VICKSBURG, June 30, 1863.

“ Major-Gen. N. P. BANKS,

“ Comd’g Department of the Gulf.

“ GENERAL :

“ Feeling a great anxiety to learn the situation at Port Hudson, I send Colonel Kilby Smith to communicate with you. Colonel Smith has been here during the entire siege of Vicksburg and can inform you fully on the position of affairs at this place. I confidently expected that Vicksburg would be in our possession before this, leaving me able to send you any forces that might be required against Port Hudson. . . . Hoping soon to hear favorable news from your field operations by the return of Colonel Smith, I remain,

“ Very respectfully your obedient servant,

“ U. S. GRANT.”<sup>1</sup>

It fell to his lot to communicate to General Banks the intelligence of the surrender of Vicksburg ; whereupon General Gardner, who commanded the Confederate forces in that stronghold, capitulated. On the 9th of July, Colonel Smith started on his return to Vicksburg bearing despatches from General Banks.

On the 4th of July, Vicksburg surrendered, and Grant’s greatest triumph up to that date, and probably the greatest military exploit of his career, had been brought to a successful conclusion. As all readers of the history of the Civil War know, the problem he had to solve, was the prevention of a junction of the Confederate army under Gen. Jos. Johnson with that of General Pemberton, which was garrisoning Vicksburg. He failed, as Sherman had failed before him, to

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxiv., part iii., p. 451.

take the works by assault ; but, more successful than Sherman, he so manœuvred his army in the campaign between May 6th and May 22d, as effectually to separate Johnson from Pemberton ; and, having completely beleaguered the city, it was but a question of time when it had to capitulate. He writes on the very day of the surrender as follows :

“ HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,

“ NEAR VICKSBURG, July 4, 1863.

“ Maj.-Gen. N. P. BANKS,

“ Comd'g Department of the Gulf.

“ GENERAL :

“ The garrison of Vicksburg surrendered this morning. Number of prisoners as given by the officers, is 27,000; field artillery, 128 pieces, and a large number of siege guns, probably not less than eighty. The other stores will probably not amount to any great deal. I held all my surplus troops out on Big Black River, and between there and Haynes Bluff. Intending to assault in a few days, I directed that they be kept in readiness to move on the shortest notice to attack Johnson. The moment the surrender of Vicksburg was agreed upon, the order was given and the troops are now in motion. General Sherman goes in command of this expedition. His force is so large I think it cannot fail. This move will have the effect of keeping Johnson from detaching a portion of his force for the relief of Port Hudson. Although I had the garrison of Vicksburg completely in my power, I gave them the privilege of being paroled at this place ; the officers to retain their side arms and private baggage ; and field, staff, and cavalry officers to take with them one horse each. I regard the terms really more favorable than an unconditional surrender. It leaves the transports and troops for immediate use. At the present juncture of affairs in the East, and on the river above here, this may prove of vast importance. I hope, General, and from what Admiral Porter tells me, this probably will find you in possession of Port Hudson.<sup>1</sup> “ I am, General, very respectfully,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ U. S. GRANT.”

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 470.



The following letter of General Sherman, conveying his congratulations, shows an enthusiasm not frequent in his correspondence.

“ CAMP ON BEAR CREEK,  
“ July 4, 1863.

“ Major-General GRANT,  
“ MY DEAR GENERAL :

“ The telegraph has just announced to me that Vicksburg is ours. . . . I can hardly contain myself. Surely will I not punish any soldier for being “ unco happy ” this most glorious anniversary of the birth of a nation, whose sire and father was a Washington. Did I not know the honesty, modesty, and purity of your nature, I would be tempted to follow the examples of my standard enemies of the press, in indulging in wanton flattery; but as a man and a soldier, and ardent friend of yours, I warn you against the incense of flattery that will fill our land from one extreme to the other. Be natural, and yourself, and this glittering flattery will be as the passing breeze of the sea on a warm summer day. To me the delicacy with which you have treated a brave but deluded enemy, is more eloquent than the most gorgeous oratory of an Everett.

“ This is a day of jubilee ; a day of rejoicing to the faithful, and I would like to hear the cheers of my old and patient troops, but I must a Gradgrind. I must have facts, knocks, and must go on. Already are my orders out to give one big huzzah and sling the knapsack for new fields. . . . I did want rest, but I ask nothing until the Mississippi River is ours. . . . Though in the back ground, as I ever wish to be in civil war, I feel that I have labored some to secure this glorious result.

“ I am, with respect, your friend,  
“ W. T. SHERMAN.”

And thus he writes to Admiral Porter on the same day :

“ No event in my life could have given me more personal pride or pleasure than to have met you to-day on the wharf at Vicksburg on the 4th of July, so eloquent in events as to need no words or stimulants to elevate its importance.

“ I can appreciate the intense satisfaction you must feel to be lying before the very monster which has defied us with such deep and malignant hatred and seeing your once dis-united fleet again a unit ; and, better still, the chain that made an enclosed sea of a link in the great river, broken forever. In so magnificent a result, I stop not to count who did it : it is done, and the day of our nation’s birth is consecrated and baptized anew, and a victory won by the united Navy and Army of our country.

“ God grant that the harmony and mutual respect that exists between our respective commanders and shared by all the true men of the joint service may continue forever and serve to elevate our national character threatened with shipwreck. Thus, I muse as I sit in my solitary camp out in the woods, far from the point for which we have jointly striven so long and so well ; and though personal curiosity would tempt me to go and see the frowning batteries and sunken pits that have defied us so long, and sent to their silent graves so many of our early comrades in the enterprise, I feel that other tasks lie before me and time must not be lost. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

While his friend and chief was thus rejoicing over the capture of Vicksburg, Colonel Kilby Smith had the pleasure of witnessing the capitulation of Port Hudson. General Banks had besieged this point almost as long as Grant had Vicksburg. He had twice endeavored to carry the works by assault, but with no greater success than Sherman and Grant had met with in their efforts. He had therefore laid close siege, and was making preparations for another assault, when the news was brought by Col. Kilby Smith that Vicksburg had surrendered. The last hope was thus taken away from the beleaguered garrison, who had already been reduced to great stress by the failure of their provisions, and they surrendered with the honors of war. Gen. Banks had the supreme satisfaction of announcing the surrender of Port Hudson in the following letter:

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxiv., part iii., pp. 472, 473.

“BEFORE PORT HUDSON, LA., July 8, 1863.

“Major-General GRANT,

“MY DEAR GENERAL :

“It gives me pleasure to inform you that Port Hudson surrendered this day. I was unable to determine the number of prisoners or the extent of the army. The commissioners ask for six thousand rations. The surrender is in effect unconditional. I declined to stipulate for the parol of officers or men, but necessity will compel me to parol at once a considerable proportion of the prisoners, selecting those representing States mainly in our control : as Louisiana, Arkansas, etc.

“Twelve thousand or fifteen thousand of the enemy have been threatening my communications and they occupy the La Fourche districts. I shall move against them forthwith.

“My disposable force is about equal to their number if I detain General Grierson's cavalry. This I hope to do for a term of not more than two weeks, when I will return him in good condition to your camp. He has been of infinite service, and I know not in what way I could have supplied his place. My thanks are due to Lieutenant (H. A.) Ulffers for valuable services. He is a patient, sound, intelligent, and patriotic officer. He returns with Colonel (T. K.) Smith.

“The enemy in my rear disposed of, I earnestly desire to move into Texas, which is now denuded of troops. The enemy here is largely composed of Texans, and we hope to capture them. Will it be possible for you to spare me for this expedition (which should be closed in two months from this date) a division of ten thousand or twelve thousand men ? I know the claims upon your forces ; I see that you will hope to strengthen our armies in the West, and propose my request with hesitation ; but there is no point where the same number of men could do so much good. I want Western men. It was my hope to join you in the contest before Vicksburg and strengthen your command with what forces I have, but it was impossible.

“Colonel Smith, who brought me the welcome message from you, has remained at my command to convey to you in return the news of the surrender or capture of Port Hud-

son, which could not have been deferred longer than to-morrow. His visit has given me the greatest pleasure. His effective destruction of the boats and other means of crossing the Mississippi which the enemy possessed, has been of the greatest service to us and the cause.

"I hope he may return safely to you.

"I am, General, with great respect,

"Your obt. servant,

"N. P. BANKS,

"Maj.-Gen. Comdg." <sup>1</sup>

On his way to Port Hudson from Vicksburg, Colonel Smith had caused the destruction of a large number of boats, used by the enemy at Natchez. It was for this service that General Banks gives credit in his letter.

On the 11th of July, Colonel Smith returned to headquarters at Vicksburg, but on his way observed that a large number of cattle had been collected at Natchez for the use of the rebel army,—a fact that he reported to General Grant, who promptly organized an expedition under General Ransom to bring them in for the use of the Union troops. General Grant writes to General Banks, under date of July 11th :

"I also ordered on the strength of Colonel Smith's report, about one thousand men to Natchez to hold that place for a few days and to collect the cattle that had been crossing there for the rebel army." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxvi., part i., p. 624.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 500.

"NATCHEZ, MISS., July 14, 1863.

"General B. H. GRIERSON,

"Comd'g, etc.

"MY DEAR GENERAL :

"I have just written a hasty note to General Banks. We are in occupation of Natchez and ought to have been here twenty-four hours sooner, whereby we should have saved a train of 300 wagons with ordnance stores. As it is, we have captured some thousands of cattle, variously estimated from 3000 to 8000.

"General Ransom is in command, one brigade, say 1200 men,—too small for this place.

"The General is doing splendidly. If you could arrange in any way to get a troop here, you would be doing very great service,—

On the 12th of July, Colonel Smith occupied Natchez with troops under command of Brigadier-General Ransom. The expedition resulted in the seizure of five thousand head of cattle, twelve hundred sheep, and ordnance and ordnance stores. By order of General Grant, he remained in Natchez twenty-one days; returning to Vicksburg on the 3d of August, he was engaged on staff duty with General Grant as an acting aide-de-camp till August 13th, when by special orders, he proceeded to New Orleans as bearer of despatches from the General-in-Chief to Major-Gen. N. P. Banks, commanding the Department of the Gulf.

On the 26th of September, 1863, Colonel Smith received his long looked for appointment by the President as Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the service of the United States; whereupon the following special orders were issued :

almost inestimable service. I spoke of you and for you to General Grant; said all that you wanted me to say. I wish you could get up on some of the transports we send out with cattle, say the *Imperial*. She is a splendid boat; put 100 on her anyhow. It is of the last importance that you should have a command here soon.

"I have not written upon the subject of cavalry to General Banks. You must show him this letter so that he will understand. Don't do anything to cripple his movements.

"Respectfully and most truly yours,

"THOS. KILBY SMITH.

"Col. and Act'g Aid-de-Camp."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *War Rec.*, series i., vol. xxiv., part iii., p. 511.

"HQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH A. C.,

"NEW ORLEANS, 18 July, 1863.

"MY DEAR COLONEL :

"I thank you for the note which I rec'd by the steamer *Imperial*. It gladdened the sight of our people to see a steamer from above Vicksburg; 'the river is open, indeed,' they said. I hope I may have time to visit you when we will talk over the military expedition of the future. I am glad you think of it with interest.

"We look for the defeat of Johnston's army by Grant, and then, if the news holds good from the Army of the Potomac, the backbone of the rebellion will be broken. I congratulate you on the auspicious future.

"Very truly yours, as ever,

"N. P. BANKS, M.G."

Special Orders }  
No. 237.

“ HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
“ VICKSBURG, MISS., Aug. 30, 1863.

“ Col. Thos. Kilby Smith, 54th Regiment, Ohio Infantry Volunteers, having been appointed by the President as Brigadier-General of Volunteers to rank as such from August 11, 1863, and having accepted said appointment on the 26th day of August, 1863, is hereby honorably discharged from the service as Colonel of said Regiment, to take effect on the day of said acceptance.

“ By order of Major-Gen. U. S. GRANT,

“ JNO. A. RAWLINS,

“ Asst. Adjt. Gen.

“ Brigadier-General THOS. KILBY SMITH.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As this order marked the final detachment of General Smith from his first command, and as the fortunes of war separated them for the greater part of the remaining years of the Rebellion, it is thought of interest to give the following sketch of the history of the 54th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, to whose discipline in camp Colonel Smith had given so much energy, and with whom he had shared so many of the perils of the campaigns :

The material composing the 54th Regiment was from Allen, Auglaize, Butler, Cuyahoga, Green, Hamilton, Logan, and Preble Counties. The Regiment went into the field on the 17th of February, 1862, with an aggregate of 850 men. It reached Paducah, Ky., on the 20th, and was assigned to a brigade in the division of General Sherman. On the 6th of March, the command ascended the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing and encamped near Shiloh Church. The Regiment took part in the battles of 6th and 7th April, and in the two days fighting lost 198 men, killed, wounded, and missing. On the 29th of April it moved in the Army against Corinth, participating in all the fighting, and when the place was evacuated, was the first organized body of troops to enter the town. After several short expeditions it accompanied General Sherman to Chickasaw Bayou, and was in the engagements of December 28th and 29th in which it lost twenty men, killed and wounded. It was next at the capture of Arkansas Post, after which it proceeded to Young's Point, La., and was employed in digging a canal, and other demonstrations connected with the siege of Vicksburg. On the 6th of May, 1863, it began its march to the rear of Vicksburg, by way of Grand Gulf, and took part in the battles of Champion Hills and Big Black Bridge. It was en-

Why this appointment was made to date from the 11th of August, and not from the 22d of May, for services rendered gaged in a general assault on the enemy's works on the 19th and 22d of May, losing in the two engagements forty-seven, killed and wounded. It was almost continually employed in skirmishing and fatigue duty during the siege of Vicksburg, and after the fall of that stronghold, it moved with the army on Jackson, Miss., skirmishing constantly from the 9th to the 14th of July. In October, 1863, it proceeded with the Fifteenth Army Corps to Memphis, and from there moved to Chattanooga. It took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 26th, and the next day moved to the relief of Knoxville, after which it returned to Chattanooga, and on the 12th of January, 1864, it went into winter quarters at Larkensville, Ala.

The 54th re-enlisted as Veterans on the 22d of January, and went home to Ohio on furlough. It returned to camp in April with 200 recruits and entered in the Atlanta campaign on the first of May. It took part in the battles of Resaca and Dallas, and was also in the skirmish at New Hope Church on the 7th of June. In the assault on Kennesaw Mountain, June 27th, it lost twenty-eight men, killed and wounded. On the 3d of July in a skirmish at Nickojack Creek, it lost thirteen men, killed and wounded, and in a battle on the east side of Atlanta, July 21st and 22d, it lost ninety-four, killed, wounded, and missing. It lost eight men, killed and wounded, at Ezra Chapel on the 28th, and from the 29th of July to the 27th of August, it was almost continually engaged in skirmishing before the works at Atlanta. It was in a heavy skirmish at Jonesboro, August 30th, and in a general action at the same place two days immediately following.

On the 15th of November, the 54th started with Sherman on his famous "March to the Sea," and was engaged in the assault at Fort McAllister near Savannah. The Regiment assisted in the destruction of the Gulf Railroad, and on the 7th of January, 1865, marched into Savannah. It moved with the Army through the Carolinas, and participated in its last battle at Bentonville, May 21, 1865. The war was now virtually over, and the Regiment marched to Richmond, the Confederate Capitol, and from there to Washington, where it took part in the grand review. On the 2d of June it proceeded to Louisville, Ky., where it remained two weeks, when it was ordered to Arkansas. It performed garrison duty at Little Rock till Aug. 15th, when it was mustered out of service.

"The aggregate strength of the Regiment at its muster out was 255,—24 officers and 231 men. It marched during its time of service a distance of 3,682 miles, participated in four sieges, nine severe skirmishes, fifteen general engagements, and sustained a loss of 506 men, killed, wounded, and missing."—*History of Logan County (O.)*, pp. 310, 311.

at Vicksburg, or even from an earlier date, might be asked. The real response would no doubt be, that among so many gallant men and deserving officers, the President found it difficult to make his selections ; and, without special influence, excepting that heretofore indicated, General Smith was fortunate to have received the recognition that finally came to him. It was a source of sincere pleasure to his commanding officers, as will appear from their own testimony. General Grant wrote almost immediately to his mother the following letter :

“ VICKSBURG, MISS., August 28, 1863.

“ Mrs. SMITH,

“ MY DEAR MADAM : I have received two letters from you heretofore, and told your son, T. Kilby Smith, that I should write to you in answer. But I am generally so busy with matters that I am bound to give attention to, that to this time I have neglected it.

“ I have just returned from a visit to the northern end of my department, and am happy to learn that in my absence Col. T. Kilby Smith has received the appointment of Brig.-Gen. in the Volunteer service. I congratulate you and him sincerely upon this promotion. You will believe me when I say sincerely, because it was on my recommendation that he has been promoted. I do not know that Colonel Smith was aware of my having recommended him for this appointment. At all events, I did not tell him so.

“ You will excuse me for writing a very short letter and a very uninteresting one, except for the announcement it makes.

“ Believe me most sincerely the friend of yourself and your son, with whom I have become intimately acquainted, and to say that acquaintance with him only ripens friendship.

“ U. S. GRANT,  
“ Maj.-Gen.”

General Sherman himself brought the news of his promotion to the soldiers of his old brigade, but for the immediate



present, the newly made Brigadier <sup>1</sup> continued in close association with General Grant.

On the 28th of August, General Grant, accompanied by a number of officers on his staff, including General Kilby Smith, proceeded to New Orleans, where he reviewed the troops and inspected the fortifications of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip. It was during this visit that General Grant met with an accident that might have cost him his life. While returning from a review of the troops held outside of the city, and riding at a very high rate of speed, he met with an obstruction and fell with his horse in the road. For sometime afterwards he was a great sufferer, and did not fully recover for a number of weeks. On the 16th of September, General Smith, by special orders from General Grant, was directed to report to Major-General McPherson, commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps. His personal preference at another time would have been no doubt for his old soldiers ; but the appointment of General Lightburn precluded this, and he found great satisfaction in being placed under the immediate command of General McPherson, with whom his relations were always of a most friendly character. The General assigned him to the command of the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Army of the Tennessee, then stationed at Natchez. This brigade comprised the following regiments : viz., 11th Illinois, Major Geo. C. McKee ; 14th Wisconsin, Major Asa Wordin ; 17th Wisconsin, Lieut.-Col. Thos. F. McMahon ; 72d Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Jos. Stockton ; 95th Illinois, Lieut.-Col. Leander Blanden. He remained in command of this brigade at that post but a very short time, but long enough to make many friends and to show his capacity for the administration of martial law in a military district. On the 20th of October,

<sup>1</sup> " U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH,

" Aug. 25, 1863.

" By Telegraph from Sherman's 25, 86.

" To Gen. KILBY SMITH :

" I congratulate you. Shall carry up your message myself to your old brigade.

" W. T. SHERMAN,

" Maj.-Genl."

he was relieved of the command of the Second Brigade and First Division, and transferred to the Fourth Division, commanded by Gen. M. M. Crocker, being assigned to the First Brigade thereof. His first order indicated the feeling with which he was actuated throughout the war ; it explains itself :

"General Orders }  
 "No. I. }

"HDQRS. FIRST BRIG., 4TH DIV., 17TH A. C.,  
 "DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
 "VICKSBURG, Oct. 26, 1863.

"The General commanding the brigade is pained to see that many of the beautiful forest trees that adorn this encampment, have been cut ; some of them in the wanton spirit of destruction. Hereafter no trees will be felled without special orders. Fuel in ample abundance for warmth or cooking will be furnished by regimental quartermasters. Fences, out-houses, property of any description must not be depredated, and unoffending people who are without protection, save that afforded by our soldiers, appeal to our sympathies. It is believed that the chivalry of every true soldier will not permit his sympathies in vain to be appealed to.

"War has its laws as well as peace. Save by military rule, the rights of person and property are sacred : sacred here on the soil of Mississippi, as near your peaceful homes in the far West. Remember, it is not women and children, nor States, upon whom the Government is making war ; but the traitors who compose the rebel army and their adherents. It is for the soldiers of the Government who have perilled their lives and pledged their fortunes and honor for the maintenance of law and order, to set an example to the rebels who have sought to overturn all and bring anarchy and confusion upon the land. To teach them that in the true consciousness of power and victory we can exercise a wise and just forbearance.

"The vile followers who invest the camps, whether in the guise of soldiers or otherwise, who are detected in trespassing upon the rights of citizens in person or property, will be summarily dealt with. Good soldiers who suffer in reputa-

tion, and are scandalized by their conduct, are enjoined to bring them to justice.

“ By order of Brig.-Gen. Thos. Kilby Smith,

“ WILLIAM WARNER,

“ A. A. A. Gen.”

General Smith remained in active field service at Natchez and on the Black and Yazoo Rivers till February, 1864, when, with his command, he took part in the Meridian expedition in command of General Sherman.

The object of the Meridian expedition was to break up the enemy's railroad connections and thereby to demoralize their armies, in that theatre of campaign. Meridian was a railroad centre of great importance. General Sherman's plan was to march straight for this point, where he expected to be joined by the cavalry under command of Gen. W. Sooy Smith, and be governed by the situation at that time as to his further movements. He accordingly took three divisions of the Sixteenth Army Corps, and three of the Seventeenth, making an aggregate of more than thirty-eight thousand men, and marched from Vicksburg on the 3d of February in two columns. The Sixteenth Army Corps was commanded by Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut; the Seventeenth, by Major-Gen. James B. McPherson, and in the Seventeenth, was the Fourth Division of General Crocker, whose three brigades were commanded respectively by Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, Col. Cyrus Hall, and Brig.-Gen. Walter Q. Gresham; the cavalry brigade was commanded by Col. Edward F. Winslow. General Smith's brigade was composed of the 41st Illinois, Lieut.-Col. John H. Nale; the 53d Illinois, Major Rolland H. Ellison; the 3d Iowa, Major George W. Cressley; the 33d Wisconsin, Col. Jonathan B. Moore. General Sherman says in his report:

“ My object was to break up the enemy's railroads at and about Meridian, and to do the enemy as much damage as possible in the month of February, and to be prepared by the 1st of March to assist General Banks in a similar dash at the Red River country, especially Shreveport; the whole to result in widening our domain along the Mississippi River,

and thereby set the troops, hitherto necessary to guard the river, free for other military purposes. My plan of action was as follows : Gen. Wm. Sooy Smith to move from Memphis by or before the 1st of February with an effective force of seven thousand cavalry, lightly equipped, to march straight on Pontotoc, Okolana, Columbus Junction (Artesa) and Meridian ; to arrive there about February 10th, distance two hundred and fifty miles ; to disregard all minor objects, to destroy railroads, bridges, corn not wanted, and strike quick and well every enemy that should offer opposition ; while I, with four divisions of infantry and cavalry, would at the same time move from Vicksburg on the same objective points, one hundred and fifty miles distant. When met at Meridian, being present in person, I could then order anew according to the then circumstances, condition of roads and time left at my disposal." <sup>1</sup>

General W. S. Smith's movement was not successful : he started late, and met with so much opposition that he gave up the effort to meet Sherman at Meridian, much to that officer's discontent, as appears by the report. Sherman's own movement, he says, " was successful in an eminent degree. . . . We met no opposition till General Hurlbut's head of column reached Joe Davis's plantation, and General McPherson the Champion Hills. The 5th was one continuous skirmish for eighteen miles, but we did not allow the enemy's cavalry to impede our march, but got into Jackson that night on his heels, whipping him handsomely and utterly disconcerting his plans. . . . Pushing on speedily and rapidly, the army reached Meridian on the 14th of February, and on the 15th and 16th he made a thorough destruction from the roads centering at Meridian. For five days, ten thousand men worked hard and with a will in that work of destruction ; with axes, crow bars, sledges, and with fire, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the work as well done. Meridian with its depots, storehouses, arsenal, hospitals, offices, hotels, and cantonments, no longer exists." <sup>2</sup>

After accomplishing this work of destruction, Sherman returned leisurely to Vicksburg, where his forces were

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxii., part i., p. 175.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 176.

assembled by the 6th of March. This expedition tested the endurance of the army on the march, and no doubt influenced General Sherman in his opinion of its capacity to stand the long march to the sea which he carried out some months later. He says :

“ . . . the great result attained is the hardihood and confidence imparted to the command, which is now better fitted for war. Animals and men returned to Vicksburg after a march of from three hundred and sixty to four hundred and fifty miles, in the space of the shortest month of the year, in better health and condition than when we started.”<sup>1</sup>

As there was no conflict beyond skirmishing of any great dignity, the casualties of this campaign were but nominal, considering the number of men engaged, being but one hundred and seventy in all.

It will be remembered that early in the war, the French Emperor, conjointly with England and Austria, planned the establishment of an empire in Mexico, and French troops had been sent to subjugate that country to Maximilian. This threatened the southern frontier of the United States, and was an object of unceasing distrust and protest to the Government at Washington. It had long been the thought of General Banks, and at the headquarters of the Army at Washington, that it was desirable for the Union to obtain a stronger foothold than it possessed in the State of Texas. General Halleck, in a letter to General Grant written as early as the 8th of January, 1864, says :

“ In regard to General Banks’s campaign against Texas, it is proper to remark that it was undertaken less for military reasons than as a matter of State policy. As a military measure, simply, it perhaps presented less advantages than a movement on Mobile and the Alabama River, so as to threaten the enemy’s interior lines and effect a diversion in favor of our armies at Chattanooga and in East Tennessee. But however this may have been, it was deemed necessary as a matter of political or State policy, connected with our foreign relations, and especially with France and Mexico,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 177.

that our troops should occupy and hold at least a portion of Texas. The President so considered for reasons satisfactory to himself and to his Cabinet, and it was therefore unnecessary for us to inquire whether or not the troops could have been employed elsewhere with greater military advantage. I allude to this matter here as it may have an important influence on your projected operations during the present winter.

“ Keeping in mind that General Banks’s operations in Texas, either on the Gulf coast or by the Louisiana frontier must be continued during the winter, it is to be considered whether it will not be better to direct our efforts at present to the entire breaking up of the rebel forces west of the Mississippi River, rather than to divide them by operating against Mobile and the Alabama. If the forces of Smith, Price, and Magruder could be so scattered or broken as to enable Steele and Banks to occupy Red River as a line of defence, a part of their armies would probably become available for operations elsewhere.

“ General Banks reports his present force as inadequate for the defence of his position and for operations in the interior. General Steele is of opinion that he cannot advance beyond the Arkansas or Sabine, unless he can be certain of co-operation and supplies on Red River. Under these circumstances it is worth considering, whether such forces as Sherman can move down the Mississippi River should co-operate with the armies of Steele and Banks on the west side.”<sup>1</sup>

And prior to this, as early as the 6th of August, 1863, Halleck sent the following order to General Grant :

“ Please send a special messenger to Major-General Banks, with the following telegram, and also give him all necessary assistance for its execution :

“ “ Major-General BANKS,

“ “ New Orleans,

“ “ There are important reasons why our flag should be restored in some point of Texas with the least possible delay.

<sup>1</sup> *Report of the Conduct of the War*, vol. ii., p. 135.

Do this by land, at Galveston or Indianola, or at any other point you may deem preferable. If by sea, Admiral Farragut will co-operate. There are reasons why the movement should be as prompt as possible.

“ ‘ H. W. HALLECK,  
“ ‘ General-in-Chief.’ ”

This dispatch was deemed of sufficient importance to be sent to General Banks by the hand of Colonel Kilby Smith, and Banks, acknowledging it, says :

“ Measures have been already taken to carry into effect your orders. I shall plant the flag in Texas within a week, I hope. My plan has been to move against Galveston from the land side. . . . We shall be ready, I think, as soon as General Grant’s corps can reach us. . . . No movement can be made from the Gulf against Galveston with a certainty of success. . . . The enemy fear only an attack from the land via Niblet’s Bluff, the route I propose, or Alexandria.”<sup>1</sup>

Halleck replies under date of August 10th :

“ In my opinion, neither Indianola or Galveston is the proper point to attack. If it is necessary, as urged by Seward, that the flag be restored to some one point in Texas, that can be best and most safely effected by a combined military and naval movement up the Red River to Alexandria, Natchitoches or Shreveport, and a military occupation of Northern Texas.”<sup>2</sup>

In pursuance of the first plan, General Banks sent an expedition into Texas under Major-General Franklin against Sabine Pass. It was, however, unsuccessful. Subsequently, he endeavored to make a movement into the Teche country towards Opolousas, Alexandria, and Shreveport, but, he says :

“ It was in the month of September ; there was no water, it involved a march of three hundred miles ; it was absolutely beyond human power to make that march in that season with wagon transportation.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 101, 102.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 103.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 4.

This, therefore, was given up. Subsequently, he occupied Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, and directed operations towards Galveston. While engaged in this operation, he received a despatch from General Halleck, stating :

“ All the Western generals were in favor of a movement directly upon Shreveport and operations against Texas from that direction, and that as I knew, he himself had always been of that opinion.” <sup>1</sup>

General Banks then caused a memorial to be prepared by Major D. C. Houston, of the Engineer Corps, indicating the preparations necessary for the expedition to Shreveport. These suggestions were to the following effect :

“ First, that all the troops west of the Mississippi should be concentrated for that purpose ;

“ Second, that they should all be put under the command of one general ;

“ Third, that considering the uncertainty of the navigation of the Red River, a line of supplies should be established or preparations made for it independent of water communications ; and,

“ Fourth, preparation should be made for a long campaign so that if we reached Shreveport without encountering the enemy, and he receded from Shreveport, we would be able to follow him ; the military being of the opinion that it was necessary to disperse or destroy that army, and not merely to take the place and hold it.” <sup>2</sup>

General Banks goes on to state that he was instructed by the Government to communicate with General Steele and General Sherman, and that everything was left to his discretion in that way. This complicated his position. He was not under the command of either Steele or Sherman, nor were they under his, though he states he would have acted under either with perfect satisfaction. On the 5th or 7th of March, General Banks's forces were to leave Berwick Bay, ten days' march from Alexandria on Red River, where it was appointed for him to meet Sherman's soldiers, and Steele was to come with his troops in Arkansas and join his brother

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Report of Com. on Con. of War*, General Banks's Testimony, p. 5.



generals at Grand Ecore on the Red River. This was only an understanding, and, as will subsequently appear, through no fault of Steele's was not carried out.

General Sherman, with characteristic promptitude, ordered details to be made from the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, (ten thousand men in all) divided into two divisions, the detachments of the Sixteenth Corps being under the command of Brig.-Gen. Joseph A. Mower, those of the Seventeenth under Brig.-Gen. Thos. Kilby Smith ; the whole detachment from the Army of the Tennessee being commanded by Brig.-Gen. A. J. Smith. These soldiers and their officers had but just returned from the expedition to Meridian. They were in high spirits, and veterans. General Sherman only lent this fine body of soldiers to Banks for thirty days, as he was then contemplating his movement on Atlanta, and it was thought that they could complete the expedition to Shreveport within that time. Banks, himself, reached Alexandria on the 24th of March, but his troops did not arrive until the 26th, eight days later than he expected. The army thus gathered at Alexandria was under command of Banks; A. J. Smith, though essentially independent, acting in subordination to him. An important part of the expedition was that assigned to the fleet under Admiral Porter, which was to ascend the Red River and take part in the reduction of Fort De Russy, and then proceed to Alexandria. General Sherman's plan was to follow the enemy toward Shreveport while Porter's fleet with transports bearing stores, should ascend the river and meet the army at that point.

On the 7th of March, 1864, by special order No. 63, from Major-General McPherson, General Kilby Smith had been assigned to the command of a division made up as follows : the 3d Iowa Infantry, Lieut.-Col. James Willis, commanding ; 41st Illinois, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Nale, commanding ; 33d Wisconsin, Col. J. B. Moore, commanding—forming a brigade under the command of Colonel Pugh, the 41st Illinois, senior officer, subsequently relieved by Col. J. B. Moore, of the 33d Wisconsin ; also, the 14th Wisconsin, Lieut.-Col. J. W. Polleys, commanding ; 95th Illinois, Col. T. W. Humphrey, commanding ; 81st Illinois, Lieut.-Col.

A. W. Rogers, commanding—forming a brigade under the command of Col. Lyman Ward of the 14th Wisconsin, senior officer ; also M company of the 1st Missouri Light Artillery.

General Kilby Smith's personal staff consisted of the following officers :

Capt. William Warner, Co. D, 33d Wisconsin Infantry, A.A.A.Gen.

Capt. Wm. L. Scott, Co. F, 33d Wisconsin Infantry, A.A.A.Gen.

Capt. John H. Wetmore, Co. H, 95th Illinois, A.D.C.

Surgeon Charles Carle, 41st Illinois, Surgeon-in-Chief.

Lieut. James H. Lukin, Co. F, 3d Iowa, A.A.D.C.

Lieut. W. C. B. Gillespie, Adjutant 41st Illinois Infantry, A.A.Q.M.

Gen. Kilby Smith wrote an informal, unofficial letter to General McPherson, which shows the operations of A. J. Smith's command to the 16th of March, as follows :

“ HDQRS. DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,<sup>1</sup>

“ RED RIVER EXPEDITION, FORT DE RUSSY, March 16, 1864.

“ GENERAL :

“ Agreeably to your request I have the honor to transmit unofficially brief statement of progress of the naval forces and General A. J. Smith's command in the Red River expedition to present date, 12 M.: the fleet of transports sailed from Vicksburg at 7 P.M. on Thursday, 10th instant. The detachment I have the honor to command embarked on steamers *Hastings*, *Autocrat*, *John Raine*, and *Diana*. Arrived at the mouth of Red River and reported to Admiral Porter on Friday at noon. Saturday, 10 A.M. sailed up Red River and Atchafalaya, under orders and signals from flagship *Black Hawk*, to Simmsport. Morning of Sunday debarked my own command for inspection, review, and drill by regiments. At 7 P.M. received marching orders and at 8 P.M. marched, bringing up the rear of the column ; repaired bridges through the night. Roads for the most part bad and swampy, and bivouacked at 4 A.M. Monday, eight miles from Simmsport. Meanwhile General A. J. Smith, with

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., part i., p. 376.

General Mower's command, had reconnoitred the front, driven four regiments of the enemy from a fortification situate some five miles from Simmsport, and was heading across country for Moreauville, on Bayou De Glaize. Gave my troops rest two hours. At 6 o'clock took up the line of march, moving forward rapidly till 11 o'clock, when I halted, ordered coffee for the men and fed the animals. Meanwhile pioneers were reconstructing bridge by the enemy destroyed. At noon resumed march, which till this time has led us through a rich and highly cultivated country, past extensive corn-fields and sugar-houses. Now crossing the bayou and penetrating a swamp for a few miles, we suddenly emerged on one of the most beautiful prairies imaginable, high table-land, gently undulating, watered by little lakes, with occasional groves, the landscape dotted with tasteful houses, gardens and shrubberies. This prairie, called Avoyelles, is settled exclusively by French emigrants, many of whom, as our army passed, sought shelter under the tricolor of France. Pushing forward rapidly, we gained Marksville at 5.30 P.M. Deserters had warned us that the enemy were on our left flank and rear as early as 3 o'clock. My troops were well closed. Two and a half miles beyond Marksville, at 5.30, I formed line of battle, my right resting immediately on the left of the advanced forces; transportation and ambulances parked far to the rear. As my command came to front brisk musketry firing commenced at the fort; some shells fell to the rear and right of my line. I was ordered by the general commanding to look well to my rear and left wing, that I might anticipate attack from Walker with six thousand Texans. At 6.30 news was brought me that the fort had surrendered. I threw out heavy pickets, stacked arms, and went into bivouac.

"In summary, I may remark that on the 14th instant the command marched twenty-eight and a half miles, built a substantial bridge sixty feet in length, repaired minor ones, and took a fort between sunrise and sunset. But one brigade (Col. W. C. Ward's [W. T. Shaw's?], of Mower's command) was actively engaged. Their casualties were 2 killed, 33 wounded. The substantial results 334 prisoners, 24 officers (from lieuten-

ant-colonel to third lieutenant), large amount of commissary and ordnance, and ordnance stores, as per schedule I have the honor to transmit herewith. I also enclose draught<sup>1</sup> of fortifications and topographical map<sup>1</sup> of country immediately circumjacent. Meanwhile convoy and fleet had made slow and devious way through the tortuous windings of the Red, whose navigation at present stage of water is difficult. Rapid current, frequent eddies, sharp bends, and snags are the natural obstacles. To these the enemy had added rafts and spiles. As the fort surrendered the *Black Hawk* rounded to, and shortly afterward the general commanding received the congratulations of the admiral, who he will compliment by present of the 9-inch piece of the *Indianola* and the pieces of the *Harriet Lane*, recaptured. The quartermaster has no paint, however, and we shall not be able to repeat the inscriptions of Haines Bluff.

“ My command is in occupation of the fort, and will be engaged to-day and to-morrow in the demolition of the casemates, bridges, etc., and finally the blowing up of the magazine. The main body, under the command of General Mower, convoyed by Admiral Porter, sailed last night for Alexandria, where I expect to join them in three days. General A. J. Smith remains with me; also the gunboat *Benton*, Captain Greer. My command is in excellent health and fine spirits; deserve compliment for their steadiness, discipline, and marching qualities. Dispatch-boat waits my orders. I write hurriedly, or rather dictate from horseback. Shall hope to send very good account of my stewardship.

“ I meanwhile have the honor to be, with highest respect, your obedient servant and friend,

“ THOS. KILBY SMITH,

“ Brigadier-General, Commanding.

“ Maj.-Gen. J. B. MCPHERSON,

“ Comdg. Seventeenth Army Corps, Vicksburg.

“ P. S. :—I send Colonel Nale with prisoners and dispatches to Baton Rouge. Opportunity permitting, he will make written reports, filing them on his return.

“ Haste, “ T. K. S.”

<sup>1</sup> Not found.

After the capture of Fort De Russy and the assembling of the army at and about Alexandria, which, as has been said, was not fully completed till the 26th of March, by reason of the delay of Banks's immediate command, consisting of the Nineteenth and detachments of the Thirteenth Army Corps, General Banks planned to march on the inland roads towards Shreveport ; the fleet, meantime, to make its way up the Red River to Springfield at a distance of one hundred and ten miles from Shreveport, and there to communicate with the main body of the army. Prior to the arrival of Banks's troops, he had come in person to Alexandria, while A. J. Smith had busied himself by sending Mower on the 21st to capture a post of the enemy at Henderson's Hill, a brilliant affair in which that officer had been entirely successful, capturing almost the entire force of the enemy, some two hundred and fifty men, with their horses and four guns. After this affair, A. J. Smith's command had proceeded as far as Bayou Rapide, twenty-one miles beyond Alexandria, in the direction of Shreveport. In pursuance of the general plan, General Kilby Smith's division was assigned as an escort to the fleet, and therefore had no part in operations of the main body of the army until a later date. Banks's command was weakened by the necessity of returning three thousand men composing the marine brigade with their vessels to General McPherson at Vicksburg, where they were needed for the special duty of guarding the Mississippi River from raids. This force was really not needed under the circumstances, inasmuch as the vessels were unable to pass the rapids of the Red River near Alexandria, which the fleet of Porter's heavier iron-clads had difficulty in ascending. A depot of supplies was established at Alexandria, and the command of General Grover aggregating three thousand men, was left to protect it. Banks had with him, therefore, when he began to move forward from Alexandria, a force of about twenty thousand men. He anticipated aid from Steele, who had moved out from Little Rock to make his way across country to the rendezvous at or near Shreveport. Before the main body of troops had passed up the rapids on the 28th of March, a portion of Banks's column had

advanced to Natchitoches. The water in the river was continually falling and Banks was anticipating a reduction of his numbers by the withdrawal of General A. J. Smith's command, which as has been said had been promised him by Sherman for but thirty days. The military situation at this time was far from satisfactory. Steele was at such a distance that it was impossible for Banks to communicate with him excepting at long intervals; the country through which his march lay was in large part heavily timbered with but a narrow road through which wagons could pass each other only with great difficulty. His march into the interior separated him from the fleet of Porter, and the season was rapidly advancing. General Grant was anxious to have the detachment of Sherman's men returned to him in order to become a part in the grand movement upon Atlanta, which was planned to take place simultaneously with that on Richmond; and so earnest was the General-in-Chief in this behalf, that he dispatched Banks word "I had rather that the Red River expedition had never been begun than that you should be detained one day beyond the first of May in commencing the movements east of the Mississippi." Meantime the Confederates were gathering their forces from Texas and Arkansas under Taylor, Price, Green and others, and had a force of about twenty-five thousand men in the various commands to bring against the Union advance. On the 6th of April Banks moved forward from Natchitoches to cover the one hundred miles that lay between him and Shreveport, with the command of General Franklin in the advance, with General A. L. Lee's cavalry in the van followed by two divisions of the Thirteenth Army Corps under Ransom; Emory followed Ransom with the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps. On the 7th, A. J. Smith followed with the Sixteenth Corps. Skirmishing had taken place with Confederates as early as the 2d. On the 7th the advance of the army had passed Pleasant Hill, and at a distance of nine miles further came upon the Confederate army at Carroll's Plantation. On the 8th, Lee found himself at a clearing in the woods at a distance of three or four miles below Mansfield, called "Sabine Cross Roads," and here his further advance was blocked by the

rebel trans-Mississippi army, fully twenty thousand strong. His position was a most critical one, with no infantry to support him, and having in his rear an enormous train of baggage wagons and artillery, in a country unfitted for the operations of cavalry. He was forced to give battle under most disadvantageous circumstances. He sent urgent request for support and infantry was moved forward by Franklin to aid him. About half-past four in the afternoon the Confederate forces made so vehement an attack that the Union troops were compelled to fall back with heavy loss. About five in the afternoon the enemy turned Lee's flanks and striking his centre heavily, he was driven back upon his supply trains, and his way of retreat being blocked, he lost ten guns from Ransom's forces that had come to his aid, together with one thousand men captured and nearly all of his wagons filled with supplies. The retreat became a rout, and the whole command demoralized and panic-stricken, fled before the exultant foe. In order to understand the situation, it must be remembered that Banks's army was scattered at too great a distance between the separate commands to enable them adequately to support each other. As the defeated forces of Lee and Ransom of Franklin's command, or what was left of them, rushed to the rear, they came upon the columns of Emory who had taken position at Pleasant Grove, three miles to the rear of Sabine Cross Roads, and as the defeated forces came upon his line, he opened to let them pass. The Confederates pressed forward, but were met with so heavy and well-concentrated a fire, that they recoiled. Although the loss inflicted by them upon the Union forces was heavier than that which they sustained themselves, they met a severe check in their onward movement. When night fell, Banks thought best to fall back fifteen miles further to the rear to Pleasant Hill, reaching that point the following morning the 9th of April. Here he was joined by the forces of General A. J. Smith and the whole command was united excepting the detachment on the Red River under command of General Kilby Smith, and the soldiers who had been left at Alexandria under Grover. Anticipating a continuance of the attack by the Confederates, the Union forces were disposed

to receive them, and about noon an attack was made. During the afternoon the battle became animated, and when darkness closed, the Confederates were defeated, after a loss of many of their best officers and men. After this success it was at first thought that the forward movement would be renewed, but after a conference with his officers, the commanding general concluded that he could not successfully prosecute the object as first planned, and to the great disappointment of his troops, at least that portion of them under the command of A. J. Smith, he concluded to continue the retreat. In the severe battles on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of April, he had lost in killed, wounded and missing nearly four thousand men, twenty pieces of artillery, one hundred and sixty wagons and many horses and mules. The retrograde movement had a most disheartening effect upon his troops, who had lost all confidence in his capacity, while the forces of the Confederates, distributed by Taylor, their immediate commander, were actively harassing his every movement. In all probability, Banks adopted the wisest course in deciding to retreat, though he did so with a precipitation that was quite unnecessary. The waters of the Red River, instead of having risen as was customary at that season of the year, were obstinately falling, and in order to have reached Shreveport in the heart of the enemy's country, it was necessary to keep open a long line of communications. Even had he attained that point, it is doubtful whether his forces would have been adequate to have crushed the enemy under Kirby Smith's command, who were opposed to him. Of his personal courage and integrity there could be no doubt, but his incapacity for the command of large bodies of men in the field, had been made obvious and unless he had been immediately superseded and a competent soldier put in his place, it would have been, perhaps more hazardous to have advanced than to retreat. It is vain to speculate upon what might have been. The great expedition that had set forth with such high hopes and such splendid equipment, had become a disastrous failure, and nothing remained but to extricate the army and the fleet from the trap into which it had fallen. The main army, therefore, withdrew to the Red River at Grand Ecore.



While these untoward events were occurring to their comrades, the command of General Kilby Smith on the transports and Admiral Porter's fleet had made their way in obedience to their orders to Springfield landing at Loggy Bayou. Here their course was stayed by an obstruction in the river,—a sunken steamboat, the *New Falls City*, which stretched across the channel, loaded with mud, and which must have been removed to permit their further advance. While Admiral Porter and General Smith were debating on the course to take to remove this obstacle, word reached them of the defeat of the main army, with orders to fall back at once to Grand Ecore. The narrative of their adventures appears in the report of General Smith, which follows :

“HQRS. DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,<sup>1</sup>

“ON STEAMER HASTINGS, GRAND ECORE, LA., April 16, 1864.

“CAPTAIN :

“I respectfully submit the following report, in accordance with orders from General A. J. Smith, commanding Red River expedition : On the 7th instant I received the following order and letter of instructions from General A. J. Smith :

“‘HEADQUARTERS RED RIVER EXPEDITION,

“‘ON STEAMER CLARA BELL, April 7, 1864.

“‘Brig.-Gen. T. K. SMITH,

“‘Comdg. Division, Seventeenth Army Corps :

“‘GENERAL :

“‘You will take charge of the river transportation belonging to the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, and will conduct it to the mouth of Loggy Bayou, opposite Springfield, at the foot of Lake Cannisnia, and will then, after a careful reconnoissance toward Springfield disembark one regiment and push it forward to Bayou Pierre, and hold the bridge at that point. On arriving at Mansfield I will endeavor to communicate with you at Springfield, and it may be send for supplies. From Mansfield you will receive

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., part i., p. 379.

further orders in regard to your movement toward Shreveport.

“ ‘ I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ ‘ A. J. SMITH,

“ ‘ Brigadier-General, Commanding.’

“ With the letter of instructions I received a verbal order from General Smith to communicate with Rear-Admiral Porter previous to starting, and intimation to consult with him during the progress of the fleet. In obedience to orders, on the 7th of April I embarked my command on the following steamboats : *Hastings*, *Emerald*, *W. L. Ewing*, *Thos. E. Tutt*, and the *Sioux City*, and the following boats reported to me for orders : *Clara Bell*, *Liberty*, *Hamilton*, *J. H. Lacy*, *Mars*, *Des Moines*, *Adriatic*, *Southwester*, and *Diadem*, and issued the following order :

“Special Orders }

“ No 21. }

“ HEADQUARTERS DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

“ STEAMER HASTINGS, GRAND ECORE, LA., April 7, 1864.

“ 1. The fleet will be prepared to sail at 11 A.M. in the following order : 1, *Hastings* ; 2, *Clara Bell* ; 3, *Emerald* ; 4, *W. L. Ewing* ; 5, *Liberty* ; 6, *Hamilton* ; 7, *J. H. Lacy* ; 8, *Thomas E. Tutt* ; 9, *Sioux City* ; 10, *Mars* ; 11, *Des Moines* ; 12, *Adriatic* ; 13, *Southwester* ; 14, *Diadem*.

“ The same orders and signals as heretofore will be enforced and strictly followed.

“ Col. J. B. Moore, commanding First Brigade, will furnish a company, properly officered, to each of the following boats as a guard : *Clara Bell*, *Liberty*, *Hamilton*, and *J. H. Lacy*. Col. L. M. Ward, commanding Second Brigade, will furnish a like guard to the steamers *Mars*, *Des Moines*, *Adriatic*, *Southwester*, and *Diadem*.

“ The officers in command of the guard will be held strictly accountable for the conduct of their men. The guard to be divided into proper reliefs, and must not take off their accoutrements while on guard. None of the transports will land or troops debark, except by order of the commanding general or brigade commanders.

“ At 1 P.M. the fleet sailed and arrived at Campti at 5 P.M., when the following order was issued :

“Special Orders }  
“No. 22. }

“HEADQUARTERS DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
“CAMPTI, LA., April 7, 1864.

“ I. Whenever the fleet lands for the night, Col. J. B. Moore, commanding First Brigade, will throw out a strong picket on the bank, covering the fleet from the steamer *Hastings* to the steamer *Thomas E. Tutt*. Colonel L. M. Ward, commanding Second Brigade, will establish a like picket, covering all the fleet in the rear of the steamer *Thomas E. Tutt*, his line joining that of Colonel Moore. The pickets will be posted under the direction of the brigade officer of the day. The pickets will be instructed to come in at the signal for starting—one long whistle.

“ II. The order of march is modified as follows : *Clara Bell* will move in the extreme rear of the fleet, under convoy of the gunboat *Chillicothe*, and will report to the commanding officer of the same for orders.

“ III. The following boats that have not reported for orders will sail immediately in rear of the fleet in the following order : 1, *Rob Roy* ; 2, *Iberville* ; 3, *John Warner* ; 4, *Universe* ; 5, *Colonel Cowles* ; 6, *Meteor*.

“ IV. The *Black Hawk*, General Banks's headquarters boat, will move immediately in rear of the steamer *Hastings* and as consort. Lieut. A. J. Boyington, 95th Illinois Volunteers, will report with his company on board steamer *Black Hawk* as guard till further orders.

“ V. Col. J. B. Moore, commanding First Brigade, will furnish each of the following boats with a guard of at least twenty-five men, under command of a commissioned officer : *Rob Roy*, *Iberville*, *John Warner*, and *Universe*. Colonel L. M. Ward, commanding Second Brigade, will furnish each of the following boats with a like guard : *Colonel Cowles*, *Meteor*, and *Shreveport*.

" I also issued the following general order :

" General Orders }  
" No. 7. }

" HDQRS. DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

" STEAMER HASTINGS, CAMPTI, LA., April 7, 1864.

" Each transport of the fleet will be governed by the signals ordered by the rear-admiral commanding Mississippi squadron, a copy of which will be posted in the pilot-house. They will keep their position indicated in the order of march. If accident occurs to any boat, the fleet will stop till the necessary repairs are made. No boat will land for fuel or any purpose save by order, and transports will frequently communicate their condition and requirements to the commanding general on the headquarters boat *Hastings*. The most rigid discipline will be enforced by military commanders, not only upon the soldiers who guard the boats, but the crews and servants of the same, being careful, however, to treat steamboat officers with courtesy, and avoiding improper interference with the navigation of the boats. Pillaging will not be countenanced, and officers will be held personally and strictly accountable for their commands.

" Attention is directed to special orders No. 21, prohibiting the landing of soldiers without orders, and the same order will apply to the officers, crews, and servants of the boats.

" Learning from scouts at Campti, that the enemy was in the vicinity, I ordered Colonel Moore to send a regiment to reconnoitre. The result of their reconnoissance was advices that the enemy passed up the river rapidly.

" April 8th, got under way at 10.30 A.M., being delayed by the *Iberville* getting aground and the necessity of relieving her of a portion of her cargo, she drawing at that time six feet six inches. Arrived at Coushatta Point at 6 P.M., and learning that the enemy were at or near the chute, six miles above by water and three miles by land, I ordered Colonel Ward to debark his brigade and proceed to Coushatta Chute, with instructions to keep up communication with me through

the night, and be prepared to re-embark at that place in the morning. The enemy retired before them, and during the night two prisoners were sent in ; one Capt. Richard S. Venables, detached to burn cotton. April 9th, got under way at 9 A.M. Shortly after re-embarked Colonel Ward's command and arrived at Nine-Mile Bend at 5.30 P.M. On the 8th and 9th, we heard rumors of the battle, but mostly going to show that the enemy were defeated and in full retreat. April 10th, got under way at 10 A.M., arriving at Loggy Bayou at 2 P.M. At that point the large steamboat *New Falls City* had been thrown across the river by the enemy, heavily loaded with mud, and sunk. Agreeably to our instructions, I immediately debarked troops for reconnoissance, and while placing my command received a verbal message, through Colonel Taylor, delivered by Captain Andrew, from General Banks, to return, the messenger at the same time announcing reverses at Mansfield. I consulted with Rear-Admiral Porter, and ordered the fleet to back down the river in the order the boats then lay, the rearmost boat to take the lead down stream and turn as the bayous and pockets of the stream might afford facility. The river was exceedingly narrow and tortuous, the bottom covered with logs and snags, and the banks full of drift, rendering the navigation most difficult and dangerous. In the course of the night I succeeded in getting the fleet turned, and, April 11th, got fairly under way at 6.30 A.M., and arrived at Coushatta Chute at 8 P.M., meeting but trifling resistance from the enemy. Here I received the following written order :

“ ON THE ROAD, April 10, 1864.

“ ‘ Brig.-Gen. KILBY SMITH,

“ ‘ Commanding Division Seventeenth Army Corps :

“ ‘ The general commanding directs that you return immediately to Grand Ecore with supply steamers and your entire command. Please report to him upon your arrival.

“ ‘ By command of Major-General Banks,

“ ‘ GEO. B. DRAKE,

“ ‘ Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“ April 12th, sailed at 7 A.M. This day the navigation was

exceedingly difficult, and almost all of the transports were in a crippled condition, rudders unshipped and wheels broken. I felt it necessary to separate the fleet as much as possible to avoid collisions in turning the bends. Keeping the troop transports under my eye and control, the admiral having preceded me in the lead, I kept to the rear of the fleet. At 12 M. the enemy began to appear in considerable numbers, and, firing on the *Meteor*, killed one man. Desultory firing was kept up continuously until, at 4 o'clock, the *Hastings* went under the bank on the south side of the river, near Pleasant Hill Landing, to repair wheel, which had become unserviceable; the *Alice Vivian*, a boat that had reported the day before, lying midway in the stream, fast aground. The *Black Hawk* towing the gunboat *Osage*, the *Vivian* signalled for help. I ordered the *Clara Bell* to report to her. *Clara Bell* failing to move her, the *Emerald* was ordered to her. About this time the *Rob Roy* ran astern of the *Black Hawk*, and the enemy, a brigade about twelve hundred strong, with four field-pieces, commanded by General Green of Texas, formed upon the bank, putting their pieces in battery within point-blank range of the *Hastings*, the nearest boat. The *Neosho*<sup>1</sup> and *Lexington* (gunboats) at this time were lying on the opposite bank, half a mile up. I ordered the *Hastings* to cast off, and just as we got under way the battery opened upon us, the first shot falling a little short, the others over us; their practice was defective. Getting a good position upon the opposite shore I opened upon them with one section of Lieutenant Tiemayer's battery, one gun of which was mounted upon the hurricane deck of the *Emerald*, the siege guns, which were upon the forecastle of the *Rob Roy*, and the howitzer from the hurricane deck of the *Black Hawk*, the latter admirably handled by Colonel Abert, of General Banks's staff. We killed their battery horses and they changed position repeatedly, moving their guns up by hand. Meanwhile their sharpshooters had deployed up the river, and sheltered behind the cottonwoods that lined the banks immediately opposite the boats, from whence they poured in an incessant fire. My soldiers were all upon the hurricane

<sup>1</sup> In another copy this appears as *Osage*.

decks, protected by cotton bales, bales of hay, and sacks of oats, sufficient barricade to rifle balls, enabling them to mark the enemy with deadly aim. After the fight commenced the gunboat *Neosho*, that had been aground above, rounded the point and getting into position delivered canister from her heavy guns with great effect. The *Lexington*, *Neosho*, No. 13, and *Hindman* were not idle, and the bank for two miles up and down was swept with grape and canister. Before sundown we had silenced the enemy's batteries, and shortly after they fled from the field, leaving many dead, among them General Green, who had his head blown off, and who had behaved with great gallantry throughout the fight. Fortunately I had ordered all the transports below save the *Clara Bell*, *Black Hawk*, *Emerald*, the *Vivian* (aground as before stated), and the *Rob Roy*. My loss, therefore, is incredibly small. Just at dark, under the direction of the admiral, who below communicated with me by the dispatch-boat *Gazelle*, I ordered the transports down, and as time, particularly at night, was precious to me, and my responsibilities as to supplies, ordnance, and ordnance stores in the fleet great, I did not deem it proper to gather up the wounded, but left them with the dead to the care of the enemy, who I knew would be upon the ground after our departure. I kept the fleet under way until 1 A.M., when, from the darkness and grounding of boats, I ordered the fleet tied up.

"April 13th, the *John Warner* got aground in the middle of the stream and held the fleet all day. About 12 M. the enemy's forces under Liddell, upon the north bank of the river, planted their battery, 6-pounder field-pieces, upon a height commanding the fleet, and began to annoy us. The admiral had gone below, and communicating with Captain Selfridge, of the gunboat *Osage*, I went with him to a point below the fleet, from which he drove the enemy from position, as we supposed; at all events, we silenced their batteries. At this time, the fleet had become crowded close together, under the bluff of the south shore, wherefrom they might be easily fired, and a vast deal of loose powder and fixed ammunition formed the cargo of many boats. It was

of the last importance to separate the fleet, therefore I ordered the *Sioux City*, with Colonel Humphrey's regiment on board, to lead the way and the sound transports to follow—that is, those I did not need for tow-boats; for at that time many of the fleet were unmanageable from breaking of machinery. The *Rob Roy* was laden with siege guns and ammunition, a most valuable cargo, under charge of Major Houston, of General Banks's staff. Her rudder being broken and the boat being unmanageable, as represented by her officers, I ordered the *Clara Bell* a light side-wheel steamer, without cargo to take her in tow. Both the *Sioux City* and the *Clara Bell*, as they passed the point, were struck, but neither damaged, nor were there any lives lost. These, I believe, were the only boats fired into. The *Osage* went round the point, and the *Hindman* took her place. All that day and all night I labored to get the *John Warner* off; lightened her cargo, and tugged at her with the *Iberville*, *Metcor*, *Rob Roy* and such other boats as had power. At daylight of the 14th, I ordered the balance of the fleet down, leaving the *John Warner* in charge of the *Hindman*. Getting the boats to Campti, and there meeting General A. J. Smith, with a force, I went back for the *Warner*, and was glad to meet her a mile or two from Campti. The *Hindman* had got her off.

“April 15th, lay all day by the *Warner* and *Iberville*, that were alternately on ground and swinging at the bars, and at midnight both boats getting clear, I ran with them down to this point, and have to report that notwithstanding difficult navigation the transports are all safe in port, without loss of cargo save less than a hundred sacks of oats, thrown overboard from the *Universe*, to make room for hard tack in relieving the *Iberville*. The following is the list of casualties.’

“I desire to compliment, in this connection, for their steadiness of nerve under fire and prompt obedience to all orders, the following gentlemen, officers of the steamboat *Hastings*; Capt. W. K. Houston, George Davis, First Mate; Paul Woodward, Second Mate; and Robert Easley, Pilot. These deserve special mention, and their gallantry saved the

<sup>1</sup> Nominal list (omitted) reports two killed and seventeen wounded.



boats. Col. Moore, Col. Ward, and the officers and soldiers of this command without any exception, behaved with the greatest gallantry. I respectfully ask to be permitted to file, in a supplementary report, the reports of those officers when they shall be prepared.

“ N. B.—The distance from Grand Ecore to Loggy Bayou is one hundred and ten miles.

“ I may also remark that the last battery we encountered was planted by Colonel (General) Liddell (said to command a force of from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred men) on a bluff on the north side of the river. The fleet was huddled together. I had reason to expect an attack from the south side. Intervening between that part of the river and the bluff was White Lake. Had I debarked the whole or any portion of my command to dislodge the battery I should not only have left the boats unguarded but should have been compelled to march six miles around the borders of this lake. I took all the circumstances under full consideration and determined to remain with the fleet. From information received since, and from the general results, I feel confident my course was the correct one.

“ I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ THOS. KILBY SMITH,

“ Brigadier-General, Commanding.

“ Captain HOUGH,

“ Assistant Adjutant-General.”

As the reports show, the position from which the admiral and General Kilby Smith finally extricated themselves, was one of the greatest peril. Lossing, in his history, after stating that a council of chief officers of the Nineteenth Corps, “ upon the urgent recommendation of them all, and with the acquiescence of General Smith . . . determined to retire from Grand Ecore the following day, ‘ to the great disappointment of the troops,’ Banks said, ‘ who, flushed with success, were eager for another fight,’ ” says :

“ In the meantime, the command of T. Kilby Smith and the transports had reached Springfield Landing at Loggy

Bayou, where the river was obstructed by a sunken steamboat. Farther advance was not required, for word soon came of the disaster at Sabine Cross Roads, followed by an order from Pleasant Hill for the troops and flotilla to fall back to Grand Ecore as quickly as possible. Obedience was a difficult task, for the troops so sorely smitten by Banks, were turning their attention to the capture or destruction of the vessels and troops above Grand Ecore. The banks of the river at the turns were now swarming with sharpshooters, the water was very low, and continually falling, and great labor was necessary in getting the vessels over the numerous bars and shoals.”<sup>1</sup>

He then describes the attack made at Coushatta, and gives full credit to General Smith's command, and comments in a note :

“ In his report to the Secretary of the Navy on the 14th April, Admiral Porter claimed the entire credit of the repulse of the Confederates for himself and his command, and did not even mention the presence of Gen. T. Kilby Smith and his troops.”

The Admiral based his report perhaps on that of Lieut.-Comdr. Thomas O. Selfridge, who gives but scant credit to the part taken by the soldiers in the battle with Green, for he writes to the Admiral as follows :

“ UNITED STATES STEAMER OSAGE,

“ GRAND Ecore, April 16, 1864.

“ SIR :

“ I have the honor to inform you, that while on my way down the river, having stopped at Blair's Plantation, some fifty miles above this point, after protecting the transport *Alice Vivian*, I was attacked by two brigades of dismounted cavalry and three pieces of artillery, the whole under the command of General Green, amounting to not less than twenty-five hundred men. I waited until they got within easy shelling range and opened upon them a heavy fire of shrapnel and canister. The rebels fought with unusual pertinacity and for over an hour delivered the heaviest fire of

<sup>1</sup> Lossing, vol. ii., pp. 262, 263.

musketry that I ever witnessed. They finally broke in great confusion, leaving the ground covered with the dead and wounded, muskets, haversacks, etc., for many yards from the bank. Having received orders to join you without delay, I regret that I could not give the battlefield the inspection that I desired.

" From the statement of the wounded, and the appearance of the field, the loss of the enemy could not have been less than two hundred. General Green, who commanded, a colonel and a major, are known to have been killed. The *Lexington* (Commander Bache) came down shortly after the action commenced, and from his position below was able to pour in a most destructive enfilading fire that materially hastened the result. Company " A," 95th Illinois, were on board, and did good execution. General Green will prove a great loss, he standing as one of the best generals this side of the Mississippi River.

" Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE,

" Lieutenant-Commander."<sup>1</sup>

But whatever may have been the inaccuracies or mistakes in the claims of the participants in these conflicts, Admiral Porter's own estimate of General Smith's services at that time he has placed in imperishable record. He wrote thus :

" MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG-SHIP CRICKET,

" OFF ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, May 4, 1864.

" Brig.-Gen. A. J. SMITH,

" Comdg. Div's Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps,

" Alexandria, La.

" GENERAL :

" I have been so engaged since my return to this place that I have not had the time to express to you the high appreciation I have of the services of that excellent and gallant officer, Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, who with a detachment of two thousand men, accompanied the transports in the expedition to Springfield Landing.

" In that expedition we accomplished, under the most

<sup>1</sup> *Report of Committee on Conduct of the War*, vol. ii., p. 253.

difficult circumstances, all that was required of us, and, with a persevering enemy opposing us at almost every bend of the river, returned to Grand Ecore, very much against our will, without the loss of a particle of the material of war with which we started.

“ I cannot speak in too high praise of the manner in which General Smith managed his part of the expedition, doing everything in his power to make it successful, and co-operating in a way to give me the most entire satisfaction. It reminded me of the olden time, when the gallant soldiers of the Department of the Tennessee, guarded by the gun-boats, were pushing their way victoriously up the ever-to-be-remembered Arkansas River. We did not return this time with the same success, yet we went through scenes that tried men’s mettle ; and the association of those exciting days will, no doubt, long be remembered by both of us. Nearly one hundred miles in the rear of our army, where we heard of its retreat back to Grand Ecore, and with a successful and indomitable foe ready to harass us at every step, everything was conducted as quietly as if we were still on our way to meet the enemy. We never realized, until we returned to Grand Ecore, that our army had returned dis-comfited to that place.

“ We reached Springfield Landing, the place appointed to communicate with our forces under General Banks. The troops were all landed, and in another hour would have been on the march to Springfield, hoping to greet our friends as conquerors. Our disappointment was great when informed by a courier that our army had returned to Grand Ecore, and that all our perseverance and energy had been thrown away.

“ The fire of the enemy was exceedingly annoying on our return, but the soldiers treated it with indifference, exposing themselves on all occasions, and returning the fire with interest when fired into by the rebels. On the afternoon of the 12th of April, we were attacked, at a bad bend in the river, by a force of two thousand five hundred men, with two field-pieces, under the rebel General Green backed by a large force of five thousand, with three field-pieces. The

enemy attacked the rear of the transports, where there were two gunboats, one or two transports, and the *Hastings*, with General Smith on board, bringing up the rear. The enemy came in certain of victory ; but the gunboats and the *Hastings*, the *Rob Roy*, and one other, opened on them vigorously, and after an hour and a half of hard fighting, in which the fragile transports were much cut up, the enemy retreated in confusion, with the loss of their best general (Green), about twenty officers, and four hundred or five hundred men. In this action General Smith bore a conspicuous part, and, by his annoyance of the enemy, helped much to secure a victory, so important to us from the death of the rebel General Green, their most popular leader. From that time we were not so much molested, the five thousand men in reserve concluding it was best to let us alone.

“ At Campti some of the boats got aground, and, anticipating further annoyance, I pushed on, and, as you know, requested you to send help to our exposed soldiers, which you promptly did. I regret that the help did not arrive quite in time to save a few lives, the enemy opening their batteries on the boats shortly after I left, which attack, I am informed, was coolly met, and the rebels driven away.

“ I hope it may be my good fortune to be associated with General Smith on some occasion where our exertions will meet with a better reward. Though we cannot lay claim to any great success, we can safely say we accomplished all that was required of us.

“ I hope you will commend this gallant officer to General Sherman, who delights to know those under his command who do their duty faithfully and gallantly.

“ With much respect, General, I remain very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,

DAVID D. PORTER,  
“ Rear-Admiral.”<sup>1</sup>

When the fleet and army were re-united at Grand Ecore, further consultation was held as to the best course to adopt, and it was concluded wisest to continue the retreat. But this was more easily said than done. The heavy vessels of the

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., part iii., p. 432.

navy found it most difficult to go over the sand-bars and shoal places, and to add to the embarrassment, one of the finest and largest iron-clads, the *Eastport*, being injured by the explosion of a torpedo, sunk in the stream. Porter, who had proceeded down the river leaving the fleet in command of Captain Selfridge, returned with pump boats and made every effort to save this vessel, but finally it was discovered these efforts must be in vain, and she was blown up. On the 21st of April, the army was in full retreat toward Alexandria with the enemy harassing them whenever opportunity offered. The rear was brought up by Gen. A. J. Smith's column covered by the command of Gen. Kilby Smith, who repulsed the enemy at Cloutierville. The whole retreat was a series of skirmishes and brisk engagements, but finally the army reached Alexandria without serious mishap.

Porter was very apprehensive that he would be deserted by the army, and left to shift for himself at Grand Ecore, and in point of fact he had difficulty and some severe fighting during which he behaved with the greatest gallantry in making his way to Alexandria. During the retreat his associate in the previous adventures wrote him as follows :

"HEADQUARTERS SEVENTEENTH A. C.,

"COTILLE, April 25, 1864.

"ADMIRAL :

"Arrived at this point last night. General Banks and army are on the march to Alexandria. We brought up the rear and skirmished all the way. General Banks fought at the crossing of Cane River. Not much loss on either side. Our fight in the rear was sharp. Gen. A. J. Smith's command is ordered peremptorily to Alexandria. Troops are now on the march. You will find the camp some two thousand strong on the opposite side. Their artillery does not amount to much. What they have we have crippled badly. Will communicate more fully from Alexandria by the gunboats *Osage* and *Pittsburgh*, unless they get off before we arrive. General Smith and I both protest at being hurried away. We feel as if we were shamefully deserting you. If I had the power I would march my troops back to Calhoun,

or wherever you might need us, if at all. I will try to get a communication to you from Gen. A. J. Smith.

“ Most respectfully and truly yours,

“ THOMAS KILBY SMITH,

“ Brig.-Gen. Comdg.<sup>1</sup>

“ Rear-Admiral PORTER,

“ Comdg. Mississippi Squadron.”

The Admiral says in his testimony before the Committee on the conduct of the war :

“ When I got to Alexandria I found the army in a great state of stampede. I did not see anything to be frightened at, but the army was going to clear out at once and go down the river. I told General Banks that that was out of the question, that we must do something to get the fleet down.”<sup>2</sup>

The situation, indeed, was a painful one. An immensely valuable fleet was above the Red River rapids penned up, and without any possibility of making their way down under existing conditions. To protect them there would require the army to remain stationary in a state of siege for an indefinite time, perhaps a year, and to destroy them would be to inflict a blow upon the Union cause in the southwest heavier than any it had yet received. In this predicament the genius and engineering skill of a western officer, Lieut.-Col. Joseph Bailey of the 4th Wisconsin Regiment, who had had a successful experience in the neighborhood of Port Hudson in floating certain vessels that had grounded in one of the bayous by building a dam, suggested the expedient of damming the waters of the Red River. His expedient was immediately taken up by the army and the navy. Coal barges were sunk in the river and cribs filled with brick and ironwork (secured from the sugar mills) were built out to meet the barges. On the 8th of May, the work having been begun upon the 1st, the dam was so far completed that the water had risen seven feet on the rapids and the gunboats *Osage*, *Fort Hindman* and *Neosho*, with two other vessels, passed down. Before the others could get under way the

<sup>1</sup> *Report of Committee on Conduct of the War*, vol. ii., p. 254.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 279.

dam broke, but notwithstanding this discouragement, the work was repaired and strengthened and on the 12th, the vessels having been lightened, passed the obstacle in safety, and the fleet was saved to the Union. The army and navy, thus released from confinement, made their way as rapidly as possible to Simmsport, fighting the Confederates from time to time and always successfully. On the 20th of May, the expedition ended, the army crossed the Atchafalaya, and Banks handed over the command he had so unsuccessfully managed to the more competent hands of Gen. Edward R. S. Canby, who had been appointed his successor. Porter passed down the Red River nearly parallel with the march of the army and reached the Mississippi. While these events were occurring to Banks, Steele, who had started southward from Little Rock on the 23d of March, had pushed his way as far as Camden, about half way between Little Rock and Shreveport. When he had heard of the news of the disaster to the Union troops at Sabine Cross Roads, he found his position dangerous, more especially as the Confederate commander Kirby Smith had concentrated almost all his forces in the effort to crush him, and he therefore made a hasty retreat towards Little Rock, which he reached after fighting a severe battle at Jenkinson's Ferry, his troops exhausted by their experience.

It will be noticed from the narrative of the Red River expedition, that neither by Admiral Porter, whose patience had been sorely tried, nor by General Banks, with whom the soldiers of Sherman had never before served, is there any adverse criticism made of the conduct of A. J. Smith's command in any part of the operations. General Banks, in his report, gives General Kilby Smith full credit for his management of his duties while protecting the fleet in his ascent to Loggy Bayou, and its subsequent withdrawal to Grand Ecore, saying :

"General Smith, who commanded the land forces and transports, is entitled to the highest commendation for the energy, skill, and success with which he managed this most difficult affair."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxxiv., part i., p. 205.



Admiral Porter criticised Banks with great severity in his communications with the naval department, and it seems but fair that Banks's explanations and counter criticisms should be considered. He remarks on Porter's statement that "the retreat to Grand Ecore left me almost at the mercy of the enemy."

"The Admiral's despatch does not mention the fact that in addition to the 'mercy' of the enemy, he had the support of General T. Kilby Smith's division of two thousand five hundred men, whose most gallant and honorable part in the preservation of the fleet of gunboats and transports is not referred to in what the admiral calls 'this curious affair between the (enemy's) infantry and gunboats,' referring to General Green's attack at Coushatta, or, as it is sometimes called, Blair's Landing."

General Banks avails himself, and quite naturally, of every explanation or extenuation for his failure. In his report he says :

"The column of Gen. A. J. Smith was a partially independent command. General Sherman, in his despatch of the 10th of April, received the 16th, informed me that the thirty days for which he had loaned me General Smith's command would expire on the 10th of April, the day after the battle of Pleasant Hill. General Smith's instructions, which he showed me, required him to confer constantly with Admiral Porter, the approved friend of the Army of the Tennessee. . . . He made no official reports of his forces or their operations. He was in no wise responsible for the results of the expedition, and may perhaps be said to have gained as much by its failure as he would by its success. When his thirty days were up he claimed the right at Grand Ecore to return to Vicksburg, irrespective of the condition of the army or the fleet, and did not consider himself at all responsible for the inevitable consequences of his withdrawal to the army or the navy, nor for that detention which their preservation demanded. That responsibility I was called upon to assume in written orders. I entertain no doubt that his official course was entirely consistent with his orders, and I cheerfully acknowledge the generous and

earnest efforts of General Mower of the Sixteenth, and General T. Kilby Smith, of the Seventeenth Corps, to infuse into the different corps that unity of spirit which is as essential to victory as the valor of the soldiers in actual battle. I gladly accord to the men of their commands the honor of having fought a desperate enemy superior in numbers, with as much gallantry and success as that which distinguished the troops of my immediate command. No higher praise than this can be given to any soldiers. Alexander's troops never fought better." <sup>1</sup> The general then lays upon Franklin the responsibility for the movement on the advance of the army at Sabine Cross Roads, and states that the navy delayed the advance of the army at Alexandria sixteen days and at Grand Ecore three days, and had detained the army ten days at Grand Ecore and eighteen days at Alexandria on its return. In closing his report, he says :

"We owe nothing to the enemy, not even our defeat. Could any one of these difficulties have been avoided, the object of the campaign would have been accomplished. But the occupation of Shreveport could not have been maintained. The presence of the enemy would have required such a force for its defence as could not have been supplied by the river, and for which no other arrangement had been made, as suggested in my despatch of the 30th of March. The only possible method of maintaining this position would have been to concentrate at this point a force superior in numbers to the enemy, with sufficient time to pursue him wherever he should move, even if he took us to Galveston, on the Gulf coast. This was suggested as a possible result of the campaign, but it was not embraced in the original plan, and was specially precluded by orders received from the lieutenant-general commanding the armies." <sup>2</sup>

Gen. A. J. Smith's report is of course of interest, and throws some strong light upon these events. After describing the battle at Pleasant Hill, and the successful result of his operations, he says :

"The opinion of Major-General Banks as to the action of the command and its results may be gathered from his

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., part i., p. 217.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 218.

own words to me on the field just after the final charge. When riding up to me he remarked, shaking me by the hand, ' God bless you, general, you have saved the army.' "

He goes on to say,

" About 12 o'clock on the night of the 9th I received orders from General Banks to have my command in readiness to move at 2 o'clock in the morning, and at that hour to withdraw them silently from the field and follow the Nineteenth Corps back to Grand Ecore, make such disposition of my troops and trains as would enable me to repel an attack on the rear of the column. I represented to him that the dead of my command were not buried, and that I had not the means of transporting my wounded; that many of the wounded had not yet been gathered in from the field and asked of him permission to remain until noon of the next day to give me an opportunity to bury my dead and leave the wounded as well provided for as the circumstances would permit. I also urged the fact that Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith's command, then thirty miles above on transports in the river, would undoubtedly be captured and the transports lost if left to themselves. The permission to remain was, however, refused and the order to move made peremptory. I therefore provided as well as possible for the wounded, left medical officers to attend to them, and moved at the designated hour following the Nineteenth Corps. We reached Grand Ecore on the evening of the 11th, no attack on the rear having been made by the enemy, and went into camp. On the evening of the 13th, nothing having been heard from a portion of our transports, save that they had been attacked by infantry and artillery upon both sides of the river, I marched up with two brigades of my command on the north bank of the river to help them through if possible, crossing the river at Grand Ecore about 4 P.M. We reached Campti, twelve miles above, the same night and met a portion of the fleet there, they having by energy, good judgment, and rare good fortune, succeeded in running the batteries and land forces of the enemy without the loss of a boat, though some were completely riddled with shot." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., part i., pp. 309, 310.

Describing the retreat from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, General Smith says :

“ From the day of our leaving Natchitoches, the enemy pushed the pursuit vigorously, the rear was skirmishing every day and nearly all night. Twice during the march we were obliged to form line and teach them a lesson. At Cloutierville, on the 23d, they charged the rear division (Gen. T. Kilby Smith's), but he repulsed them neatly and thoroughly after about an hour's fighting.”

In closing his report, he says :

“ I crossed the bridge on the 20th (May), bringing up the rear, and marched to Red River Landing on the Mississippi River, whither our boats had been sent, and reported by order of Major-General Banks to Major-Gen. E. R. S. Canby, for further orders, and was by him directed to proceed to Vicksburg with my command, which I did, reaching that place on the 23d of May, having been gone seventy-four days. The results of the expedition may be summed up as follows : I captured with my command 22 pieces of artillery, 1757 prisoners and Fort De Russy, with a strong casemated battery, which the gunboats would not have been able to pass. My loss was 153 killed, 849 wounded, and 133 missing, total 1135 ; also one six-mule wagon. My entire command numbered originally 9200. Of the general officers attached to my command I cannot speak too highly. Brig.-Gen. (now Major-General) J. A. Mower, by his perception and prompt action at Fort De Russy, Henderson's Hill and Pleasant Hill, and by his gallantry and skill at Yellow Bayou near Simmport, May 18th, has won the right to high estimate and position in the annals of the war. Quick perception, ready courage and abundant vitality, added to skill and education, give him the power to sway men as if by magnetism. Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, with excellent judgment and skill, brought the boats safely through the intricacies and shoals of Red River back to Grand Ecore, although continually under fire. His repulse of the cavalry charge upon his division at Cloutierville, was well and

neatly done. I commend him as a gallant officer and gentleman." ' 1

In Confederate General Richard Taylor's report, referring to the battle in which General Green was killed, he says :

"Several times the transports raised the white flag, but the gunboats, protected by their plating, kept up their fire and compelled our troops to renew the punishment on the transports. Many times our sharpshooters compelled the gunboats to close their portholes, and it is believed that the result would have been the capture of the whole fleet but for the unfortunate fall of the noble Green, killed by a discharge of grape from one of the gunboats. Notwithstanding that this action took place within sound of Banks's army, now concentrated at Grand Ecore, such was the demoralization resulting from the defeats of the 8th and 9th, that not even a demonstration was made to assist the fleet." 2

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxxiv., part i., pp. 309, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 571 :

"SOUTH BANK OF BAYOU PIERRE,

"NEAR RED RIVER (LOUISIANA), April 19, 1864.

"Leaving the division (cavalry) on the Grand Ecore road, in temporary command of Colonel —, Gen. James P. Major and the writer rode down to Jordan's Ferry on this bayou, where General Green was crossing Parson's brigade of cavalry, to strike Red River at Blair's Landing, four miles distant, with a view of cutting off what gunboats and transports might still be above that point. The troops were still crossing (the horses having been left with the wagon train on the west bank of the bayou) when we sat down to his last dinner with that glorious old soldier Tom Green; he had talked freely about the danger of this attack; but felt the necessity of constant action, and knew that Gen. Dick Taylor was expecting great things of him, and it behoved him to strike the enemy at every point. He was more serious than usual, and his conversation was very earnest; he longed for his old brigade (of Texans), and said he would have no doubt of the result if he was leading them to battle.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon Parson's brigade and a section of West's battery opened fire on an ironclad and the (gunboat) *Black Hawk*. At first the fire from these boats was very severe; but

On what General Taylor bases his statement about the white flag, does not appear. Evidently it was erroneous from the contemporaneous reports of those who participated

when our rifles got closer and poured shot into the portholes whenever opened, the fire slackened, and we were evidently gaining ground, when an ironclad from below turned the point and gave us a broadside. We were but a short time exposed to this enfilading fire, when another grim monster came in sight, and threw a shower of grape or canister in the field through which we were still advancing.

"The men were ordered to lie down, but even this could not save them; there was (now) evidently more security to us in (greater) proximity, and General Green ordered a double-quick forward; galloped to the front, riding a beautiful iron gray colt recently presented to him, and dismounted; and when within a few feet of the river bank, near the *Eastport*, was struck by pieces of grape shot or shell in the forehead and fell dead. The fire from the boats increased, and there was no longer hope for success. Green's death was soon known throughout the command, and began to tell upon the spirits of the men, and General Major assumed command and retired late in the afternoon with the dead and wounded.

"There is gloom over the camp to-night which the memory of bright victories cannot dispel; and his staff gather around their chief, as he lies stretched in death, with the light gone from his bright eye, the red finger of death upon his brow, and his ringing voice hushed forever.

"An admirer and warm friend of General Major, General Green had invited General Major to accompany him on the field to-day; and said to him, as if with prophetic vision he read the future: 'Here in the valley of Red River you will have the best chance to win promotion'; thinking, perhaps, 'if I fall, you can succeed me.'

"They know little of the man who thought him a bold, blundering fighter, whose rashness was only equalled by his luck. He was cool, calm and calculating in deliberation, impetuous and irresistible in action. Brave and active himself, he despised the timid and idle. Indifferent to appearances, he was simple in his dress; but he carried a warm heart under his rough coat, and always had a hearty and honest welcome for his friends. Of fine talents, excellent education and pleasant address, he was always interesting, and would have made his mark in any profession. A good man, warm friend, and true soldier was Tom. Green. May his soul rest in peace."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Excerpt from diary of Alexander Porter Morse, Captain and Ass't Inspector General Major's Division of Green's (Texas) Cavalry Corps, army of Trans-Mississippi, C. S. A.

on the Union side. It is not likely that any of Gen. Kilby Smith's soldiers would have surrendered in view of the punishment they were inflicting upon the enemy, and the insignificant loss to which they were subjected in return.

From a private letter from Admiral Porter to General Sherman, dated April 16, 1864, some extracts will be of interest. In speaking of the fleet and its movements on the Red River, after the army had marched to its defeat at Sabine Cross Roads, he remarks :

" I was much annoyed when I found that General Banks's quartermasters had added to the convoy ten large steamers which I had expressly stipulated with Gen. Kilby Smith were not to come up the river. We were detained six hours lightening one of them loaded with ammunition and the others were constantly getting into trouble. Gen. Kilby Smith was in no way responsible for this outrageous proceeding, for it was done after we departed from Grand Ecore, and that officer left nothing undone to co-operate with me and carry the expedition through successfully. On all occasions I found General Smith ready and willing to co-operate in the same harmonious manner that has always existed between the navy and the Army of the Tennessee. I am sure nothing will occur to interrupt that good feeling." <sup>1</sup>

Speaking at this time of the attack by General Green, he says :

" It turned out to be what I had been expecting—an attack with artillery and infantry two thousand strong in our rear. Gen. Kilby Smith and two transports being divided from the main body by the artillery, which it was not proper to pass until silenced by the gunboats. This body of men was commanded by General Green, the best man they have, and one in whom the rebels place more confidence than in any one else. He led his men to the very edge of the bank, they shouting and yelling like madmen. They were hand-

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., series i., part iii., p. 173.

somely received by the *Osage* and *Lexington* in the old style, and General Smith in the *Hastings*, with part of his men, poured in his fire, and amongst us the rebels were cut into mincemeat. General Green and Colonel Chisum had their heads blown off with an 11-inch shell. The ground was covered with killed and wounded, and without great loss to ourselves. . . . It was a most exciting and interesting week, much danger of being cut off unless aided by General Banks, which aid was not sent until I asked for it in person. . . . Finally, all came in safely, not losing a rope yarn. Your men behaved splendidly and coolly, and Gen. Kilby Smith like a brave and gallant officer. I shall always feel proud to be associated with him, and we will both likely remember for many a day the perilous scenes we have gone through together.”<sup>1</sup>

Replying to Porter's letters, Sherman writes from Nashville, April 24th :

“ . . . Indeed I do think all our calculations were well made and the combined forces were ample to walk over all opposition. . . . I think I could have made better time, but that is none of my business, although I do lose the services of ten thousand of my best men in the campaign over here. I am glad you are pleased with Generals Smith and Mower. Though I want both, I cannot call for them as long as their associates are in danger.”<sup>2</sup>

And from Chattanooga on the 3d of May :

“ I cannot comprehend why Banks after his second fight, when the fact is undoubted he had checked the enemy and had his front open, did not push on to meet you at Coushatta. It would then have had all the moral effect of a victory, and his losses, though heavy, would have been less felt. . . . Of course I am gratified to know I was not mistaken in the character of the officers and men that I contributed to the expedition. I knew that A. J. Smith and Mower were good soldiers and that T. Kilby Smith was a

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, vol. xxxiv., series i., part iii., p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, series i., vol. xxxiv., part iii., p. 275.



courteous gentleman, with whom you would be pleased to associate.”<sup>1</sup>

When the command of A. J. Smith had returned from the Red River expedition, it was ordered to Vicksburg, whither it at once proceeded, and on the 25th of May the following final report was made by Gen. T. Kilby Smith :

“HDQRS. DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

“VICKSBURG, MISS., May 25, 1864.

“CAPTAIN :

“In obedience to orders, I have the honor to submit the following synopsis report of the part taken by my command in the Red River expedition :

“First, my command consists as follows : First Brigade, Col. J. B. Moore commanding, composed of 33d Wisconsin Volunteers, Maj. H. H. Virgin commanding ; 3d Iowa Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. James Tullis commanding ; 41st Illinois Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Nale commanding. Second Brigade, Col. L. M. Ward commanding, composed of 95th Illinois Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. T. W. Humphreys commanding ; 81st Illinois Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. A. W. Rogers commanding ; 14th Wisconsin Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. J. W. Polleys commanding ; and Battery M, 1st Missouri Light Artillery, Lieut. John H. Tiemeyer commanding, numbering in rank and file, 2237.

“Second. In obedience to your orders of March 10, 1864, I embarked my command at Vicksburg on transports assigned. March 10th, 7 P.M., sailed from Vicksburg, arriving back at the same port May 24th, 3 A.M., having marched by land 239 miles.

“Third. My command, in whole or part, has been in the following engagements and skirmishes, viz. : (1) Fort De Russy, March 14th ; (2) Pleasant Hill Landing, April 12th and 13th ; (3) Cloutierville, April 23d ; (4) near Cloutierville, April 24th ; (5) Moore’s Plantation, May 4th ; (6) Boyce’s Plantation, May 6th ; (7) Governor Wells’s Plantation, May 6th ; (8) Bayou Boeuf, May 7th ; (9) Marksville, May 16th ; (10) Moreauville, May 17th ; (11 and 12) Yellow Bayou, May 18th.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 411.

" Fourth. The casualties are as follows :

COMMAND.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	Aggre- gate.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	Men.	
First Brigade, Col. J. B. Moore.....	....	5	....	15	1	21
Second Brigade, Col. L. M. Ward...	1	5	....	22	....	28
Battery M, First Missouri Light Ar- tillery, Lieut. J. H. Tiemeyer....	....	2	....	3	....	5
Total.....	1	12		40	1	54

" I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" THOS. KILBY SMITH,

" Brigadier-General, Commanding.

" Capt. J. HOUGH,

" Asst. Adjt-Gen., Detach. Sixteenth and Seventeenth  
" Army Corps."

Gen. Kilby Smith's division was directed to proceed without delay to Memphis, to report to Maj.-Gen. C. C. Washburn, commanding the District of West Tennessee. General Canby, in a letter to General Halleck, under date of May 28, 1864, writes :

" I have sent the detachment of the Seventeenth Army Corps of Brig.-Gen. T. K. Smith to Memphis. If General Steele should not be threatened by any considerable force, the division of Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith will also be sent to that place. The force in the District of West Tennessee will be increased as far as may be necessary to secure Sherman's rear, as his operations are far more important than any that can be undertaken immediately west of the Mississippi. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

This order severed the military relations that had existed during so eventful a period between Generals T. K. and A. J. Smith. Before leaving Vicksburg the former wrote the following letter :

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxxiv., part iv., pp. 43, 44, and 73.

" HDQTS. DIV. SEVENTEENTH A. C.,

" VICKSBURG, May 26, 1864.

" MY DEAR GENERAL :

" General Canby orders me to report my command to General Washburn at Memphis without delay, thus relieving you of the detachment from the Seventeenth Corps. Transports have been assigned, and I have directed the fleet to sail at 12 o'clock to-night.

" My very feeble health prevents me from bidding you adieu in person, yet I cannot leave without some expression of my feelings towards you, or without thanking you for the courteous and invariable kindness I have received from you while I had the honor to be in your command.

" Your valor and energy in the field under the pressure of unusual obstacles, have won for you a renown that will become historic. No soldier who has served with you but will speak of you with pride and glory in your leadership, and not this alone, you have shown the rare faculty of winning not only the respect and esteem but the dear love of your soldiery. Our regret is that to your guidance solely the expedition had not been entrusted, that while you were gathering laurels, substantial benefit might have accrued to our cause.

" Thus much I had written when you interrupted me to bid me an affectionate good-by, to give me new proofs of your goodness of heart to me, and though what I have written is tame in expression, I must still send it as coming from my heart to yours. We know each other as soldiers and gentlemen linked in patriotism 'as with hooks of steel.' May God be with you, sir, always in your bright career, and for all my command, officers and soldiers, I bid you farewell.

" Faithfully and most sincerely yours,

" THOMAS KILBY SMITH,

" Brig.-Gen. Comdg.

" Gen. A. J. SMITH."

More than a year afterwards, when the war had closed, Gen. A. J. Smith testified his friendship in the following letter :

"MOBILE, ALA., September 1, 1865.

"GENERAL :

"Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith through your order to General McPherson, was assigned to my command in the Red River expedition. In that expedition he commanded a division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and in my report I have mentioned his gallantry and ability as an officer. I am sorry to see he has not been brevetted, and respectfully ask of you to see this simple act of justice done. While in my command he performed faithfully all the duties assigned him by me, and is as worthy as any other officer of the honor I desire to see conferred. Very respectfully, General,

"Your obedt. servant,

"A. J. SMITH, Major.-Gen.

"Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN, U. S. Army."

This letter was endorsed by General Sherman :

"HDQTRS. DIV. MISS.,  
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 28, 1865.

"I take pleasure in endorsing this paper. Gen. T. Kilby Smith served near me all the years 1862, 3, and 4. On the Red River expedition he was detached, but Admiral Porter and Gen. A. J. Smith have officially and privately borne the highest testimony of the value of his services on that campaign.

"W. T. SHERMAN,  
"Maj.-Gen. Comdg."

Some historians of the war have given but scant attention to the Red River expedition, which is not surprising, first, because it failed, and, second, because the importance of the movement was overshadowed by the grander movements of General Grant, who had been placed in supreme command of the armies and was then conducting his Virginia campaigns, and of Sherman, whose successful movement on Atlanta was followed by his triumphant march to the sea. It was, however, the culminating point of Gen. Kilby Smith's military service. He had entered the army in the vigor of manhood, endowed by nature with an iron con-

stitution, the strength of which had been steadily sapped by his almost too energetic devotion to duty during three years of nearly continuous field service. The failure of the plans, which, if they had been successful, would have enabled A. J. Smith's command to have rejoined Sherman's forces, debarred him from that time from acting under the eye of his favorite friend and chief, with whom he had been in close association for the most part from February, 1862, and lost him for that reason the opportunity to participate in the campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas. It had a serious effect, moreover, because the incessant exposure to a burning sun, and the anxiety of a difficult and delicate command gave the culminating blow to his physical strength. He was sun-struck on the march towards the Mississippi and fell senseless from his horse. Recovering partially, however, he was enabled to complete the duty that had been assigned to him. We will pursue the narrative of his part in the operations by quoting from his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War. This body had been directed by resolution of Congress to investigate the Red River expedition. There were many disagreeable rumors and direct statements that the moving impulse of this expedition was more mercantile than military. The Red River country was well stocked with cotton, which at that time was of enormous value if it could be transported to market, and the statements were freely made that the military and naval movements were induced by the desire to bring this staple within the Union lines. The Committee summoned before it various officers and civilians to testify, and among them General Smith, who gave his narrative on the 4th of February, 1865. The preliminary portion is omitted as the essential facts are included in the reports already quoted. From the 16th of April, however, until the close of the expedition, the story and the opinions of the General will appear from the following portion of his testimony :

“ Upon my arrival at Grand Ecore I found General Banks's army engaged in intrenching. On the 15th day of April, Friday, having remained a little time below Campti getting a steamer off the bar, we moved down to Grand Ecore, reaching

there at 10 o'clock P.M. (Finding General Banks in bed when we called upon him, we remained over night without seeing him.)

" On the 16th of April, the Nineteenth Army Corps commenced fortifying. We remained at Grand Ecore the 17th and 18th, everything remaining *statu quo*. On the 19th we were ordered to have the men stand to arms at four o'clock on the following morning, and to have the army ready to march at short notice.

" On the 20th of April the river was still falling. We received orders to be in readiness to march against the enemy at twelve o'clock meridian. We stood to arms on the road until half-past two o'clock P.M., when we moved out on the Natchitoches road. At the latter place our division had the advance. Up to this time our troops had been encouraged by the belief or direct promise that they were to march directly upon Shreveport. But now it had become evident that we were on the eve of making a grand retreat instead of marching against the enemy, as announced in the order; at least, it was not the way in which the Army of the Tennessee had been accustomed to march against the enemy.

" Hearing it reported that our cavalry were being driven in by the enemy, two regiments of our division were sent out as a support; but, not meeting the enemy, they returned at eight o'clock P.M.; and, at ten o'clock P.M. we changed our front, moving the First Brigade and a battery so as to connect with General Mower's left, forming a crochet. The position was a very good one, from which the enemy would have found it impossible to move us had they had the temerity to attempt it. All was quiet during the night. At this time we were four miles in advance of General Banks's main army. As it subsequently appeared, it was placed in that position to enable him to commence a retrograde movement towards Alexandria while moving on the road meandering the Red River, while we amused the enemy at Natchitoches.

" On the 21st of April we remained still all day, the enemy being encamped some six miles distant with quite a large force of cavalry and a few pieces of artillery. We stood to

arms until ten o'clock P.M., when we moved out some two miles by midnight, and here we were detained until seven o'clock A.M. the next day.

" On the 22d of April we marched at seven o'clock A.M., and arriving at Cloutierville, on the Cane River, at three o'clock A.M. on the following day, having marched thirty-two miles from Natchitoches. We made the forced march of thirty-two miles without halting.

" At three o'clock P.M. the skirmishing, which had been going on for some time in the rear, became quite brisk. Colonel Lucas, commanding the cavalry brigade, sent forward for reinforcements. Two regiments of Colonel Ward's brigade and a section of artillery were sent back. They soon drove the enemy across the bayou, making them withdraw beyond the range of our guns. We lost but one man killed and none wounded. As soon as the enemy had retreated, we again took up our line of march towards Cane River. At half-past nine o'clock P.M., the men having had but little rest since the night of the 20th, we halted an hour to enable them to get some coffee ; at the end of which time we again took up our line of march, arriving, as before stated, at Cloutierville at three A.M. on the 23d.

" On the 23d of April, we marched from Cloutierville at seven o'clock A.M. After marching an hour we were halted by the advance having some difficulty at a crossing of the Cane River, the crossing being contested by the enemy. Slight skirmishing continued in the rear between our rear-guard of cavalry and the enemy until ten o'clock A.M., when our cavalry commenced falling back to Cloutierville.

" I ought to state here that on the first three days of this march my command had the extreme rear, General A. J. Smith's entire command being assigned to the duty of guarding General Banks's army. My own division was ordered back to Cloutierville to meet the enemy. I formed a line of battle, facing to the west, my left resting on Cane River and my right on a belt of timber in which we had deployed a strong skirmish line. General Mower, of the Sixteenth Army Corps, formed on my extreme right, but was not in the fight. The enemy first came up in double column in

our front. They were soon driven back, and immediately made a move to turn our right flank ; but there I met them with two six-gun batteries, masked, and three regiments, and gave them such a warm reception that they soon returned. Here the musketry fire was very brisk for a time. The skirmish line was instructed to fall back slowly, if pressed by the enemy, in the hope of drawing the enemy on to our reserves, which were advantageously posted. At twelve o'clock, noon, the enemy made his appearance in force on our left, attempting to get on our flank under cover of the bayou ; but this move had been anticipated, and two regiments, the 117th Illinois and the 3d Indiana, supported by the 49th Illinois, were so posted as to sweep all approaches. No sooner had the enemy made his appearance than four pieces of artillery opened upon him, sending his scattered ranks back. Thus, before one o'clock P.M., we had completely defeated the enemy at every point. It is impossible to tell the enemy's loss. We took many prisoners, all of whom reported a heavy loss on their part in killed and wounded.

" The enemy having fallen back, and our forces having moved up in front, we withdrew and marched four miles, where we formed a line of battle facing to the west, having the cavalry in double line in our front, the Sixteenth Army Corps having encamped in the rear of us, in supporting distance. We lay there during that night.

" On the 24th of April, Sunday, at three o'clock A.M., the enemy saluted us with some half a dozen shells, evidently for the purpose of feeling us, and hoping to draw a response from us, in order to learn our exact position. At five o'clock A.M. the cavalry pickets were driven in. In a short time the cavalry was ordered to fall back. Our division advanced in line some two hundred yards. The enemy came on with a yell, which was cut short by a few well-aimed volleys of musketry and unceasing cannonading. The enemy fell back and we again advanced in line, driving them beyond the range of our artillery. Our loss was four killed and fourteen wounded. From deserters we learned that the enemy was severely punished in this engagement, in which their general, Parsons, was said to have been killed.



“ At nine o'clock A.M., in obedience to orders, the troop, were withdrawn, but in such a manner as to leave the enemy in doubt whether we were in ambush for them, or had taken up the line of march. We crossed Cane River at twelve o'clock noon, and arrived at Bayou Cotile at nine o'clock P.M., where we formed a double line of battle facing to the river, having the cavalry and batteries A and M, of the 1st Missouri Light Artillery, massed in the front line.

“ On the 25th of April reveille was ordered at four o'clock, and we marched at ten o'clock. From this day, for the first time since leaving Natchitoches, our division had the advance. At Henderson's Hill, there was a slight skirmish between our cavalry stationed there and a few of the enemy's scouts, but it did not amount to much. No sooner had we left Bayou Cotile than a squad of the enemy hove in sight.

“ On the 26th of April we marched toward Alexandria. Cannonading was heard in the rear all day.

“ On the 27th of April we arrived at Alexandria. The gunboats were above the falls, and the question was how to get them down. The Admiral arrived with his headquarters, the *Cricket*. She had thirty-six shots fired into her in passing a rebel battery. I think there were forty-two killed and wounded. His fireman standing by his side was cut in two, and his chambermaid was literally quartered. The decks were a perfect slaughter pen.

“ On the 28th of April, at twelve o'clock noon, there was a report that the enemy was advancing. Then came a report that the pickets of the Thirteenth Army Corps had been driven in. At half-past two o'clock P.M. we were ordered out under arms, forming a line of battle facing the south ; our division being on the extreme left of the line ; our right resting on General Mower's command, our left resting on the river, having a battery between. We threw out a strong skirmish line half a mile in advance. The Thirteenth Army Corps was ordered to fall back twice, and refused to do so until ordered the third time, when it fell back, setting fire to a large quantity of forage, which was taken from the fire by Gen. A. J. Smith's command, he having thrown out a bri-

gade over a mile in advance of the Thirteenth Army Corps, where they remained until daylight the next morning.

“ I state these facts here because at this time there was a great deal of panic, or that which approached a panic, in that command. General McClelland was there in command of this Thirteenth Army Corps. They actually fired a lot of sutler's goods and forage, which were very scarce, and most all of which Gen. A. J. Smith took charge of, or as much as we could save from the fire, and we appropriated it.

“ On the 29th of April we received orders to withdraw the troops to camp, which was done at nine o'clock A.M.

“ On the 30th of April the river had fallen six feet since leaving Alexandria to ascend it ; but it was said to be rising at the time from back-water from the Mississippi. At midnight we received orders to march at one o'clock A.M. ; but instructions were received from General Banks to be ready to march at sharp daylight. We did march at twelve o'clock noon, at which time the pontoon being finished across the Red River, we marched over, and went into bivouac at the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, the one of which General Sherman was superintendent at the time the rebellion broke out. At four o'clock P.M. the troops were formed in *échelon*, the position being a very strong one, with a strong picket line covering our entire front and flank. We remained quiet there during the day and night.

“ I will state now briefly, that from that time, which was the 1st of May, until the 14th of May, we were continually engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, making divers reconnaissances to the front to ascertain the enemy's strength, and endeavoring to force him into a fight.

“ On the 14th of May we commenced marching towards Simmsport. On the 21st of May we re-embarked our command at the mouth of the Red River, in the meantime having fought a battle every day. We were twenty-nine successive days under fire.

“ Question. Do you know what instructions Gen. A. J. Smith received when he was ordered to report to General Banks ?

“ Answer. His instructions were to report to General Sherman so soon as we got through, for we were only lent to General Banks ; we did not belong to his department ; we expected to rejoin General Sherman in his campaign towards Atlanta, or make a movement towards Mobile. We had objects ulterior to the Red River expedition.

“ Question. Was there any time set within which you should return ?

“ Answer. The time specified was thirty days ; after the lapse of which, General Smith sought to be relieved, but General Banks did not permit him to leave. But the comity which existed between the navy and the army seemed to render it necessary that we should remain with the navy until they had at least gotten over the falls at Alexandria. We considered that our time was entirely lost after we had brought the troops back to Alexandria ; that General Banks could have taken care of the expedition himself. We never got to our command afterwards, but have been in detachments ever since.

“ Question. Do you know whether or not Gen. A. J. Smith, during the time he was with General Banks, considered himself to be in all respects under the command of General Banks ?

“ Answer. His rank precluded his occupying any other position. I know Gen. A. J. Smith was adverse in opinion to that entertained by General Banks, because I heard him on more than one occasion express himself very freely, without approaching to mutiny or sedition. He, of course, expressed himself freely to his brother officers. He felt as many of the rest of us felt, that our command was to a considerable extent being wasted. An anxiety on the part of General Banks's staff seemed to be felt to avoid a fight (whenever a fight was had, Gen. A. J. Smith was brisk for bringing it on) ; and yet there was no time when *we* did not feel ourselves entirely competent to handle the enemy.

Question. “ Was it, or not, the opinion of Gen. A. J. Smith that our army should have advanced after the battle of Pleasant Hill ?

“ Answer. It was, most decidedly ; to such an extent was

that opinion entertained by him that he proposed, and was anxious, to march to Shreveport with our command, feeling entirely competent to go to Shreveport and do all the devilment that was necessary and return.

“ Question. What do you understand to have been the object of that Red River expedition ?

“ Answer. It has been a mystery to me, save from what transpired *en route*. In my own mind I came to the conclusion that it was what would be called in military parlance a mercantile expedition ; that is, an expedition for the purpose of opening the country to trade ; or, perhaps, taking advantage of a victorious march to gather up what might naturally fall to the army of the government as spoils.

“ Question. What facts led you to that opinion ?

“ Answer. The presence of bagging and rope in large quantities on government transports, and the fact that upon one occasion when I was assigned to the transports, the quartermaster refused to give me certain room which we required for some troops, on the ground that the space had been assigned for cotton.

“ Question. Were those transports to which you refer army or navy transports ?

“ Answer. Army transports. There were no navy transports. The navy gunboats are occasionally used to transport troops, but they are not well calculated for the convenience of troops. They are very rarely so used except to meet exigencies of the service.

“ Question. Do you know anything in relation to cotton operations in connection with that expedition ?

“ Answer. I do not. I have been specially careful in my service in the southwest, since the war began, to avoid intercourse with anybody who would be apt to give me information in respect to transactions of any sort, kind or description, relative to cotton. General Smith gave orders that no cotton should be placed upon his boats for any purpose whatever ; and if my memory serves me right—I have no written memoranda in regard to it—he refused most positively to obey an order in that behalf, with the remark that while he controlled transports they should not be used for the transportation of cotton.

“ Question. To what order do you refer ?

“ Answer. I refer to an order made by General Banks to General Smith while the transports lay at Alexandria, after our return to that place.

“ Question. Can you give the terms of the order ?

“ Answer. I cannot, for I do not have it with me. I only have it from recollection.

“ Question. Was this cotton that you speak of cotton that had been brought into Alexandria ?

“ Answer. There had been a great deal of cotton brought into Alexandria. The navy had seized vast quantities of it which had been laden on barges and been sent down the river. There were also two or three large boats laden with cotton, as I supposed, under government protection to some extent. There was a great deal of cotton left at Alexandria when the transports finally sailed. That was destroyed, as I understood, by order of General Banks. I do not know that any cotton was brought out from the Red River by order of General Banks.

“ Question. Was there any cotton taken on board any vessel by order of any one connected with the navy ?

“ Answer. Yes, sir ; Admiral Porter ordered the seizure of a vast deal of cotton ; I should think many thousand bales.

“ Question. Was the cotton you have spoken of as being on board during one of the fights on the Red River put on board by order of officers commanding the army, or officers connected with the navy ?

“ Answer. I did not intend to convey the idea that cotton was on board the transports, but that a space for it was reserved on the quartermaster's boat, a space which he refused to assign to me upon the ground that it had already been reserved to load cotton upon.

“ Question. I do not refer to that, but to one of the fights above Grand Ecore, where you said your soldiers sheltered themselves behind cotton bales, bales of hay, etc.

“ Answer. That cotton was a few scattered bales that lay on the shore, and which we stopped and took on board solely for protection to the troops. It was afterwards thrown overboard.

“ Question. To what quartermaster do you refer as claiming that the space was reserved for cotton ?

“ Answer. I do not remember his name, but he was acting under the orders of the quartermaster of the Department of the Gulf, Colonel Holabird.

“ Question. Do you recollect the name of the boat ?

“ Answer. I do not recollect the name of the boat, but she was a quartermaster's boat ; I mean by that, a transport assigned exclusively for quartermaster's stores.

“ Question. At what point was it that this occurred ?

“ Answer. At Grand Ecore, at the time I was ordered to take charge of the transports and proceed up the river to Loggy Bayou.

“ Question. Do you know why the army was detained at Alexandria on the way up the river ?

“ Answer. Because General Banks was not there in person. The navy was very anxious to move up the river, and the army was equally anxious.

“ Question. How soon did the army move after General Banks arrived ?

“ Answer. Some four or five days. Our own command was put in motion within two days after his arrival.

“ Question. Were the other portions of the army ready to move before or at the time of the arrival of General Banks ?

“ Answer. No, sir ; I think that General Franklin's command arrived about the time that General Banks's arrived. I do not think that all the army was ready before his arrival. We were ordered to report on the 17th of March ; and reporting with great promptitude were somewhat surprised that a movement was not at once made from Alexandria. Celerity of movement was important at that time, inasmuch as the river was falling.

“ Question. Did or not the army move from that point as soon as it could be got in readiness to move ?

“ Answer. I think not ; because our own command could have been sent forward as advance guard at any time after the 17th.

“ Question. What would have been the advantage of

sending your command forward if the remainder of the army had not been ready to follow ?

“ Answer. We had been pressing the enemy vigorously from Simmsport. We had defeated him in every small engagement into which we could lead him. His troops were to a certain extent demoralized. General Magruder and Gen. Kirby Smith had not at that time been able to concentrate their forces. Every day's delay enabled Kirby Smith to concentrate his forces and make a stand at some point between Alexandria and Shreveport, as was evidenced afterwards at Sabine Crossroads and at Pleasant Hill.

“ Question. Is it your opinion that it would have been advisable for a portion of the army to have moved forward without regard to the readiness of the other portions of the army to follow ?

“ Answer. I am of the opinion that at any time prior to the battle of Sabine Crossroads, our own command of ten thousand men, with the aid of the navy, could have gone to Shreveport.

“ Question. Do you know with what force the enemy met our advance at Sabine Crossroads ?

“ Answer. I have no means of knowing, except the ordinary rumors in military circles. I suppose there were about twenty-five thousand men.

“ Question. Do you know whether or not it was the opinion of the principal officers connected with that command that one cause of the disaster was that our infantry was not concentrated at the time of the battle of Sabine Crossroads ?

“ Answer. That was undoubtedly the opinion ; that, in short, the battle was brought on too soon. The cavalry were taken unawares, without sufficient support of the infantry.

“ Question. Is it your opinion that the infantry should have been nearer the cavalry at that time, and where they could have rendered them immediate support ?

“ Answer. It is.

“ Question. So far as you know, is that the opinion of the principal officers connected with that expedition ?

“ Answer. It is.

“ Question. Then you would not be of the opinion that the cavalry should have been still further in advance of the infantry than they were at that time.

“ Answer. I would not, unless as scouts. I do not think that that body of six thousand cavalry (as reported, though I believe in fact there were only three thousand five hundred), under the command of General Lee—not reflecting at all upon him as an officer, for I think he is as good an officer as we have in the service—I do not think they ought to have been forced into a fight without any infantry. That cavalry was fatigued by a long march ; it was not well mounted, and it was not veteran cavalry. And under no circumstances would I put cavalry in the vanguard of an army when I expected to fight, except as mere feelers, especially in a country like that, which was a champagne country.

“ Question. Was the topography of that country, and the roads, of such a character that cavalry were not as efficient as they usually are in movements through an enemy's country ?

“ Answer. My opinion is that the same number of infantry would have been much more efficient than cavalry in that country, so far as I know the topography of that country.

“ Question. Then you think the cavalry should have been relied upon merely for the purpose of observation, and not relied upon to do any considerable portion of the fighting ?

“ Answer. That is my opinion exactly. But my opinion should be taken in connection with the fact that I was not there on the battlefield. I did not see the ground ; I make up my opinion from what others have said in my presence, from my general knowledge of the country, my general knowledge of the command, and my experience on other battlefields. After all, it is a mere matter of opinion.

“ Question. Have you any knowledge in relation to getting the navy over the falls at Alexandria as you came down the river ?

“ Answer. Yes, sir. The river was falling rapidly ; the *Eastport*, one or two valuable transports, and in particular the *Woodford*, one of the most valuable boats of the marine brigade, which had been fitted up by the government at an



enormous expense as a hospital boat, were all lying aground above the falls. One or two projects were under discussion ; one was to blow out the bed of the Red River ; another was to construct a dam, which was considered feasible, and was the generally conceived and well adopted idea of the whole army. I never heard any discussion about it. It was finally determined to build cribs and wing-dams, in such a way as to increase the depth of the channel, by forcing all the water into a narrow channel.

“ Question. By whom was that done ?

“ Answer. It was done under the supervision of Colonel Bailey, of Wisconsin.

“ Question. Was it done by co-operation of the army and navy ?

“ Answer. By the army almost exclusively, inasmuch as the army had better facilities for doing the work than the navy. However, I ought not to say that, either, for the navy furnished coal barges, etc. I may say it was done by co-operation of the army and navy.

“ Question. Was there any want of co-operation between the army and navy ?

“ Answer. By no means ; they were exactly *en rapport*. Admiral Porter was always satisfied with the celerity and energy with which the work was prosecuted. And I know, of my own knowledge, that all the men that could work were at work all the time.

“ I have been asked as to whether, at any time, during the expedition, our forces, or any portion of them, could have made the advance so far as Shreveport, which seemed to be the objective point, and, in the course of my narrative, have given an opinion which I desire to explain. I have always thought the troops under my command, trained in the old ‘ Army of the Tennessee,’ under General Sherman, who had led them constantly onward, and never to retreat, were very far superior in marching and fighting qualities to any troops the enemy could bring into the field in the west ; and the same remark could be made of that portion of the Sixteenth Army Corps who co-operated with us. Hence I believe, by rapid and forced marches from Alexandria, on the 18th and

19th of March, Gen. A. J. Smith could have reached Shreveport with his own command, even had we been opposed by twenty thousand of the enemy—double our own number. But the enemy's forces, at that time, were in number and distributed thus: Magruder had about twenty thousand—fifteen thousand serviceable—his main body covering Galveston and Houston; Dick Taylor's division, seven thousand, upon the Atchafalaya and Red rivers, from Opelousas to Fort De Russy originally, but whom we had driven and had now before us; Mouton's division, behind the Black and Washita rivers, from Red River to Monroe, numbering six thousand. Price, with five thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, held the country from Monroe to Camden and Arkadelphia, confronting Steele—an army say of from twenty-five thousand to thirty-five thousand. The defences of the enemy consisted of a series of works covering the approaches to Galveston and Houston from the south, the defences of Galveston Bay, Sabine Pass, and Sabine River; extensive works at Trinity and Fort De Russy, and an extensive and formidable work located three miles from Marksville for the defence of the Red River, a work that had occupied the enemy, with the labor of five thousand negroes, upwards of a year to construct, and that was called the Gibraltar of the South. This work we had carried. Steele was at least entertaining Price; Magruder, then, did not dare to leave the Texas line. The enemy would not have abandoned their works at Trinity, and thus the residue of their army would not have greatly outnumbered our own, and the best part of that residue we had on the run. We could have lived off the country; we were used to it, and our soldiers could forage and keep up with a forced march. But the lighter boats of the fleet, at the then stage of the water in the Red River, could certainly have ascended to Shreveport, as was proved afterwards by the boats overcoming the most serious obstacles that intervened before reaching Loggy Bayou, between which point and Alexandria is the most difficult part of the river below the raft. Still, my opinion must be taken with the qualification that, as a subordinate officer, I could not know the plans of the commanding gen-

eral, or the orders that governed the campaign, or whether Shreveport was really the objective point. Nor am I able to say what co-operation was expected from General Steele (whose point of departure was Little Rock, Arkansas, to operate in our theatre), or whether he was acting independently or at command of General Banks. These considerations, taken together with the knowledge the commanding general is supposed to have of the numbers and movements of the enemy, his own strength, and the objects to be accomplished, would neutralize the mere opinion of any subordinate general who was not the confidant of the general-in-chief. The enemy, at any time, after the first week in April, was able to concentrate from twenty-two thousand to twenty-seven thousand in our front (did bring into the field at the battle of Sabine Crossroads at least twenty-two thousand of all arms ; by some reports, twenty-five thousand). This would have been the concentration of the commands of Magruder, Dick Taylor, Mouton, and whatever Price, who was still confronting Steele, might have been able to spare. At this time our own army was being depleted from various causes. A depot of supplies had been made at Alexandria, necessitated by the condition of the river, and the inability of some of the steamers to pass the falls. A garrison to defend it was the consequence. Sickness arising from bad water and the heat of the climate, the smallpox, that had been engendered by the sick on the filthy and horribly policed marine brigade boats that had been assigned me for transports, and which being ordered back from Alexandria, deprived us of the slight co-operation they might have afforded. And so far as we should march, until we crossed to Texas, the Red River must have been our base, while a more treacherous river, for the purposes of navigation, does not exist. The rapidity of movement to Shreveport and instant return could alone have saved the fleet from stranding in the heart of the enemy's country. These facts, it is proper for me to state, in connection with any opinion as to what movements might have been made, or the results that might have ensued, that I may be called upon to express.

“ I desire to take this occasion, which will probably be the only public one accorded me, to speak of the valor and fortitude displayed by the officers and soldiers of my command, in its connection with the Red River expedition, that demanded constantly the exercise of the highest qualities of the soldier. In every engagement with the enemy in which my command participated—Pleasant Hill Landing, Campti, Natchitoches, Cloutierville, Cane River, Monsouri, Yellow Bayou, and several smaller combats near Grand Ecore and Alexandria—we were successful. My staff-officers, Captain William Warner, Captain Scott, Captain Wetmore, Major Carle ; my brigadiers, Col. J. B. Moore, Col. L. M. Ward ; and Lieutenant Tiemeyer, Battery M, 1st Missouri Light Artillery, deserve the highest commendation the country can bestow. In the very remarkable passage of the fleet from Loggy Bayou to Grand Ecore, vast amounts of government property and stores, with munitions and ammunition, were saved from destruction, or falling into the hands of the enemy, by the persistent and enduring efforts of these heroic men, under circumstances appalling to all but the truly brave. The merit of the subordinate is often veiled in the glory of his chief ; none, among all who did their whole duty, in obedience to orders in this affair, deserve more than the gallant officers I have mentioned, and the officers and soldiers they commanded. Having paid this compliment to my soldiers, I close my evidence in bearing testimony in favor of the pilots of boats, who, in the affairs alluded to as well as many others that have transpired in the western waters, have developed high courage, coolness, and faithfulness to trust. The pilot at the wheel is the first man singled out by the sharpshooter of the enemy ; his wheel-house is the easiest mark for the battery ; if he falters one moment in his exposed and delicate trust, his boat is grounded upon a shoal, or bears broadside ashore, at the mercy of a relentless foe. He wins no fame ; his name never appears in reports. I have never known an instance of his exhibiting cowardice or treachery.

“ I present the following table of distances from Shreveport to New Orleans :

Shreveport to Waterloo.....	45	miles.	
to Reuben White's.....	15	"	60
to E. C. Aiken's.....	5	"	65
to Caspiana .....	5	"	70
to Madama Bessiers.....	10	"	80
to mouth of Loggy bayou....	30	"	110
to Grand Bayou.....	15	"	125
to Willow Point.....	8	"	133
to Coushatta Chute.....	7	"	140
to Grappe's Bluff.....	40	"	180
to Campti.....	20	"	200
to Grand Ecore .....	20	"	220
to Tiger Island.....	5	"	225
to H. Tessier's .....	3	"	228
to George Gurneys's .....	2	"	230
to P. Rachel's.....	6	"	236
to St. Maurice.....	5	"	241
to O. K. Landing.....	13	"	254
to A. Favius's.....	3	"	257
to Montgomery .....	7	"	264
to Durand's .....	5	"	269
to Buckstone Landing.....	6	"	275
to mouth Cane River.....	25	"	300
to Cotile.....	20	"	320
to Alexandria .....	20	"	340
to Pierce's .....	35	"	375
to Norman's .....	32	"	407
to Barbin's Landing.....	3	"	410
to mouth Black River .....	40	"	450
to Red Rivar wharf-boat....	40	"	490
to Bayou Sara....	45	"	535
to Baton Rouge .....	35	"	570
to Plaquemine.....	20	"	590
to Donaldsonville .....	30	"	620
to New Orleans.....	80	"	700

" I feel desirous that nothing I have said shall be construed as in any manner reflecting upon the intentions and integrity of General Banks, for whom I have the highest respect. There has been a great deal of criticism in military circles in regard to the Red River expedition ; but there was nothing ordered or done by General Banks, within my knowledge, that was not exactly within the purview of his instructions. Nor do I desire to reflect upon any officer ; I merely desire to state the facts."

The command of Gen. T. Kilby Smith, having reported at Vicksburg, proceeded thence to Memphis, where it arrived on the 30th day of May. The effective force at that time were eighteen hundred men, but so exhausted were they from the arduous campaign from which they had just returned, that, according to the report of Gen. C. C. Washburn, to whom they reported, only about eight hundred of them were in condition to take the field.<sup>1</sup> Their commanding general was so low from the results of his field services, that he was carried almost in a dying condition to the Gayoso House at Memphis, where he lay ill until the 3d of June, when, having obtained a sick leave, the first furlough of any description since he had entered the service in October, 1861, he proceeded to his home. His division passed temporarily under the command of Col. J. B. Moore, of the 14th Wisconsin Infantry, a soldier well tried and entirely competent to maintain the credit of himself and his troops. A portion of the command was assigned to the expedition of Gen. S. D. Sturgis, which pursuant to orders of Major-General McPherson moved out from Memphis to attack the forces of the Confederate General Forrest, who was then at Tupelo, and also to destroy the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Sturgis was unsuccessful in this expedition, and with his command of three thousand three hundred cavalry, five thousand infantry, and sixteen pieces of artillery, he was routed by Forrest in a severe battle near Gunntown, Mississippi, and returned discomfited to Memphis. After this failure, the division remained under the command of General Washburn for some time, and finally returned to the command of Gen. A. J. Smith and did gallant service under Thomas in the campaign that resulted in the annihilation of the army of Gen. J. B. Hood at Franklin and Nashville.

From the 9th of June, 1864, until October of the same year, General Smith sought in the quietude of home to recover his shattered health. While his former comrades were fighting with Sherman at Atlanta, or with Thomas in Tennessee, he was compelled to a life of inaction. His family had taken a house at Yellow Springs, a pleasant village in Greene County,

<sup>1</sup> *War Records*, series i., vol. xxxix., part i., p. 85.

Ohio, which formed a haven of rest for the families of a number of officers of distinction, those of Generals Schofield, Stanley, Rosecrans, Scammon and others being there. In the pure air and surroundings of that pretty place he recovered after months of inaction some measure of strength, and in the autumn proceeded to the East, where he visited relatives in Massachusetts and also made a visit to the headquarters of the army in Washington, and at City Point. It was not until the 4th of January, 1865, that he rejoined his command at Clifton, Tennessee, when he was at once assigned to duty, superseding Colonel Moore in the command of his old division detachment of the Army of the Tennessee.<sup>1</sup> The whole detachment of three divisions commanded respectively by General McArthur, Gen. K. Garrard, and Gen. T. Kilby Smith was under the command of General A. J. Smith.

The 10th of January, found the command at Eastport, Mississippi, and on the 17th, General Smith was assigned to command an expedition of reconnoissance.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Special Orders }  
"No. 3. }

"HDQRS. DETACH. ARMY OF THE TENN.,  
"CLIFTON, TENN., Jan. 4, 1865.

"Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, having reported at these headquarters for duty is hereby assigned to and will at once assume command of the Third Division Detachment Army of the Tennessee. Col. J. B. Moore, now commanding the Third Division is hereby relieved from such command and will report to Brig.-Gen. T. K. Smith for assignment. In relieving Colonel Moore, the Major-General commanding desires to express his high appreciation of the able, thorough and soldierly manner with which he has executed the trust confided to him in this command. By order of Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith.

"J. HOUGH, Maj. and Asst. Adj.-Gen." \*

<sup>2</sup> "HDQRS. DETACH. ARMY OF THE TENN.,  
"EASTPORT, MISS., Jan. 17, 1865.

"Brig.-Gen. T. K. SMITH,  
"Comdg. Third Division.

"GENERAL :

"The Major-General commanding directs that you have your command in readiness to move at an early hour to-morrow morning on a reconnoissance. Leaving your camps with your sick and light-duty

\* *War Records*, series i., vol. xlv., pt. ii., p. 509.

It was fated, however, that this expedition should pass under the command of another, for on the same day orders were received from Washington directing General Smith to report to the Adjutant-General at that city, in order to appear as a witness before the Committee on the Conduct of the War on the subject of the Red River expedition. A portion of his testimony has been hitherto quoted.<sup>1</sup>

General Smith remained in Washington or thereabouts until February 18, 1865, when in obedience to orders he started on the return to his command.<sup>2</sup> On his way to the South

men, you will take six days' rations, three in haversacks and three in wagons. You will also take your ambulance train and one wagon to each regiment for cooking utensils. One battery will be sufficient. The cartridge-boxes of the men should be full, and about thirty thousand rounds of ammunition taken as a reserve supply. Cavalry will accompany you and full instructions given before the time of starting. You will command the expedition.

"I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

"J. HOUGH,

"Major and Assistant Adjutant-General."

<sup>1</sup> "Special Orders }  
"No. 14. }

"HQRS. DETACH. ARMY OF THE TENN.,

"EASTPORT, MISS., Jan. 17, 1865.

"2. Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, U. S. Volunteers, is hereby relieved from the command of the Third Division Detachment Army of the Tennessee in order to comply with telegrams from the Secretary of War to report in person without delay to the Adjutant-General of the Army at Washington, D. C. The Quartermaster's department will furnish transportation.

"3. Col. J. B. Moore, 33d Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers, senior officer, is hereby temporarily assigned to and will at once assume command of the Third Division Detachment Army of the Tennessee.

. . . By command of Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith.

"J. HOUGH,

"Major and Assistant Adjutant-General." \*

<sup>2</sup> On his return over the Pennsylvania Railroad, an accident occurred some miles west of Cresson, by reason of the spreading of the rails while the train was going at a rapid rate of speed and several of the cars, including that in which he was a passenger, were precipitated down an embankment of the Conemaugh River, a distance of

\* *War Records*, part ii., vol. xlv., p. 605.



he paid another brief visit to his family, and his orders requiring him to report in New Orleans, it seemed a pleasant and convenient opportunity to indulge his wife with an excursion to that point. Accordingly, in the month of March, accompanied by her and his eldest son, he journeyed to St. Louis, and there embarked on a Mississippi steamboat and sailed to New Orleans. The journey was an uneventful one but immediately on reaching his destination orders came to proceed at once to the army before Mobile. Mrs. Smith had no alternative but to return with her son after but twenty-four hours in New Orleans, while her husband obeyed his orders. Reporting to General Canby, he was assigned to the command of the military district of South Alabama and Florida, with headquarters at Fort Gaines. During the month of April the Spanish Fort and Fort Blakeley were captured and shortly afterwards Mobile surrendered. On the 28th of May, General Smith was assigned to the command of the district and post of Mobile, and made his headquarters in that city. The duties of a military commander in the field had become familiar to him, but those of a civil administrator, save for his experience at Natchez, were novel. The city was, of course, under martial law and the

over forty feet. A newspaper account of the accident says: "Among those most conspicuous in administering to the wants of the wounded were Gen. T. K. Smith and Dr. Hope. Several persons were killed, and a great many wounded." General Smith says:

"It was only a little after five o'clock in the evening. It is not known how often the cars were turned over in their fearful plunge. They were broken to pieces, and one of them, the middle one, which is believed to have been turned over twice, had its roof torn off and between the roof and one of the sides, the men. . . . Several ladies in this car were badly injured. So steep was the embankment down which the cars had plunged, that ropes had to be employed and the car seats used as sledges to drag to the top the wounded and dead. As soon as the cars had landed, they took fire from the stoves, and but for the prompt exertions of the passengers would have been burned up and the loss of life much greater. Snow and what water could be got from the run, where the ice was broken, and carried in the hats of the passengers, were the agents employed to check the flames. Twenty-three persons were seriously injured, in addition to the two who were killed. . . ."

duties of civil administration as well as of military had to be administered by the general in command. Many difficult and vexatious questions were constantly before him for decision. The most important, and the one that involved perhaps the greatest force of character to determine, arose from a request of the newly enfranchised negroes to celebrate the 4th of July by a merry making and processions. It was much feared by some of the citizens that to permit this would lead to violence and bloodshed, and General Smith was implored not to permit it.

He felt his duty to be otherwise, however, and the results indicated the wisdom of his conduct, for the affair terminated most successfully and without producing any ill-feeling.

General Smith's military career had now practically terminated. He had heard for the last time the sound of a hostile gun. It had been his fortune to fight his way along the whole course of the "Father of Waters" and many of its tributary streams from the State of Kentucky until it poured its waters in the gulf. He had attained the highest rank but one grade that could be reached in the volunteer service. The best years of his life had been given freely to the service of the Government. From every commanding officer he had received encomium and no word of censure appears in the records upon his military or civil conduct. His misfortune had been to be separated from Sherman by the Red River expedition. No doubt this duty had been assigned to him as a special compliment and evidence of confidence on the part of Generals McPherson and Sherman ; but the hardships had exhausted his physical strength already seriously undermined. He had been unable to return to the front in time to take part in the field service at Nashville, and he was forever separated from the bulk of the army of the Tennessee that had swept through Georgia and the Carolinas, until it had forced the surrender of General Joe Johnson, and finally participated in the grand review at Washington. The spring of 1865 witnessed the final collapse of the great rebellion. The surrender of Lee at Appomattox preceded but a short time that

of Johnson, and during the summer the last organized forces of the Confederates under General E. Kirby Smith in Texas, lowered the flag they had so gallantly defended during four years of most terrific warfare. On the 22d of August, 1865, General Smith was relieved from the command of the post and district of Mobile. General Canby on a subsequent occasion bore the following testimony to his services in that theatre of war:

“ HDQTRS. DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,  
“ WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7, 1867.

“ Brevt. Major-Gen. T. Kilby Smith reported to me for duty just prior to the commencement of the Mobile campaign in the spring of 1865, and was assigned to one of the most important commands of that campaign, that of the district of South Alabama, including the large depots at the mouth of Mobile Bay. The duties of this command involved executive and administrative abilities of a high order. These duties were intelligently and efficiently performed and were of the greatest importance to the success of the campaign. After the fall of Mobile, General Smith was transferred to that city, and in addition to his military duties was charged with the supervision of the civil administration of that city and district. These quasi-civil duties were performed with discretion and judgment, and the peace and quiet of the city was preserved through two or three periods of excitement that threatened to result in disorder. General Smith's official and personal conduct during the period of his connection with my command was fully approved.

“ ED. R. S. CANBY,  
“ Brig.-Gen. and Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army.”

On the 13th of March, 1865, as has been hitherto mentioned, General Smith received the brevet of Major-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious services during the war, and with this rank, after a leave of absence until January 15, 1866, he was honorably mustered out of the service of the United States. It had been his ambition to continue in the military profession. His habit of mind fitted him peculiarly for the duties of a soldier and he had won the right to

wear the livery of the Government during the remainder of his life. This, however, was not to be. In the autumn of 1865 he had moved his family from Ohio to Torresdale, one of the most beautiful of the suburbs of Philadelphia, in order to place his daughters at the convent of the Sacred Heart to be educated, and his sons at school in the city. Although in feeble health, his spirits were still high ; and he felt certain that his services during the war had entitled him to consideration at the hands of the Government. Meantime he sought relaxation, and in company with General Sherman he made an extensive tour through New England and Canada. Wherever the party stopped it was received with unbounded enthusiasm. While in New England they visited the historic Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire, and that institution conferred honorary degrees on several of the soldiers, who with Sherman had illustrated the service. That of Master of Arts was conferred upon General Smith, a distinction that he very highly appreciated. Although not a college graduate, he was a fine scholar in the English classics, with some knowledge of French and of Latin. Reproach has been cast upon some collegiate institutions for the freedom with which they are wont to lavish the degrees they are entitled to confer ; but in this case the honor fell upon one who could bear with dignity and pride the title of Master of the liberal arts. On the recommendation of General Sherman he filed his application for a commission in the regular army, and it was thought by his friends that the rank of colonel might have been bestowed upon him with entire propriety. His application, however, did not meet with favor, and it became necessary for him to turn his eyes in another direction. The delegation from the State of Ohio in Congress without exception recommended his name to the President for appointment in the civil service and finally he was persuaded against his better judgment to take the post of Consul of the United States at Panama. He had been confirmed for this appointment by the Senate, when his name was sent in to that body for the consulship at Havana, but owing to some misunderstanding and probably to the personal wish of Secretary Seward, who looked upon

the consulship at Panama as being one of the most important, in view of the projected canal across the Isthmus, it was settled that he should keep that post. During the remainder of the administration of President Johnson, whose policy towards the reconstruction of the Southern States General Smith heartily supported, he held this position, but was compelled by the severe trials of the climate acting upon his constitution, already so much shattered, to absent himself frequently from his post. While in this position he made a trip to California. A number of questions of importance to the interests of the United States arose during his administration of the consulship, which were handled by him with good judgment and to the satisfaction of the government. In politics General Smith was an ardent Democrat, and as such he was a strenuous advocate of the nomination of General Hancock for the presidency during the campaign of 1868. With many of his old comrades he organized a convention of soldiers and sailors in the city of New York during the meeting of the National Democratic Convention, and sought by every honorable means to influence that body to nominate Hancock, but as will be remembered, the movement was a failure, and Horatio Seymour was selected to make a hopeless contest against General Grant. General Smith's personal relations with General Grant had been most intimate during his western campaigns with that soldier, and nothing had occurred to occasion any personal differences between them. But on General Grant's accession to office, the policy of his administration caused him to make many changes in the personnel of the diplomatic and consular officers, and among the first to be recalled from his post was General Smith.

A short time after his return from Panama, General Smith was called upon to bear the heaviest domestic loss that had befallen him. Less than a year before, his second daughter, a young girl of unusual beauty and charming character, had met her death by a sad accident. General Smith and his family had by no means recovered from the shock of this sorrow, when they were called upon to mourn the loss of his mother, who died on the 22d day of April,

1869. This event, although it might have been expected ere long in the course of nature, was in itself a severe blow, because it too was the result of accidental circumstances. At the time of her death Mrs. Smith was in the seventieth year of her age. Reference has been made to her untiring efforts in behalf of her son's advancement in the military profession. She had never been separated from him for any length of time, excepting during his field service, and the influence of her strong character was felt by him during his career. She was but twenty years his senior, and as he was her eldest son there had always existed a congeniality of temperament and a closeness of companionship not often to be seen even between parents and children of the most affectionate natures. The character and life of Mrs. Smith are well worthy of a separate memoir. She was on both sides of her family of pure English blood. From father to son her progenitors had been prominent from the early colonization of New England, for the most part as divines, but some of them had illustrated the profession of the law, some had been in mercantile life, and indeed, through her family connections she was related to many of the most notable of New England people. The family of Walter in the male line became extinct many years ago. The descendants on the female side, however, have a large representation. The father of Mrs. Smith, Mr. William Walter, was a very successful merchant, in the old-time meaning of the term, and sent his vessels from Boston to various parts of the globe. Mr. Walter died at the comparatively early age of forty, leaving a large family of little children, who had already lost their mother, to the care of an uncle under whose direction they grew up. Eliza Bicker, the second daughter, became the wife of Captain George Smith, one of her father's master mariners. As has been said hitherto, they were married at Christ Church, Boston, by the Rev. Asa Eaton, on the 31st day of January, 1817. Captain Smith was eighteen years his wife's senior, but it may well be believed from his bearing and accomplishments that he had a most engaging personality. Mrs. Smith became the mother of ten children, five of whom

survived. She experienced many of the vicissitudes that have fallen to the lot of American families, both gentle and simple, in moving from an old and settled community to the new West. She had to contend with an infirmity of lameness from an injury contracted during her young womanhood, but so brave and cheerful was her spirit, so indomitable her energy, that she quailed under no trials, but bore her part with unfailing bravery. Gifted with a strong and vigorous mind, she was proficient in English literature, and whether with her pen or in conversation possessed a style both winning and perspicuous. She numbered among her friends and correspondents many distinguished men and women; and had it been her fate to have lived in an atmosphere more fitted to her temperament, she would have been still more widely known for her remarkable personality.

The years that followed until 1880, were spent by General Smith in almost complete retirement, and unmarked by events of special interest, excepting such as concerned his domestic relations. Attached to the modest home to which he had moved his family was a small garden, and there in such intervals of health and strength as were permitted him, he devoted his attention to the cultivation of the earth. He had always been extremely fond of this pursuit, for which he possessed undoubted talents. As old age prematurely came upon him, he found some solace for the trials and disappointments of life in his works of horticulture and gardening. He kept a keen eye upon public events, however, and corresponded from time to time with his old comrades and other friends. Acting upon the suggestion of the late David Paul Brown, of the Philadelphia Bar, he thought at one time of endeavoring to begin again as a lawyer, and in that city. Accordingly on Mr. Brown's motion, he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 14th day of January, 1871. On that occasion he was enabled to present to the Court, through Mr. Brown, complimentary letters from Chief Justice Chase, his old preceptor in the law, and from the venerable Judge Bellamy Storer, before whom he had practised in the courts of Hamilton

County, Ohio. General Smith did not open an office in Philadelphia, however, and beyond a few winters in Washington, when he transacted some business before the departments and in the Court of Claims, he did not take advantage of his legal privileges. One of his greatest pleasures was in his association with the veteran soldiers who formed the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. He was honored with the post of Junior Vice-Commander of the Commandery of Pennsylvania, and thereby became at all times a member of the governing body of the order, the Commandery-in-Chief. Whenever he could do so, he would attend the meetings, and always had a ready sympathy for soldiers of either army. He was strongly impressed with the view that the war for the Union was a contest for the maintenance of the Constitution in all its integrity. While heartily in favor of the abolition of slavery, he constantly regretted the strife and turmoil that followed the attempt to enforce the reconstruction acts, and bemoaned still more the evils and evil tendencies of our civilization. Disappointed but too frequently in the course adopted by his own political party, he found nothing congenial in the principles of the organization to which he had been so long in opposition.

In 1880 he emerged from seclusion to give his aid in the canvass of General Hancock, who had received the nomination of the Democratic party for the presidency. Prior to this event, General Grant had returned from his triumphal journey around the world. Although many years have elapsed, the memory of that wonderful progress must still be fresh in the minds of all who followed it from nation to nation ; from the West to the extreme limits of the East, a plain American citizen had been received with an acclaim never rendered but to the greatest of men. At the termination of his journey, when he landed on the American continent, great cities vied with each other in the honors they paid him. In the city of Chicago a special effort was made by the surviving officers of the Armies of the Tennessee and the Cumberland, to meet again their old commander, and impelled by this feeling, General Smith made the journey to that city. No such gathering of officers of the war has taken place since that



memorable day, and it was a fitting climax to the progress of the great American soldier through his own country. Although political lines separated many of those who gathered then and afterwards to pay tribute to Grant, the hold he had upon their admiration and affection as a soldier never failed. When the great general reached the city of Philadelphia he was worthily entertained, and graceful recognition was paid to General Smith's military association with him by an invitation to participate in the ceremonies as a guest of the city.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> After the death of General Grant in 1885, General Smith was one of a Committee to prepare the usual circular upon the death of a companion by the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. His view of the character of the great Union soldier appears in the following tribute :

"Circular No. 15. }  
 "Series of 1885. }  
 "Whole No. 36. }

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY ORDER OF THE  
 "LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
 "PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, Oct. 7, 1885.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.—Cadet U. S. Military Academy, July 1, 1839; Brevet Second Lieutenant 4th U. S. Infantry, July 1, 1843; Second Lieutenant, September 30, 1845; First Lieutenant, September 16, 1847; Captain, August 5, 1853; resigned, honorably discharged, July 31, 1854.

"Brevetted First Lieutenant U. S. Army, September 8, 1847, 'for gallant conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, Mexico.' Captain, September 13, 1847, 'for gallant conduct at Chapultepec, Mexico.'

"Colonel 21st Illinois Infantry, June 17, 1861; Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, August 9, 1861, to rank from May 17, 1861; Major-General U. S. Volunteers, February 16, 1862; Major-General U. S. Army, July 4, 1863; Lieutenant-General, March 2, 1864; General, July 25, 1866; vacated commission, March 4, 1869, being inaugurated President of the United States.

"General U. S. Army (retired), March 3, 1885.

"Elected in Commandery of Illinois, December 3, 1879. Insignia No. 2006.

"Transferred to Commandery of New York, May 2, 1883.

"Commander Commandery of New York, May 7, 1884.

"Born, April 27, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

"Died July 23, 1885, at Mt. McGregor, New York.

"WHEREAS, The closing of the earthly career of the foremost

The defeat of General Hancock marked the close of any active participation by General Smith in political affairs. It was an event that he greatly deplored, as his personal relations with that superb soldier had been intimate, and he had for years endeavored to compass his nomination. Although not in certain health, General Smith had periods of considerable activity. His greatest pleasure and hope, as his life drew towards a close, was in watching the development of the careers of his children. He had the satisfaction of seeing one of his sons come to the Bar, and another to be ordained to the priesthood ; while a third was beginning a career of usefulness as an architect, and two younger sons

soldier and the first citizen of the American Republic is an epoch-line in the nation's history, that event renders eminently fitting a formal expression of the heart-promptings of the united membership of the Acting Commandery-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, with its clustered associations of the army and navy, by means of which that great commander won his triumphs, and compassed his chief life-work ; therefore,

*"Resolved, That, in the history of the United States during the past quarter of a century, we recognize as a central figure, in the field of arms, in the councils of state, and in the representative character of an American citizen at home and abroad, General Ulysses S. Grant : a soldier who led the armed forces of his government to final victory over the greatest rebellion which was ever subdued among men ; a Chief Magistrate who, during eight eventful years, was at the head of the national administration of the country thus saved ; a private citizen who received unparalleled honors from rulers and ruled, the world around ; and we realize that by his brilliant record and high attainment the glories of the American name have received new lustre and wider recognition, and there has been given added cause for gratitude and rejoicing to every loyal citizen of the Great Republic.*

*"Resolved, That, beyond all the glory of his great achievements on the field of battle, we perceive a grander glory in his magnanimity in the hour of victory, in his wise and successful pursuit of peace by international arbitration, and in his patriotic and fraternal spirit, which at the last found its exhibition and its reflex in the loving words of mutual regard passing between him and those whom he had met in deadly conflict ; and of which the culmination was seen in a re-united nation sorrowing over his lamented loss, in the sight of a sympathetic world.*

*"Resolved, That, among the millions who truly honored and who sincerely mourn him, none can transcend, in an appreciative recogni-*

were still at school. One of his three surviving daughters had married, and after her widowhood, with his only grand-child, formed a part of his family.

After General Hancock's defeat, General Smith was induced to make a brief visit to Europe in company with his friend, the Honorable William Dorsheimer of New York. The reception he met there from those with whom he was associated—soldiers, statesmen, and diplomats,—was most distinguished. He was complimented by being the guest of the Comte de Paris, who had not then been exiled from France, at his royal Chateau d'Eu, and formed a friendship with that good soldier and historian that continued until the

tion of his work and his worth, and in an intelligent sense of personal loss in his death, those who shared with him in the battlings and endurances of his multiplied conflicts, and in the joys and rewards of his abundant success; hence it is as those who not only knew him and were dear to him, but who were, in a sense, one with him in prosperity and in adversity, that the officers and members of this Commandery express their sense of exalted regard for his matchless memory, and of reverent and tender sympathy with those to whom he was united by the closest ties of blood and of affection, and who in the truest sense are personally bereaved by his entering into rest.

“THOS. KILBY SMITH,

“Brevet Major-General U. S. V.,

“GEORGE W. MINDIL,

“Brevet Major-General U. S. V.,

“CHAS. P. HERRING,

“Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.,

“JOHN MCGOWAN,

“Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.,

“CLARKE MERCHANT,

“Lieutenant-Commander (late) U. S. N.,

“H. EARNEST GOODMAN,

“Colonel U. S. V.,

“H. CLAY TRUMBULL,

“CHAPLAIN U. S. V.,

“*Committee.*

“By command of

“Major-General WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, U. S. Army,

“Acting Commander-in-Chief.

“JOHN P. NICHOLSON,

“Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. V.,

“Official.

“*Recorder.*”

end. In 1887, William Dorsheimer, who had retired from the office of United States Attorney for New York City after a notable career in the profession of the law and as Lieutenant-Governor and Member of Congress from New York, had assumed the proprietorship and editorial management of the *New York Star*. At that time the unfinished tomb of General Grant on the Riverside Drive was appealing to the sentiments of patriotic citizens, and Governor Dorsheimer conceived the idea of raising a popular fund to pay for it. He enlisted the interest of General Smith, who went to New York in the hope of aiding his friend in that and other projects connected with his newspaper. The excitement of life in New York had always had a peculiar charm for his temperament, and now forgetful of the burden of years and infirmities, he threw himself with ardor into the work before him. During the summer and autumn of 1887, he worked with assiduity and some measure of success ; but he had forgotten his limitations. The once superb physique could not respond much longer to the demands made upon it. He was taken ill in November, and gradually declined until his death on the 14th of December. He met his end with quiet courage and dignity. The last sacraments of the Church were administered by the Rev. Father McKinnon, S.J., and after parting with his wife and some members of his family, he passed peacefully away. General Smith had become a convert to the Catholic Church in the year 1874, while making a visit to the venerable Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, a man for whose personality he always had a profound regard. He numbered among his friends many of the religious of the Church, and though the larger part of his career had been outside of her fold, his end was under her sheltering arms. General Smith's remains were brought from New York for interment in the Parish Churchyard of St. Dominic near Holmesburg, Philadelphia. His funeral was conducted with simplicity, and was attended by many of his friends and military associates. The pallbearers were Hon. William Dorsheimer, Gen. Thomas Ewing, Col. John P. Nicholson, and Dr. H. Earnest Goodman. His second son, Theodore Dehon, who had become the Rev. Father Maurice of the Passionist

Order, preached a touching discourse. In the presence of the soldiers and friends standing beside the bier, he said :

“ DEAR FRIENDS :

“ We have paid the last tribute of respect to him, whose mortal remains lie before us, whose whole life was one long act of devotion to friends. God Almighty draws the hearts of men to himself in various ways. He whom we mourn loved to look at God in Man. All his life he gave to the service of humanity. A tender father, an ardent patriot, the duties that he fulfilled superabundantly to family and country, were not sufficient to satisfy the deep craving for affection that, for so long, beat with every pulse in that fond heart now still forever. His arms reached forth to embrace all mankind. So frank, so brave, so open, so generous ! The artificial barriers that divide us children of Adam, the temporary distinction, that a wise Providence has placed between men, and also the division that has grown up as the unhappy heritage of sin and pride and discord, all these things chafed and fretted that noble spirit whose aspiration was for the perfect commune of undying fellowship, the union of comrades in heart and hand, which we trust he may enjoy in the rest of the saints. Therefore, dear friends, he loved you all—the lowest with the loftiest—and many, many, many who are here to-day in spirit with us, and who have been as true to him and to his beloved memory, as he was to those with the last breath of life he drew. May God touch us all here present, his family, his friends, his beloved companions in arms, with the spirit of absolute love which drew him at last to the hope and faith in which he died ; the hope of a blessed immortality, the faith in the Son of God who loved him and delivered himself for him and for us all. The blessings of Almighty God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon us and remain with us forever.”

The death of General Smith called forth expressions of profound regret and admiration from many sources. Those that he would have valued among the first came from his military friends. The Loyal Legion of Pennsylvania issued the following memorial :

“ MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

“ Circular No. 5.  
“ Series of 1888.  
“ Whole No. 156. }

“ HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE  
“ STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
“ PHILADELPHIA, April 3, 1888.

“ Read at Stated Meeting of the Board of Officers, April 2, 1888.

“ THOMAS KILBY SMITH.—Lieutenant-Colonel 54th Ohio Infantry September 9, 1861 ; Colonel, October 31, 1861 ; discharged for promotion, August 25, 1863.

“ Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers, August 11, 1863 ; honorably mustered out January 15, 1866.

“ Brevetted Major-General, U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, ‘ for gallant and meritorious services during the war.’

“ Elected September 19, 1866, Class I., Insignia 376.

“ Junior Vice-Commander of the Commandery, 1873-1877.

“ Born at Boston, Mass., September 23, 1820.

“ Died at New York City, December 14, 1887.

“ No fairer illustration could be found of the volunteer citizen at his best, as developed in the experiences of our civil war, than is furnished in the character and record of Brevet Major-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith. Born of a patriotic Puritan ancestry in the city of Boston, he was, by the removal of his parents while he was yet a child, brought up under the stimulating and broadening influence of that newer New England life in the earlier West, which has shown its potency in the men it has supplied as our nation’s leaders and defenders.

“ In addition to other advantages in his education, he received the basal lessons of a military training in a preparatory school conducted by Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchel ; and again, after his graduation from Woodward College, he was a favored and a favorite law student of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase. Honored with special appointments by the national administration, and by the courts of his adopted State, he

was at the outbreak of the civil war not in full political accord with the administration in power ; but his absorbing patriotism and his profound loyalty to the fundamental principles of our nationality overbore all minor considerations, and he promptly proffered his services to the government for any position in which he could be made available for its support ; and he was assigned by Governor Dennison, of Ohio, to the command of a regiment of infantry.

“ Reporting in February, 1862, to Gen. William T. Sherman, at Paducah, Kentucky, he was at once under the best conceivable conditions for efficient training in his new profession, and for the intelligent recognition of his services by his superiors. During the important battle of Shiloh he was suddenly called to the command of his brigade by the wounding of its commander, and in that position he bore himself with conspicuous gallantry. General Sherman says of him in this emergency, ‘ He was at that time comparatively young, very handsome, and unusually well posted in his profession.’ Referring to his return with his brigade under a heavy fire from the enemy, General Sherman adds : ‘ As General Smith rode at the head of his men I thought I never saw more handsome conduct under fire.’

“ Steadily gaining in the knowledge of his profession and in the confidence of his superiors, he was much in severe service after this vigorous beginning at Shiloh. He was in the siege of Corinth, and he bore an active part in Sherman’s co-operative movements at Vicksburg, having command of a brigade in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, and participating in engagements at Arkansas Post, Rolling Fork, Haines Bluff, Baker’s Creek, Big Black River, and in two direct assaults on Vicksburg before settling down to the siege of that stronghold.

“ By special assignment he was for some months on the staff of General Grant ; and he was entrusted with various difficult and delicate commissions in the line of bearing despatches between General Grant and General Banks, and in flag of truce communications with the Confederate authorities on the subject of the treatment of colored soldiers. He was also at the head of an important court of inquiry at

Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, and again he had a part in the battle at that point. He accompanied General Grant as his acting chief of staff on an official examination of the positions and forces in the Army of the Tennessee, then commanded by Gen. James B. McPherson. He was in active field service at Natchez, and on the Black and Yazoo Rivers, until February, 1864, when he moved with General Sherman to Meridian, Mississippi, and had a part in the second battle of Champion Hills. In March, 1864, he was assigned to a part in the Red River expedition, in Louisiana ; and in that campaign he did important and brilliant service,—first in the capture of Fort De Russy, and afterwards in the preservation of Admiral Porter's fleet, and of the heavily laden transports which it convoyed, at a time when a greatly superior force 'came in,' as Admiral Porter expresses it, 'certain of victory.'

"After his part in the Red River expedition, General Smith was on sick leave for some time ; although for two years after his entering service he neither applied for nor received a leave of absence either longer or shorter, nor was he ever off duty in that period, not seeing his wife or children meanwhile. In January, 1865, he was in command of a division of detachments of the Army of the Tennessee. He was a valued and important witness before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and it was said of him there that he was a notable instance of a general officer having no personal grievance to lay bare. Later he was in command of the District of Southern Alabama and Florida, and again of the District and Post of Mobile. Finally, in January, 1866, after more than four years of arduous and responsible service, he was honorably mustered out as Brevet Major-General U. S. Volunteers.

"As an evidence of the high esteem in which General Smith was held for his personal worth and for his military services by those who were in every way qualified to judge him fairly, it is a noteworthy fact, that both Generals Sherman and Grant repeatedly recommended his promotion as a brigadier-general before it was finally accorded to him by President Lincoln in August, 1863 ; and that they wrote of



him to others in terms of exceptional commendation. In February, 1863, General Sherman wrote of him, ' His record is perfect, his habits excellent, his endurance wonderful, his bravery a little rash, his judgment good, and all he wants is hard study of books and men ; I mean of course military text-books and the men who compose large armies. He has commanded a brigade, and now commands one, and naturally should be commissioned as a brigadier.' In recommending his promotion in March, 1863, General Grant said, ' His advancement has been won upon the field of battle and in camp in disciplining his men. Promotion on Colonel Smith would be most worthily bestowed, and would not fall on one with whom the question would become, " What will you do with him ? " ' Yet later, in writing to General Smith's mother after her son's promotion, General Grant said, ' I congratulate you upon his promotion, you will believe me when I say sincerely ; because it was upon my recommendation that he has been promoted. I do not know that Colonel Smith was aware of my having recommended him. At all events I did not tell him so.' And General Grant added that he was ' sincerely the friend ' of General Smith, ' with whom ' he had now ' become intimately acquainted,' and ' acquaintance with him only ripens into friendship.'

" The later years of General Smith's life were passed in the quiet of a home life, in marked contrast with the stirring scenes in which he bore so prominent a part in the days of his military service. But it was a life which illustrated in its unselfish regard for the dear ones of his family, and in the courtliness and dignity of his personal bearing, the very qualities which had evidenced themselves in his devotion to his country, in his considerate regard for the men of his command, and in his personal absorption in his military duties in their time and place, when his soldier life was his only life. ' Sometimes,' he said of these quiet later years, ' in my solitude I have fancied myself quite forgotten, and have looked back upon the conflict, when I was a man among men, almost as a dream of the night.' Yet that that seeming dream of night was a reality of realities in his existence was manifest in his face and form and manner at all

times. In view of the strength of his army impressions, and of the contrast to them which the occupations of his later years supplied, General Smith's love for the Loyal Legion and for the companionships and associations which it continued, to him was peculiarly tender and hearty. In speaking of this fact, he said, 'I find my home, my heart, my treasure, in that band of companions who have given me countenance, comfort, the sweet savor of companionship, when I had nowhere else beyond the limits of my own threshold to go.'

"And so it is that our lamented companion, Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith illustrated the choicest characteristics, and was one of the best representatives of the membership of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion; and that he is sure of being held in special honor and in loving remembrance by his companions to that organization,—both for what he had done and for what he was.

"H. CLAY TRUMBULL,

"Chaplain 10th Conn. Infantry.

"H. EARNEST GOODMAN,

"Colonel U. S. Vols.

"W. H. H. DAVIS,

"Brevet Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.

"Committee.

"By command of

"Brevet Major.-Gen. D. McM. GREGG, U. S. V.,

"Commander.

"JOHN P. NICHOLSON, Brevet Lieut.-Col., U. S. V.,

"Recorder.

"Official :

"Recorder."

The Ohio Society of New York, adopted the following minute :

"The Ohio Society of New York learn with great sorrow of the sudden death in this city on the morning of the 14th inst., of our distinguished friend and fellow member, Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith. His warm, generous nature, his

splendid manhood, his patriotism and bravery and soldierly qualities so markedly manifest in the late War of the Rebellion, commands our profoundest respect and our highest admiration.

“ The Committee respectfully recommend the appointment of the following members to attend the funeral of our lamented friend and to convey to the bereaved family the warmest sympathies of this society : Gen. Thomas Ewing, Gen. Benjamin Le Fevre, and George W. McGill.

“ C. W. MOULTON,

“ WARREN HIGLEY,

“ GEO. B. HIBBARD,

“ Committee.”

General Sherman paid his personal tribute at a meeting of the latter society, in these characteristic words :

“ I am very willing to testify to the character of your late esteemed member. I first met him at Paducah, where he reported to me with the 54th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, of which he was colonel. He was at that time comparatively young, very handsome, and unusually well posted in his profession. Where he got this knowledge of military tactics and science I do not know. His regiment then wore the zouave uniform, which he afterwards had the good sense to drop.

“ He was with me throughout the following campaigns. Our operations on the Tennessee River have already been well chronicled. On the first day at Shiloh, Smith was with Stuart, guarding the ford at Lick Creek. His command was driven back always fighting obstinately. The next morning they came back to me on the extreme right under a heavy fire. As General Smith rode at the head of his men, I thought I never had seen more handsome conduct under fire. This was on the 7th of April, 1862.

“ After being with me through the entire siege of Vicksburg, the march on Meridian, and the whole campaign, General Smith passed out of the range of my personal observation, but I have corresponded with him ever since. He was genial, kindly, of good character, and entitled to our

entire respect—a good soldier and an admirable citizen. We all regard him with unusual affection.”

Notwithstanding a state of invalidism that became settled from a date long preceding the close of the war, the ardent, sanguine temperament of General Smith, and his unusually handsome presence made it difficult for his family and friends to realize even at the last that he had become an old man. He had the rare faculty of making friends with the young, so that, as the men of his own generation passed away, he found consolation among those who came after them. The impression he made upon his intimate associates is well shown by the tribute of Mr. Dorsheimer, who followed him so soon to the grave. In the editorial announcing his death, occurs this passage : “ It is not easy to describe a character so made up of gentle and noble qualities. We prefer to think of him as a soldier, a name that befits him best. For he was brave, generous, open-hearted, yet reticent and self-restrained. He had the pride that goes with valor, and a steadfast devotion to the cause he had espoused and to the men who trusted him. There never was a man more faithful to his country and to duty.”

He was called upon to bear much sorrow and many disappointments, yet he maintained himself with a quiet philosophy in the face of danger that never forsook him.

He loved nature in all her manifestations, and was never happier than when, in field or forest, he could renew the inspirations of his early manhood. To watch the flight of birds, to listen to their songs, to study the intelligence of animals, to steep his very being in God’s beautiful creation, was to him an unceasing joy.

His virtues and his faults were those of a character formed for lofty activities. Where he failed, it was from overwhelming difficulties ; and to the last his aims were always for the first rank.

Let this imperfect memoir close with a daughter’s tribute—the evidence of a love no martial victories could win.

"O Lord, Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast overshadowed my head in the day of battle."—Ps. cxxxix., 8.

We tread the fair home fields, the sunny slopes,  
Just as of old ;  
While in our hearts the dear God-given hopes  
Spring manifold.

Yet are we mourners, for our eyes have seen  
The face of Death ;  
We late have wept with bitter grief and keen  
The passing breath.

"O Spare him, Lord," we cried, "in mercy spare,  
For we are weak ;  
And we so love the brow, the silver hair,  
The furrowed cheek."

We have so loved him, he the chiefest pride,  
The living light  
Of our glad home :—now, all our joy beside  
Is lost in night.

The tender father and the honored friend—  
The soldier brave—  
The wise commander, fearless to the end,  
Lies in his grave.

Not on the battlefield, and not in strife,  
Closed that firm eye ;  
No guilty foeman took his noble life,  
Nor saw him die.

Yet died he soldierly, and, calm at last,  
He bore his part ;  
Brave unto death, as brave in battles past,  
Was that great heart.

Still falls the sunlight, still the earth is gay—  
The sky is blue ;  
O happy world ! Come mourn for him to-day  
Who laughed with you.

Come mourn for him ; 't is now that tears should fall  
And pleasures cease ;  
While sorrow-stricken hearts to heaven call,  
For light and peace.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

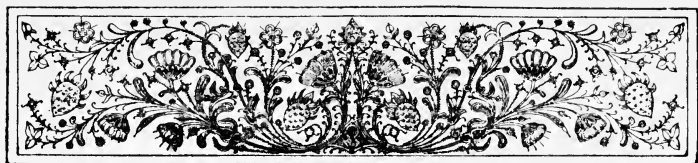


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Yours Sincerely  
Elizabeth B. Smith





## LETTERS

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CINCINNATI, Feb. 13, 1852.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I had the honor, for such I suppose it must be called, of a private introduction to Kossuth last evening at his apartments at the Burnett House. His room of reception was fitted up in gorgeous style. I was ushered in through a line of guards, composed of Hungarians in rich apparel who keep wait in his anteroom after the manner and style of lords in waiting in foreign courts. Part of them are guards from the Hungarian army, and all are armed—for it is reported that he dreads assassination. We were received at his door by Madame Kossuth, who withdrew after the ceremony of introduction. She was richly but plainly dressed. A woman of commanding appearance with an exceedingly brilliant eye, not beautiful, and wearing in her countenance the traces of grief and habitual chagrin. My glance at her was hasty. The likeness of the public print of her is obvious. Kossuth received our party of three persons standing at the further corner of the apartment, polite, affable, choice in his language, though with a broken and confused enunciation, difficult at first to understand. He was elegantly dressed in velvet, and smoking a cigar—his constant habit. He is receiving in regal state the adulation of the American public, who cringe to him and bow to him as the subjects of a despot. . . .

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1853.

Tell my dear mother, though of course she reads all my letters, how very happy her letters make me. I have but a

short time since wakened from a dream, with her soft hand clasped in mine. I had dreamed I was in the old house with father, dogs, and all about me ; that we had walked to the garden, he on one side, she on the other, and that there we stood together, talked and planned ; and the young vines just planted were springing at our feet, and the grass and clover so fresh and green, all so vivid, so real, his eye upon me with that proud fond look full of confidence and love, that when I woke I found it hard to realize it was but the recollection of the past embodied in a dream. He always comes to me in my sleep, and if there is truth in the spirit theory is with me by night and by day. Nobody has ever loved me as he did, and he loved none as he loved me. I am always a child when I think of him ; the past seems my real, the present a dream. My dear mother is the only one who can sympathize with my present state of feeling. As she reads what I now write, she too will think of some bright moments in all that dark past, green isles in the vast dead sea of trouble, and as she thinks of the curly headed child, the earnest boy, they both were so proud of, a tear will dim her eye, she will forget the man who writes, memories like the rush of water will overflow her whole heart and she will yearn, as I do till, it almost breaks.

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1853.

. . . . .

In respect of my promotion, I have only to say that on the first of July I was appointed to a very honorable position in what is called the First Division of the Appointment Bureau in the Post Office Department—a place which gives me control of the appointments in Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and that my salary will be \$1500 per annum.

. . . . .

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1854.

. . . . .

The Capitol grounds are very beautiful. The grass, to-day and yesterday, was freshly mown and now looks like velvet. All sorts of flowers are blooming, the trees are in a

fresh livery of green, and countless birds are singing in their branches. "The time of the singing birds has come." . . .

You will notice by the papers I forward to you by this day's mail that yesterday I had the honor of being admitted to the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1854.

Your friend Mr. Stanton has been in the city some time, has called once or twice at the house, and will dine with me to-morrow. He has very much changed for the better. I never saw him look so well. He has achieved great reputation in the Supreme Court.

CINCINNATI, May 12, 1861.

There are fifteen thousand troops encamped near the city with more pouring in, provisions have risen above New York prices. The whole city is up in arms and all business, save in the supply shops, has ceased. The courts have virtually adjourned. The embargo upon the exportation of our great staple, pork, has ruined thousands. The steamboat interest is at an end. God knows what the result will be.

WASHINGTON, July 20, 1861.

The city is in great excitement and filled with rumors from the seat of war. We have nothing yet however that is at all reliable. I suppose there will be some fighting to-day or to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1861.

As you will probably have seen by the papers, before you receive this letter, there has been a terrible battle fought at "Manassas Gap," about twenty-six miles from here, and as you may not have seen, our army, at least the right wing, has been badly whipped. The city is in great excitement,

the streets filled with flying soldiers, disbanded, disorganized, without officers and without a rallying point. Up to five o'clock our men behaved well and victory was apparently with the U. S. troops, but at that time a large number of them became panic stricken by the appearance of a body of rebel cavalry and took flight, which became a general stampede. A member of Congress, Mr. Blake, who was witness of the engagement, has told me all about it. He says when the rout commenced that the behavior of our men was perfectly sickening. That they threw away their muskets and haversacks and fled like frightened sheep. Teamsters cut their horses loose from their wagons and left their baggage and stores of all kinds scattered upon the road, which was strewn for miles with guns, pistols, ammunition, rice, sugar, flour, horse-feed, blankets, everything, in short, that goes to make up the impedimenta of an army, while broken and overturned wagons and carriages (for an immense number of citizens went out to witness what they called the races, expecting to see the rebel forces flee), the shrieks of the wounded, and the pitiful moaning of those too tired to make headway and who were trampled upon by the stronger who came after, conspired to make an hideous ending of the day. The enemy in pursuit did not hesitate to bayonet or shoot any of the wounded found by the wayside. They propose no quarter. The dead and wounded are being brought in by hundreds. All day ambulances are passing my window on their way to the hospital freighted with their ghastly loads. A mother, Mrs. McCook, living next door, has just received the dead body of her son borne from the battlefield in the arms of his father, who brings the news that another son has been killed in the same engagement. They had eight sons and four nephews all in the service. Many people here are frantic in the apprehension that Washington will be taken. Beauregard has an hundred thousand troops now concentrated under his command, well disciplined, well fed, and flushed with victory. He may press his present successes.

Great complaint is made of General Scott ; this as a matter of course ; if our army had been victorious, great praise

had been awarded him, for it is only success in arms that meets applause ; nevertheless, I am forced to the opinion that our army was in no condition for a great battle. We lack officers of accomplishment in the profession, and in whom our men can repose confidence in the hour of danger and trial. There was no such thing as discipline or obedience to orders yesterday, particularly at such times when obedience was most necessary. Indeed I have heard to-day of a colonel who all day long was countermanding his general's orders, and who boasted that his men would obey him sooner than their general. Consequently, there was no turning the tide when flight commenced, the men were without confidence in their officers, who, finding their orders unavailing, fled side by side with them, and the only cry was "Sauve qui peut" and "the Devil take the hindermost." General Schenck and his aides are in town, but I have not been able to find Donn. I understand he is safe and shall endeavor to see him this evening. I tried very hard yesterday to get out to the battlefield, but though a member of Congress gave me a pass he had got for himself from General Scott, I failed to procure any kind of a conveyance and it was too far to walk. We have had a drenching rain all day which makes it still harder for the men to rally.

. . . . .

WASHINGTON, July 24, 1861.

. . . . .

I spent last evening with Mr. Chase and his daughter. They had a large number of wounded and tired soldiers sleeping in the house and had fed more than a hundred during the day. They were all low-spirited at the ill-success of our arms. I met there Bishop McIlvaine, Mr. Horton of Ohio, and Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, who led his troops in the engagement of Sunday, and who, from appearances is, I judge, the accepted suitor of Miss Katie.

. . . . .

Meanwhile, I am forced to the conclusion that the administration as a whole is weak and that it has undertaken a contract too heavy to carry out. The South is not composed

of cowards or fools or men without money or means, and the North will find before they get through that they are not so easily conquered as they had supposed. However I will not discuss politics with you on paper.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1861.

I can imagine you to have very many inconveniences to put up with as you are now placed, but you must remember it is only for a season, that better times are in store for us, and that above all we now are at war and suffering all its horrors. Contrast your and your children's condition with that of those who are upon or near the battlefields or on the line of march of the armies or near their various encampments. You read of these things in the newspapers and your blood thrills with horror, but the reading is nothing to witnessing with your own senses the present results of this sickening fratricidal strife. The scenes I will not pretend to write about are continually before my eyes and I continually thank God that you and the children are in what I consider a place of refuge.

WASHINGTON, August 1, 1861.

You speak of Grandma's having been much affected by the account I gave of the bringing home of the body of young McCook by his father to the house adjoining that in which I live. It is only one of the thousand horrors, I have been almost an eye witness of, but as this one seems to have been of peculiar interest to you, I give for Grandma's ear a detail of the circumstances as given me by one who saw them. Shortly after the main body of the army was in retreat, a charge was made by the enemy's cavalry upon the hospital grounds at Elgin's Ford, and those around the well who were procuring water to carry to the wounded. At this time, Charles McCook, only seventeen years of age, of Company F, 2d Regiment Ohio Volunteers, the youngest son in

the army of Judge Daniel McCook, was also at the well when his return to his regiment was cut off by a section of the cavalry. He retreated along a line of fence and discharged his musket, killing one of the enemy. He then entered an open field and was attacked by a leader of the troop, who had been attracted to him by his fatal shot, and commanded to surrender. He replied, "No, never; never to a rebel." He manfully kept the trooper off with his bayonet, his gun being empty. The rebel not being able to make him prisoner, took a course around him and shot him in the back; then approaching the wounded boy, he cried, "Now, damn you, will you surrender?" He replied, "No, never, no, no, never." The father of young McCook, who with another gallant son, Edwin S. McCook, had been busy all day carrying the wounded from the battlefield to the hospital, discovering the perilous situation of his brave son, called out, "Young man, surrender." He answered, "No, never, never." The trooper then began striking him with the flat of his sword over the shoulders saying at the same time he would pierce him through. His father seeing that his boy was wounded insisted upon his surrendering as he had done all that a soldier should do. The noble boy, bleeding, unarmed, and almost helpless, then surrendered. His father then approached the commander and asked for the prisoner to place him in the hospital, offering to hold himself responsible for his safety as a prisoner of war, when the villain replied, "Damn your responsibility, I know you." After some words, the wounded prisoner was reluctantly handed over to be taken to the hospital. The trooper then dashed around the hospital to assist in taking off Lieutenant Wilson, of the 2d New York Regiment, who was then in the hands of a horseman. This dragoon was shot by a stray ball as the trooper came up, and Lieutenant Wilson, finding himself free from his captor, drew his revolver and shot his pursuer in the neck, killing him instantly.

The above is only one of many instances of individual bravery and of the bitter, terrible animosity that exists between the opposing forces. And yet this is only the beginning of what I feel confident will be a long and bloody war.

Now, my dear wife, I want you to be of good heart. I feel as if I ought to stay here a little longer and leave no stone unturned in the procurement of some place of some kind under the government. It is the only chance in these war times. I am sure you would not be content for me to rest in peace, supine and idle, while others are gathering laurels and winning fame.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP DENNISON,

Sept. 12, 1861.

As you will have seen in the papers "I have gone and done it." Now keep a stiff upper lip and sustain and cheer me all you can, and by being cheerful yourself keep me in good spirits. I have an arduous and responsible duty to perform, but by God's help hope to get through with honor to myself. Have been full of business and should have written to you yesterday, my first day in camp, which was wet and muddy enough, I assure you. We shall be here for some weeks. It will take at least four weeks I think to organize my regiment.

Direct "Lieut.-Col. Thos. Kilby Smith, Commanding 54th Regt., Camp Dennison. The weather to-day is very fine, the camp drying up very fast.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,

Sept. 23, 1861.

You have now two great causes of anxiety, your grandfather and your husband. His life or death you cannot in any wise control but must accept the dispensation of Providence. For me have no fear, lay aside all anxiety. Life with me has been a battle from my youth. I am familiar with and almost rejoice at the conflict. I have been preserved from terrible dangers that have beset my pathway. My life has many a time been not worth a straw. I have passed through flood and field. Have felt the knife of the assassin and almost the ball of the would-be murderer, and



yet I am alive now for some end. No battle, no exposure, no responsibility can be put upon me now greater than what I have passed through. I may fail and I may fall, but I have full faith that there is an end to be accomplished by me. Therefore you should have no fear for me now that you had not before the war began, and the same faith that the good God will preserve me in the field or on the war-path, who had me in his holy keeping when far below the surface of the briny deep. I know this is poor consolation to offer to a lonely wife, fainting and feeble and sore beset by troubles, but it is consolation, nevertheless, if you give it due consideration.

. . . . .  
HEADQUARTERS 54th REGT., O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP DENNISON, OHIO, October 6, 1861.  
. . . . .

I do not know, and can scarcely form a conjecture, as to what service my command will be in or as to where I shall be ordered when the regiment is ready for the field. I am now waiting for an equipment and arms. Shall very soon have men enough and am anxious for marching orders to any point away from Camp Dennison. I have been made commandant of the post and have now under my command, not only my own regiment but four others, with artillerists, besides the control of the post hospital, and no small care in itself, as you will imagine when I tell you we had two deaths last night, and have buried twenty-five men since I have been here. If I only had subordinate officers upon whom I could rely these responsibilities would only stimulate me to a pleasant excitement. Indeed I feel always a pleasurable thrill when real earnest work is before me—work that is befitting a man. I have reason to believe that I am popular with the command, that for the most part my men all like me ; which is a great point gained in the army. Yet I have been pressed with many and grave obstacles, wholly unforeseen and unprovided for, that perhaps hereafter I shall have an opportunity to explain to you. You may be surprised

not to see my name or my regiment mentioned in what is called the Military Column of the newspapers. I have sedulously from the first endeavored to keep away from stupid newspaper puffery or notice. Time, and my own merits, if I have any, will show whether I have judgment and military skill enough to organize, prepare, and drill a regiment for the field and make it serviceable after I get the men into active service, and meanwhile it is worse than absurd to attempt by monied influences or otherwise the manufacture of a fictitious fame.

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REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS 54TH R. O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP DENNISON, OHIO, NOV. 1, 1861.  
. . . . .

Stephen<sup>1</sup> is to the fore and doing well. He plays many parts, hostler, body servant, cook, groom, laundress, seamstress, secretary, steward, and boy about the tent, and has taken to soldiering with such a vim that half the time when I want him I find him standing on his head with a musket between his teeth, swallowing a sword or plunging a bayonet into a zouave. He carries arms openly and above board to his great delight, the only drawback to his perfect happiness being the disability in the way of uniform—an officer's, of course—for he has an unearthly, morbid, and uncontrollable contempt for a private soldier, whom he looks upon as little better than a dog.

I have just received a letter from the Adjutant-General notifying me that the Governor of Ohio has promoted me to the colonelcy, so I suppose I am a step higher in the estimation of somebody. One thing is certain, my boys and I have got as bloody a set of preaching, praying, stealing, fighting, riproaring zouaves as the war turns out. . . . You would laugh sometimes if you were here to listen to the rascals yelling . . . for the "old Colonel," as they call me.

. . . . .  
<sup>1</sup> His body servant.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP DENNISON, OHIO, Dec. 14, 1861.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

. . . . .

It will not be so difficult for me to get my regiment into the field as you imagine, after they shall be in readiness to go, which I suppose will be the case in a few days. It is not to be regretted that we have not been upon the march before as we should not have been in active service, but merely passed from one camp to another with the merest skirmishing to amuse us ; meanwhile it will be the better drilled.

Your political views are as usual sound, but I much believe there will be warm work in the South and in Kentucky. The blood of our people is fairly up and neither side will be satisfied without a battle. However all this is in the future and gives me no concern. My only anxiety now is to get my men in marching trim and march and keep on marching for the balance of my days.

I reckon the sword will come from Boston in due season. William Dehon wrote me that one was ordered and would be forwarded to me sometime in December.

. . . . .

We too have lovely weather, balmy as the first of June, and oh, mother, as I look out in the early morning or stand alone at sunset upon some hillside, I too miss the gentle smile, the faded form ; everything is here to remind me of him.<sup>1</sup> I dare not write of him. I loved him very dearly, more than I have loved anybody in the world, I believe, except perhaps you. I am sure I loved him much more than I have ever loved my own children—but I must check these rising feelings. I cannot permit myself to dwell upon those who have gone. I turn to this band of men about me, a large family who look to me for guidance, support, and succor—everything is abandoned. I feel as if I had cut loose from the world or all that part of it that has gone before.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> His brother, Charles W. G. Smith, who died in New York as Secretary of the Union Defence Committee, May, 1861, aged twenty years.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP DENNISON, January 11, 1862.

My name in the service and elsewhere is unfortunate. There are four Colonels Smith in Ohio alone ; one of them is Kirby Smith, a name by which I am not unfrequently known, and by the by, I notice that there is one by that name in the rebel army.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP DENNISON, January 26, 1862.

To-day the sword is received, and a very elegant and superior sword it is, I assure you, with its double scabbard and sword-belt all complete, well worthy of the donors.<sup>1</sup> My only prayer now is that by the grace of God, I may be enabled so to use it that they may not believe the gift ill-bestowed. I shall acknowledge the favor to-morrow if my time is not too much cut up. I have my head, hands, and heart full now and find every moment precious to me. . . .

You ask me to publish the correspondence between the kind friends who have presented me with the splendid sword and myself. I am almost ashamed to publish now the compliments through the daily papers. I would prefer, unless they preferred the other course, to wait until I had accomplished something that would be deemed worthy of the honor. One of my former associates at the Cincinnati Bar, who has taken the field, Colonel McCook, has recently at the battle of Fishing Creek, near Somerset, won laurels. Several Cincinnatians distinguished themselves, some were killed, and many were wounded. I do not like, or rather I do not think it quite in good taste to publish at this time, that which it would have been quite proper and of immense benefit to me and my regiment to have published a month or six weeks ago. I have not fully made up my mind, however, in regard to the matter, and whatever I do, you shall be at once apprised of.

<sup>1</sup> Presented by friends in Massachusetts.

I have the honor to command a regiment composed of as fine a body of men as perhaps were ever got together, and, if there is faith in human nature, they are all devoted to me. I feel sometimes, barring the deeds, like a hero of romance. I have three fine horses; one of them a stallion, that nobody can back or manage but myself; the very realization of all I ever hoped for in a horse, perfect in size, in symmetry of form, in color, in carriage, in speed, and in gait. His harness is complete. My pistols are the best of Colt's revolvers, with one of which I cut a card one inch on the line below the centre at a hundred and twenty-five yards distance a few days ago. I govern at despotic will nearly a thousand men, each one of whom leaps with alacrity to perform my bidding, and some, perhaps many, of whom would count it small cost to spill his blood for me. A soldier is always guarding the door of my tent, a line of soldiers always surrounds it, all my individual wants are supplied, the most of my wishes anticipated. I have recruited from all over the State, and all over the State I have friends, particularly among the women who are deluging me with presents for the regiment. The other day I received boxes containing two hundred exceedingly fine country woven blankets, with an equal number of flannel shirts, flannel drawers, pairs of socks and mittens from the ladies of Fayette County. Just afterwards the ladies of Preble County sent an immense quantity of blankets, socks, etc. The day before yesterday the ladies of Clifton sent some two dozen pillows, with cases, a number of sheets, shirts, old linen, etc., for hospital purposes, and to-day a large quantity of coverlids, pillows, preserved and canned fruits, etc., were sent down for the hospital. Just now as I am writing a man has come in with a dozen or two fresh eggs, each one carefully wrapped in paper, with a can of peaches, a bottle of vinegar, and a jar of tomatoes for the Colonel. Scarce a day passes that they don't send me chickens and all that sort of thing. Now, on the other side, I have a terrible responsibility, the mothers and fathers, sisters and wives, sweethearts, friends, and relations of all these brave boys look to me for their weal or woe. If I make a mistake by which human life is needlessly sacrificed, how

terrible is the penalty ! For this reason I am cautious. . . . I won't say I fear, for I hate the word ; I don't fear anything, man or devil, but I don't choose to be in advance of myself—my hour has not yet come. I won't ask praise until I have earned it. I am very glad my friends have sent me this sword. It is more gratifying to my feelings than I can express to you, and I wish you would take occasion to write to each one of them, a list of the names of whom I will give you, your own personal recognition of the claim they have to your gratitude for the kindness and honor they have done your son.

You say you fear I am passing a gloomy winter in camp. I wish you could see me at this moment and the interior of the hut I live in. It is to me a paradise of delight. Do you recollect the old kitchen at the farm, and the saddles and bridles, bits and spurs that garnished the walls. View me now only more so ; pistols and swords, bridles and belts, caps and gauntlets, foils and uniforms, a rough pine cupboard with a bottle of whiskey and a jug of water, pipes, a table covered with a blanket, and that thoroughly littered, letters answered and unanswered, mostly the latter ; Hardee & Scott, the Army Regulations, and the Lord knows what. Buffalo robes to sleep on, and horse rugs, red, gray, and blue blankets for cover ; lie down when I please, get up when I please, breakfast from eight till eleven, dinner from twelve to four, for no heed do I pay to special orders in the eating line. I make the men eat to the tap of the drum, but I eat when I please. No woman to bother me, save the country maidens who come to camp to see the soldiers, and they not much. Nary baby to keep awake o' nights. The fact is, camp life to a field-officer is a bachelor's paradise.

ON BOARD STEAMER FANNIE MCBURNIE,  
NEAR LOUISVILLE, Feb. 18, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I was very much disappointed yesterday at being prevented from bidding you and the dear little ones " good-bye." My heart is quite full now, and I hardly dare trust myself to



COLONEL THOMAS KILBY SMITH,  
CAMP DENNISON, 1862.

NO. 1111  
JANUARY 1911



write. My command was ordered by telegraphic despatch. I got the regiment in the cars promptly and in good order, was the last man to embark, and from my anxiety to see that none was left, was left myself. This threw me back one hour and a half. At Cincinnati I was compelled to take command of two steamboats, two being required for the transportation of the regiment. We were compelled in order to preserve discipline to tie one of them to the Kentucky shore, and I was all the afternoon crossing the river in a skiff or yawl between the two boats. I did not dare at any time to leave the command long enough to come to you. You must keep up a brave heart, dear wife, I shall soon come back. Meanwhile, I am sure I have some friends in Cincinnati who will care for you.

. . . . .

I am writing now in a hurry, surrounded by a legion of officers and soldiers. I will write more at length from Paducah. I am seizing now the services of a pilot going ashore. My troops are all in good health and spirits. My own health is good. God bless and preserve you.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP NEAR PADUCAH, KY., February 21, 1862.

I arrived safely with my regiment yesterday morning, and am now encamped at a point about a mile and a half west of Paducah. Our voyage down the river was made safely and without accident. I think it a little doubtful whether you received my hurried letter written during the voyage, and therefore am disposed to recapitulate, even at the risk of giving you stale news, the circumstances of our departure from Camp Dennison. As I told you in one of our conversations I have considered marching orders as being near at hand for some weeks, and so endeavored to arrange my regimental matters that I should not be taken unawares, but I hardly expected them to come as they did, by telegraph, and on Sunday. I was very strongly tempted to pass that Sunday with you. Camp had become intensely disagreeable, the weather was cold, inclement, and the ground in a horrible

condition, and I thought how very comfortable it would be to take a good Sunday dinner with you and have a nap afterwards on the lounge upstairs, enveloped in my new dressing gown, you were so good as to toil over for me, but again I thought if any accident were to occur to the regiment if I were away, that I would never forgive myself or be forgiven by my superior officers, and that at the present time I owed my whole time, at whatever sacrifice, to my country ; therefore I resisted all the temptations and blandishments of home, and well it was that I did so. Oh ! how bitterly have some of my officers and even privates regretted that they absented themselves, and at what terrible cost will they be to get to their regiment. I had gone through the duties of the day, which for Sunday in camp, or rather garrison, consists of an inspection of the barracks and soldiers with their arms and accoutrements, and was finishing my tour of the hospital when up rode an adjutant, his horse in a foam, and hurriedly handing me a paper, asked me when I could be ready to march. I looked at my watch, coolly took his paper, which was a telegraphic despatch or order, and replied: " In fifteen minutes." He looked at me incredulously and was about to ride off. I called to him, " Stop, Sir, I will show you my troops in marching order within fifteen minutes, and leave it to you to report the fact." Within *ten* minutes from that time my soldiers were in line with blankets rolled and knapsacks packed, ready to march a thousand miles. The Adjutant, an old English soldier, by the bye, who was in the Crimean war and has been to India with troops, looked on in astonishment. But cars could not be put upon the railroad before nine o'clock the next morning, and all night I kept the men up cooking rations for three days. I sat up all night myself, and, of course, was about bright and early in the morning. My boys were all eager for the start. I had but one craven hound who deserted me, and he, I am sorry to say, was from . . . His name was . . . and he must be published to the world as a coward and a perjured liar. At nine o'clock as I sat on horseback at the head of the column with my staff about me, an orderly rode over to say that the

cars would be ready by the time that I had marched to the depot. The cavalry regiment had sent their band and an escort, and with my own band we made fine music, and I flatter myself a gallant appearance. At the depot we were met by Colonel Burnett of the artillery with his band, and every officer of distinction at camp was there to bid me farewell. They gave me a good send-off. Few troops have left Camp Dennison under pleasanter auspices, and sooth to say I was loath to leave the old camp after all, for there I have spent some pleasant days "under the greenwood tree, and in winter and rough weather." I was so careful to get the troops on board and to see the last man on, that I got left myself and was somewhat thrown out of my calculations. However it ended well enough, for my farewell to you and the dear children would have been heartbreaking all round, and perhaps wholly unnerved me. As usual in moments of great excitement with me, I had lost my appetite, and did not want a great deal to set me back at a time when I required all my faculties at hand. It is just as bad to march troops from home the first time they leave their homes as to march them in battle to the charge. One of my companies was from Cincinnati, and it was almost heartbreaking to see the leavetakings between mother and son, husband and wife, sister and brother. All classes were represented, and I was compelled to put a stop to the terrible scenes mingled with considerable drunkenness (for the soldiers had so many friends that their canteens were well filled and continually replenished with whiskey) by ordering the captain of the boat of which I took charge in person to run her over to the Kentucky shore. My whole time was taken up as a matter of course, and I tried in vain for an opportunity to come to you. We sailed down the river without adventure worth relating, save that our soldiers fought terribly among each other, at least those who were drunk, and we lost one man by drowning, and another whose skull was fractured accidentally by a shovel. I arrived at Paducah at about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday the 19th inst. As soon as the boat landed and before my report was written, I was waited upon by General Sherman, who is the commandant of this

post, and by him shown on board a steamer lying a little farther down stream from our boat, which was thoroughly stowed, rammed, packed, and crowded with prisoners from the enemy, captured at Fort Donaldson, together with five thousand stand of arms. The prisoners were of high and low degree. I was introduced to one or two colonels and several other officers. The men, in my judgment, do not well compare with ours. I think we can always whip them about three to five. They fought magnificently, however, at Fort Donaldson, and lost probably on their side about three thousand killed and wounded. On our side there were thirteen hundred wounded and five hundred killed. We took thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six prisoners—these figures are reliable. The hospitals here are perfect charnel houses. . . .

When General Sherman had got through his business with me and had offered the hospitalities of his headquarters, I returned to the boats. The *Fannie McBurnie*, the one in which I sailed, arrived first, and while I was inspecting the prisoners and arms, the *Ben Franklin*, the boat that had my other detachments, arrived. I was engaged during the night in preparing for disembarkation and at seven o'clock the next morning had my troops, horses, tents, supplies all off; at eight o'clock marched to General Sherman's headquarters, one of the finest regiments, as he told Colonel Stuart in my hearing, he had ever seen. The morning was fine and the boys looked splendidly. We are now, as I told you, encamped at a point about a mile and a half west of the city of Paducah, containing some ten thousand inhabitants. My troops are well bestowed in tents, and I have taken to myself a house of some twelve or fifteen rooms for my headquarters. It was occupied, I believe, by a secessionist, and has fine grounds, stables, etc., about it. I am very much more comfortable than at Camp Dennison. My regiment has the post of honor, and with a battery of artillery guard the encampment. There are a great many troops here. I cannot say nearly how many, for I have not information. I should think twelve or fifteen thousand. General Halleck, under whose command my regiment is placed, is concentrating

vast forces here. He anticipates a forward movement. We are ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF. U. S. A.,

March 2, 1862.

As you are perhaps aware, I marched from Ohio without arms, having condemned those which were furnished us from the State, and am now waiting arms from the arsenal at St. Louis, which I expected upon my arrival ; these we still expect from day to day, and upon their reception will be put upon the march instantly. I do not know certainly, but have reason to believe our destination is the South—perhaps New Orleans, perhaps Texas. As soon as we move and as soon as I am properly advised of our destination, you shall be apprised. You must not permit yourself for one moment to be uneasy about me. Remember, as I have frequently told you, I have faced death in all its forms, and am yet unscathed ; that the same watchful eye of Providence is upon me now, and will be upon me hereafter, that has scanned every good and every ill attending me from my cradle up. That if my life is worth preserving for any useful purpose, the God who gave will not take it back till its full course is run. I am at this moment writing in the midst of a violent thunderstorm which rocks and shakes the house I am sitting in. Nature is convulsed and the elemental war is raging round me. The petty warfare of man is as nothing compared to this. Our battles sink into insignificance. What is the rattling of musketry or the roar of cannon to the pealing reverberations from the thunder cloud ; or the glittering bayonet or whistling sword to the scathing bolt from heaven that consumes quicker than thought can flash through the brain of man ? Yet through this I sit calm and unconcerned, trusting as the child that nestles upon your lap. Why then should I fear what man can do ? Why should you be apprehensive for me ? As I always write, keep up a brave heart, dear wife. I cannot ask you not to be anxious, for that would be to ask you to lay aside that love I so dearly cher-

ish. I know that anxiety and fear and anguish and weakness are inseparable from the sweet affection you bear for me, that all my philosophy will not cause your heart to abate one throb of its agony of apprehension. I only ask you to pray for strength, and strength will be given you. Do not permit your mind to dwell upon sorrows that may never come, but rather hope and rejoice in bright anticipations of a glowing future. Believe that I shall come back with bright honor, that at the worst if I fall, I shall leave to the dear children we both love so dearly the priceless heritage of a patriot's name. Sad hearts are mourning all over the desolated land. Tears are raining from scores of thousands of eyes this blessed Sunday. Brave hearts are swelling and yearning with affection for the loved ones at home throughout the ranks of five hundred thousand men. I strive to give you cheer. God help me, I am called upon to cheer almost a thousand who look to me for counsel. Again, pray for strength for yourself, and that strength may be given you to comfort others in affliction.

. . . . .  
HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. I. U. S. A.,  
ENCAMPMENT NEAR PADUCAH, KY., March 4, 1862.

MY DEAR SISTER HELEN :

. . . . .

You must not any of you be alarmed for my personal safety. I am just as well cared for as if I was by your side in New York, the same good God is above me here as there. My health is excellent, I am only troubled for the loved ones at home. In one of your letters to Lizzie you speak of having heard of my regiment from Washington. I have never permitted it to be puffed through the newspapers, and have only wanted it to win its laurels honestly ; but I assure you that it is the finest and best drilled regiment that ever left Ohio, and has been complimented by General Sherman, the Commandant of the Post, as the best regiment in the division here, some fourteen thousand strong. My men have been carefully selected for the Zouave drill—for I suppose that you are aware that it is a Zouave regiment—have been

picked out for their youth and physical strength and activity, and I assure you in its ranks may be found some of the most splendid specimens of manly beauty. Their uniform is very handsome, though not as fantastic as the Zouaves you have seen about New York. They have dark-blue jackets, reaching to the hips, trimmed with red ; light blue trousers with red stripes down the sides, and white gaiters, reaching some three inches above the ankle. Gray felt hats, low-crowned, and looped at the side with bright red tassels ; some of them wear very fancy hats or caps, without vizer or brim, which with the streaming tassel makes them very picturesque. Their overcoats are bright indigo blue, with large capes. They are a splendid, brave, handsome set of fellows. My officers are certainly very handsome men, all of them, and among them men of fine talent, almost all accomplished as amateurs in music, drawing, and all that sort of thing. Some of them are good poets. We often have Shakesperian readings. I send an impromptu got off the other night by one of the lieutenants. . . . A society to which he belonged in college was called the "Owl," and he was requested to deliver a poem. Upon the spur of the moment he wrote that which I enclose and offer as a fair sample of the talent under my command.

My regiment is splendidly armed with the Vincennes rifle, and the troops are in fine spirits. Still there are troubles and trials and bitter vexations attendant upon a command which no one but he who has been through, can appreciate or estimate. Immense responsibility, gross ingratitude, no thanks for almost superhuman efforts, and the constant necessity for coolness, patience, forbearance, and the cultivation of a skin as thick as that of a rhinoceros. . . .

You will expect me to write you some war news ; that I cannot do, for it is prohibited. I can tell you that I sent a detachment from my regiment to co-operate with a detachment from another command to occupy Columbus ; and I can tell you that one of my lieutenants who was detailed on secret service has just returned from Forts Henry and Donaldson. He corroborates the published accounts of the fight at Donaldson, which was brilliant. Our troops fought under

a most terrific hail of shot and shell ; some five thousand on both sides were killed and wounded. You learn all these things through the newspapers, however, which relate them much better than I can.

The weather at this point is very changeable. We have had some lovely spring-like days, but to-day is bitterly cold, and yesterday we had snow and rain. March is a disagreeable month, I believe everywhere. It has always been disagreeable to me, wherever I have been.

Paducah was, before it became the seat of war, a beautiful town of some ten thousand inhabitants, among whom was a vast deal of wealth, exhibited in their fine mansions and sumptuous furniture. Very many of the private dwellings, luxurious in their appointments, the Court House, and other public buildings, have been taken for the use of the army. Elegant shade trees have been or are being cut down for fuel ; gardens and lawns laid waste ; beautiful palings torn down, and devastation made the order of the day. Most of the inhabitants who have been able to do so have gone away. The character of the people is decidedly "Secesh." The town is, of course, under martial law, civil courts for the present abolished, and no citizen can come or go without a pass from the Provost Marshal. A company is detailed from my regiment each day, whose duty it is, in connection with other forces, to guard all the points and lines of ingress and egress to and from the town, with orders to guard and search suspicious persons. All this gives one a full realization of war, which you in the Eastern cities have not yet had brought home to you, and which I trust you may never see. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. U. S. A.,  
ENCAMPED NEAR PADUCAH, KY., March 7, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

We are under marching orders, and should have left for Savannah, up the Tennessee River, yesterday. If you look on the map, you will discover the point near the straight line between Tennessee and Alabama. The transport



steamers did not arrive, as we expected, yesterday, and we shall embark to-day. My troops are well armed and well equipped and in good spirits. My own health is excellent.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,  
ON BOARD STEAMER PRAIRIE ROSE,  
NEAR SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, March 13, 1862.

Within a few hours we shall probably be in battle. The last task I have to perform is to write to you and our dear mother. I have but little to say now that I have not expressed in former letters or in my conversations with you. I shall hope when this conflict is over to return to you ; if by any untoward accident I should be unable to, I have only to ask of you to comfort mother in her declining years. An accident to me may prove to her a greater shock than she can bear. Of her I shall ask to comfort you who will need comfort and consolation. To our dear little children I have little to give save love and prayers. Keep their memory with love constantly alive for their father. The world will not speak well of him, for he has found in it more enemies than friends, and his pathway has not been smooth. The annoyances of life have prevented him from winning all their love. He has been harsh where he should have been kind. This they cannot now understand, but in after years they may. My only anxiety is to leave for them a name they may be proud of. The little valuables at Mr. Burt's, the banker's, are subject to your order ; distribute them as you and mother think fit. My sword give to Walter; if Theodore survives him, let him have it. If both pass away, then Adrian. It is the only heirloom I care to preserve to the family. It will be to my boys, if they live, a memento of my life and the times in which we live. So much for business—and I pray you do not suppose that I entertain anything but bright anticipations of a glowing future. My heart is buoyant. My only anxiety is for my regiment, and that it may be taken into battle in due form and with a strict adherence to military rule. I may be mistaken, but my present impression is that the battle we are

about to fight will be the test and turning-point of this war. If we succeed, negotiations will follow ; if not, neither you nor I will see the end of this unhappy controversy. I think mine is a fighting regiment. I may be deceived or place my hopes too high. I pray to God I may not disgrace the regiment with me. I shall do my best, and leave the rest with the God of Battles.

. . . . .  
HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. U. S. A.,  
2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIV., TENNESSEE EXPEDITION,  
ENCAMPED NEAR PITTSBURGH, TENN., March 21, 1862.  
. . . . .

You will have been made very anxious about me by the one or two letters I regretted writing immediately after they were sent ; but we had every hope of an engagement with the enemy, every reason to expect it would come off within a few hours, and in the excitement of the moment I deemed it my duty to write you just then. But the enemy retires as we advance, and up to this time refuse to give us a battle. Since writing last we have encamped and marched in Alabama and Mississippi, and are now encamped within a few miles of Pittsburgh, a point on the Tennessee River, above Savannah. Our camp is high, and I hope will prove healthy. The First Division, under General Sherman, has the advance, and the Second Brigade has the advance of the Division. I am second in command in the brigade, and therefore next to the first regiment in the whole army. The army will doubtless be from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand strong, so that I have great reason to be satisfied. I have reason to believe that the 54th is well thought of.

. . . . .

The service of my regiment has been very active, though we have had no general engagement, marching, changing camp often, with scout and picket duty, has kept them constantly on the "qui vive." I find the life of a soldier full of excitement, and to me perfectly fascinating. My mind and body are constantly at work. I hope good will result to the country from the efforts we are now making, but every

one here is opposed to us. The people almost without exception are "secesh." I have taken a great many prisoners, some of them men of wealth, who do not hesitate to declare their traitorous feelings. An army of occupation will give us the control of trade, however, and restore to the Northwest the commerce of the Mississippi.

HEADQUARTERS OF 54TH REGT. O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP SHILOH, TENNESSEE, March 31, 1862.

We have not yet had the good fortune to meet the enemy. I have made, in connection with Generals Sherman and Stuart, various reconnoitres, and day before yesterday we were just on the heels of a body of cavalry, but they managed to elude our forces. As I mentioned to you in a former letter, there is a large army concentrating at this point, where, I suppose, will be congregated a force of an hundred and forty thousand. The enemy are in force at Corinth, some seventeen miles distant. Our men are fast becoming acclimated, and are becoming restored to their wonted health and vigor. As I said before, my own health is most excellent, and I am really insensible to fatigue, at least on horseback. It is no unusual thing for me to be eight or ten hours on the stretch in the saddle. If the spring and summer heats do not overcome me, I am sure I shall derive benefit from the campaign. I desire continually to assure you of my safety, and to pray you to disabuse your mind of apprehension of danger to me either from ill-health or the casualties of an engagement, the latter are of the most trivial character; there is not one chance in a thousand of my being scathed.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. INF.,  
1ST DIVISION OF THE EXPEDITION OF THE TENNESSEE,  
ENCAMPED NEAR PITTSBURG, TENN.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I am as safe here as I should be in New York or in Cincinnati; the same kind Providence is over me. My com-

mand has been much harassed with marching and counter-marching and rapid movements from place to place, coupled with confinement on steamboat, which has tended to produce sickness ; but my own health is good. As evidence of this fact, I may say that yesterday the division under General Sherman, of which our brigade forms a part, made a very extended reconnoissance, driving in the enemy's pickets ; that I was compelled to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and, mounting at five, rode at the head of my regiment for fourteen hours without dismounting save to change horses ; that I did not lie down till after twelve o'clock, and that I rose this morning at five, and now at nine do not feel any ill effects. This has been the longest and most hurried march we have yet made.

We shall have a very large army here, as will probably the rebels, who will concentrate their forces at Corinth, a point on the railroad some seventeen miles off. The army here is now under the general command of Gen. Charles F. Smith, whom you may recollect in Washington ; either his wife or daughter, I suppose his wife, was somewhat celebrated in social circles as Mrs. Fanny Smith. Ada, I suppose, will recollect her. He is very distinguished here as a soldier, and was the hero of Fort Donaldson. The immediate division, of which my command forms a part, is under General Sherman, and I am brigaded under the command of Colonel Stuart, who ranks me, but I am second in command to him. He is David Stuart of Michigan, who represented the Detroit District in Congress during the Pierce Administration. The commander-in-chief of the department is General Halleck. Letters will reach me directed to the 54th Regt. O. V. Inf., Second Brigade, First Division of the Expedition to Tennessee, via Cairo or Paducah, Ky.

We are in the midst of the cotton-growing region, but the upland is sterile, and the climate apparently the same as in Cincinnati. The people are a strange compound of extreme ignorance with very considerable refinement of manner and conversation. They are all, without any exception I have yet found, "secesh," and look upon the "Yanks," as they

call all people from the North, with not only aversion, but a "holy horror." I feel almost convinced that we are a distinct people, that re-union is well-nigh impossible.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. INF.,  
CAMP SHILOH, TENNESSEE, April 11, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

You will have learned by the papers long before this letter reaches you that we have had a splendid engagement, or, I should say, a series of engagements running through three days. This is the first time I have an opportunity of writing you to apprise you of my safety, though I have asked some two or three others to do so. I have thus far passed through unscathed, save a slight wound in the arm. My regiment, however, has been badly cut up. My boys fought gallantly, and have shown a dauntless heroism in the fortitude they have displayed, in the endurance of fatigue and hardship they have been subjected to since.

Poor young De Charmes was shot through the lungs early in the action of the first day. Placing his hand upon his wound he said, "Tell my friends I die happy in the service of my country," the only words he spoke. Captain Rogall,<sup>1</sup> the accomplished gentleman I have spoken to you of so often, was mortally wounded. De Charmes was a nephew of Mr. Geo. Graham, who may enquire of you concerning him. His remains were found and buried, but his person had been rifled of his watch, money, and everything valuable. One of my horses was shot three times, and struck in the neck by a piece of shell, but my noble "Bellfounder," thank God, is safe ; he carried me two days and nights, and never flinched from shot or shell. He is the most gallant horse I ever saw. Fatigue, starvation, exposure, nothing daunts his mettle.

Ben Runkle, I am told, who was with one of the regiments that came up with the reserve, was shot through the mouth. A bad wound, I am told. I went into battle with less than four hundred. My regiment had been cut up by sickness and fatigue duty. The reports, as near as I can get them at

<sup>1</sup> This officer, though shot through the body, recovered.

this time, show two hundred killed, wounded, and missing. After eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the battle began. Colonel Stuart was wounded, and had to retire. The command of the brigade devolved upon me as next senior officer, and I carried the brigade through till three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, when, by order of General Sherman, I added another brigade to it, and had command of both until the close of the battle.

I thank God who has graciously spared my life. I ask that all my family give Him thanks. My health is good. Write to my dear mother and send her this letter. This is the only sheet of paper I can borrow, and it is hard to write. My best love to all my dear children and to you.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. U. S. A.,  
CAMP SHILOH, TENNESSEE, April 12, 1862.

I have an opportunity of writing at private hand, which I must not let slip although I wrote you yesterday. My health never was better, and I am in good spirits, hoping for another engagement, which I trust will be the last. . . . The next time our boys will be exactly in fighting trim. You must not permit yourself to be worried about me. God will take the same good care of me in the future as He has done in the past. The God of Battles (to whom I am grateful with all my heart, for He alone has saved me) will still stretch forth His protecting arm, unless it is His Will that I should go, and if it is His Will, I trust I shall be ready.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP SHILOH, TENN., April 17, 1862.

Captain <sup>1</sup> is still safe, and I think if he gets through this war, he will be sufficiently broken for the children to ride. Though his mettle is as good as the best war horse of them all.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> A bay horse of much beauty.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. I.,  
CAMP SHILOH, TENNESSEE, April 14, 1862.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Well, my dear Helen, the great fight has been fought ; I have had my part in it, and, save a slight scratch not worth mentioning, have come out safe. The papers, of course, teem with accounts, which you have doubtless read until you are satisfied ; but, at the risk of stale news, I will give you my experience of the battle, of which I believe I saw as much as " any other man."

On the Thursday preceding, my command had been ordered upon a most fatiguing night march, which lay for six miles through a dense swamp to a point near a ford, where we lay for some hours in ambuscade for the purpose of taking a body of rebel cavalry. On Friday we marched back to camp. On Saturday, nearly the whole regiment was turned out on fatigue duty to build some bridges and a road to cross artillery, and on Saturday night I was ordered to hold my command in readiness for an expedition to march as early as eight o'clock on Sunday. All this service was intensely fatiguing to the officers and harassing to the men, but to the last order I probably owe my life, for, having been prompt in its execution and my horse being saddled, no sooner had the long roll sounded, than my men were in line. The attack was very sudden, and within three minutes our tents were literally riddled with the balls of the enemy's skirmishers. We marched the battalion to a kind of peninsula formed by a dense ravine on the one side and a creek on the other, and there formed the line of battle.

From the fatigue duty I have spoken of, and certain camp epidemics prevalent, our forces had been very much weakened, and we took into the field but about fifteen hundred men. To this force were opposed eight thousand of the enemy's infantry, supported by artillery and cavalry. Now, to the better understanding of my account, you must recollect what I have before written you, that the Second Brigade of Sherman's Division occupied the extreme left wing of the army, whose front lines extended many miles ; that my regiment occupied the extreme left of the brigade, and observe

that the enemy having surprised the centre which was broken, and having routed and captured the greater part of Prentiss' command, to whom we looked for support, stole down our front and attempted to outflank us, and now at about nine o'clock on Sunday morning we joined battle. Having seen by my glass the vastly superior force of the enemy, I determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible, but never to surrender, and ordered my Zouaves to lie on their bellies, and, waiting the attack, not to fire until the foe was within twenty yards. We were ranged along the brow of the hill, slightly covered with a small growth of timber, and between us and the advancing ranks was an open plain. On they came, steadily, and save the tread of the well-trained soldiers, led by General Hardee in person, not a sound was heard ; at last they were upon us, and then commenced the deafening roar of volley after volley ; for four hours and a half the deadly hand-to-hand conflict raged. (I took 390 enlisted men into battle, I left 187 upon the field, killed or badly wounded, but from me they took no prisoners. The 71st Ohio . . . abandoned us early in the action, but the 55th Illinois were staunch. The brigade lost 587 killed and wounded, but most of these are from the 54th Ohio and 55th Illinois). At last our ammunition began to fail, and I never shall forget the despairing looks of some of the boys, who would come clustering around my horse and say, "Colonel, what shall I do ; my cartridges are all out ?" But, fortunately, the enemy's fire began to slack. My men all fired low, every man made his mark, and though our own men could hardly get round among their own killed and wounded, the field was strewn thick with the dead of the foe. By this time I was in command of the brigade, Colonel Stuart having been wounded and compelled to retire. I fell back in good order for better position and until I could be reinforced with ammunition ; my forty rounds were all gone. At last an orderly from General Grant came up to promise the required supply and to order us to a position at which we could cover a battery. I forgot to tell you that the enemy had planted a battery upon a height, commanding our first position, and were shelling us all the while the first



fight was going on. One of my horses was struck once by a piece of shell and twice by rifle balls. No sooner had we taken position by the batteries than the attack was renewed with greater vigor than ever ; but now the heavy guns from the gunboats in our rear began to throw their shells clean over us and into the ranks of the enemy ; never was sweeter music to my ears than their thunder ; the shades of night drew on, the enemy began to slacken fire, and, as shell after shell dropped and burst in their midst, gradually retired. Our men dropped exhausted on their arms ; all day the battle had raged, all day they had suffered privation of food and drink, and now began to fall a copious shower of rain, which lasted steadily till morning ; through that shower without a murmur they slept, and the next morning at seven o'clock I, having been formally placed in command of the brigade by order of General Sherman, began the march towards the right wing, where we were to take position. General Nelson, who with General Buell had brought up reinforcements during the night, had commenced manœuvres at daybreak. As early as eight o'clock my brigade was in the line of battle and under a heavy fire of shell. At about nine o'clock we were ordered into action, which was hotly contested all the day long. About four o'clock I was ordered to the command of another brigade, or, more properly, a concentration of skeleton regiments, which I had got into line, and, leaving my own command with Lieutenant-Colonel Malmborg, carried my new command far into an advanced position, then returning, brought up my own brigade upon the left of Shiloh Chapel. Now the Pelican flag began to waver and droop. All the day long we, that is, my immediate command, were opposed to the " Crescent City Guards," the pet regiment of Beauregard, to whom in the morning he had made his whole army present arms, and whose flag he had at the same time planted, saying of us, the Northern army, " Thus far, but no farther shalt thou go " ; vain boast ; at even tide, like a gull upon the crest of the wave in the far-off ocean, it fluttered and went down.

I drew my forces up in good order under the eye of General Sherman, and Monday night again under a most drench-

ing shower, which lasted all the night through, the men even now without food or drink lay upon their arms, and on Tuesday morning were again in line ; the enemy had gone, but not their occupation ; all day they stood guard upon the outposts, and the next day we marched the whole regiment onward for three miles and a half to bring in the wounded of the enemy. That day I took thirty-two prisoners, and brought in the bodies of an Arkansas colonel and Major Monroe, of Kentucky, the latter one of the most distinguished men of the State, and both of them I had decently interred. Oh, Helen, if you had seen the horrors of that battle, as I saw them when the rage of battle had passed, the heaps of slain, the ghastly wounds, had you heard the groans of the dying, had you seen the contortions of men and horses ; but why dwell on the theme which abler writers will so vividly portray? I have given you one hasty sketch of the humble part it was my good fortune to be able to play in one of the greatest dramas of the age. Thank God for me, for in His infinite mercy He alone has preserved me in the shock of battle; pray for me always. One more conflict, and I leave a memory for my children or make a name for myself. My flag is still unstained, my honor still bright.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF. U. S. A.,

ENCAMPED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SHILOH,

April 27, 1862.

“ Backward, turn backward, oh time,—in your flight,  
 Make me a child again just for to-night.  
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
 Take me again to your heart as of yore ;  
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

If there can be, dear mother, a perfect realization of all the dreams of romance in which my youthful fancy ever indulged, that realization is now mine. Imagine me as I lie in my tent, pitched upon a hard-fought battlefield, my tried sword

and trusty pistols at my head. I look through the fly at three as gallant horses as ever sniffed the breeze, picketed close at hand ; just beyond them the encampment of my regiment, a band of devoted followers, all of whom, if actions speak fairly, worship me, every one of whom has been ready to rush to death at my bidding, whose ranks have been fearfully thinned, but still contain as true hearts and strong arms as ever did or dared on battlefield. My flag that fluttered while thousands of bullets were aimed at it, that came from the conflict unstained with dishonor, still ripples in the balmy air of this lovely day. I have a great deal to make me exultant, but oh, if I could only roll back the tide of time for one moment, if I could only be a little child again with your hand upon my brow, if you could only take me again to your heart as of yore, how gladly would I exchange all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

. . . . .

We shall have another great fight, though the delay has been disastrous to us. We ought to have followed up the flying foe on Monday night. We had them then beyond all doubt. They have been heavily reinforced since, and are very stubborn. At the rate we are going on, this war will last twenty-five years, and will cost the North the lives of a million of men.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. INF.,  
CAMP PEA RIDGE, TENN., May 1, 1862.

. . . . .

Very great injustice has been done Ohio troops. They have always spoken well of my regiment, however, even the Chicago and other Illinois papers. There were so many heroes on the field that it was difficult to select any one par excellence. My regiment suffered more in killed and wounded than any other in the army. I lost more than half rank and file of all I took into battle. The battlefield of Shiloh is drenched with the best blood of the regiment. My command was very gallant, and I am proud of it, or rather what is left of it, for it has dwindled to the merest

handful. It is spoken of in the official dispatches, which will be published some time hereafter. We marched to this point yesterday and the day before. We are now but a short distance, less than half a day's march from Corinth, and hope to join battle in a few days. I think your son will be heard of in that battle, though Smith is a hard name to contend with. You would be amused at the vicissitudes I have had to contend with from my most unfortunate cognomen. The fellow who pretended to be able to lift the world if he could find a lever long enough, would have stared aghast at a proposition to lift the name of "Smith" out of the slough of obscurity with a lever double the length of that he required to lift the earth.

Soldiering is a pretty hard life, take it one day with another. You don't get anything good to eat or to drink, and you learn to go without sleep, and you are always going somewhere, or on the eve of doing something, and you are never clean and comfortable, and always cross; but, as a whole, I believe I had rather rough it and fight a battle every other day than go back to the terrible servitude which has been my lot for the past twelve years. My health has been very good till the past two or three weeks. We camped on the battlefield, which was a vast charnel-house. The night of Monday of the battle, I slept on the ground in the rain, and when I awoke in the morning found I had gone to bed between two rebel corpses, one on each side of me, and that I had tied my horse so close to a third that he could not lie down without lying on it. If such things are horrible, this battlefield is too horrible to be described, as was the burial, or attempted burial, of the dead; but it is astonishing to note how soon one gets used to these things, perfectly seared or hardened to suffering in every shape, the mutilated stump, the ghastly mortal wound. One bagged rebels as if they were partridges. I think my regiment killed more than a thousand of them. I was going to say that the smell of the battlefield for two or three days afterwards was terrible beyond description, that we were camped upon it, and had to live in it for twenty-two days, and that it produced a kind of dysenteric diarrhœa that afflicted me, and with which

I was a great deal prostrated. I have now regained my wonted vigor, and, notwithstanding your predictions to the contrary, believe I go through about as much as any one else. After the next battle, if we have time and get through safely, I will try and write you a more detailed account of my past life here, but just now I cannot write.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. INF.,  
CAMP PEA RIDGE, TENN., May 2, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

To-day is the anniversary of our marriage. Can you realize so many years are buried with the dead past? Years I fear of more pain than pleasure to you. How eventful they have been!

. . . . .

We have marched forward still further toward Corinth. I expect an engagement shortly.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGIMENT O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NO. 5 IN THE FIELD, May 8, 1862.

I notice the printers make terrible havoc with my name. They call me Kelly, and Kirby, and F. Kirby, and the Lord only knows what else, but I can generally be identified as the Smith who led the Second Brigade on Monday, and that directly under Sherman's eye, and in conjunction with the celebrated Rousseau Brigade. A good many of the local papers up through the country have complimented both the regiment and myself. These, of course, you do not see, but I would advise you to take all of the Cincinnati papers for a while, and look out for official reports of both Sherman and General Stuart. I have not written full details of the battle to you for two reasons. One that I had very little time and one that I thought you would get fuller details through the newspapers. The battle is getting somewhat stale now anyhow. The next one I will try harder.

. . . . .

While I write there is an incessant roar of artillery, heavy siege guns. We made a sortie this morning and had a brush with the enemy's pickets. My Zouaves killed three of them, wounded five, and brought in four prisoners. Our brigade, the Second of the Fifth Division, consisting now of only Colonel Stuart's regiment and mine, is clear in the advance of the whole army and the nearest to Corinth. We heard for two nights the whistle of the cars very plainly. Cannon are playing all the time, and I think a great battle not far off. General Sherman has been made a Major-General, a promotion he well deserves. You must not believe all the newspapers say of him ; he is a splendid officer and a most excellent, good man. I have every confidence in him. I sat by his side on horseback for an hour on Monday of that terrible battle while shot and shell, cannon, cannister, and Minie-balls rained and rattled all about us. Scores of horses and men killed, and falling so close that the dead and dying piled all up about our horses, his cheek never blanched. He never for a moment lost his coolness. His hand was badly wounded by a piece of shell. He quietly went on giving his orders as if nothing had happened. A few minutes before I joined him he had three horses killed under him. A braver man I never saw, and I saw him in the thickest of it. If you note the official returns, you will discover that the Sherman Division lost a great many more in killed and wounded than either of the other divisions. I had intended to write mother, but have just received orders to get my regiment in marching trim. We go forward, and this time, I think, no halt till we storm the batteries of Corinth. You must make the latter part of this letter do for her. I think of her always, in the still camp at nightfall, on the march, or in the din of conflict her image is always in my heart. I have written very often to her, it is strange she does not receive my letters. She asks for details of my regiment, these she must get from the newspapers. Even they, or those who have written for them, admit my men fought most gallantly. I took three hundred and ninety into the field, of these one hundred and ninety fell killed or wounded. Ask her to search the papers for detailed report

of General Sherman, and Colonel Stuart, which ought to accompany it. Part of this has been published in the *New York Herald*. The Illinois papers publish accounts of the 54th. You know, but must write mother, for she, I suppose, has not heard it, that the regiment stood on Sunday under a murderous fire for four hours and a half; that the 55th Illinois and the 54th Ohio with about eight hundred and fifty men were attacked by an entire division, admitted by intelligent prisoners, surgeons, and others to contain nearly ten thousand, with cavalry and artillery, led by some of their best generals; Hardee among the number; that we stood till our ammunition was all exhausted, and then fell back in good order for more; that while standing, we piled the ground with the enemy's dead; that we made two of their regiments break and run, who in running were received on the bayonets of their own men, who forced them back. On Wednesday one thousand five hundred of their dead were buried in one little ravine where they fell. Towards the last and when ammunition got scarce, my Zouaves never fired a shot without drawing a cool bead; and no shot was fired, for we were within less than one hundred yards of them, that a rebel did not bite the dust. We fell back, were reinforced with ammunition, formed a line, and in the rear of the batteries fought till dark. We lay on our arms in the rain and rose to fight all day Monday, and on Monday evening we were in the advance of the army, and the last to stop under orders in pursuit of the fleeing foe. We lay on our arms Monday night, and were in the line of battle again on Tuesday, and on Wednesday we marched forth to bring in thirty-two prisoners.

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Individual acts of heroism were performed by men and officers of my regiment that have never been excelled in song or story. There is none to tell the tale for them, and they are too modest to puff themselves. You will not find details, but you will find the main facts in the reports I have spoken of, and these you must hunt up and read. I am considered by my superior officers to have done my duty,

and I have their confidence. God has been good in preserving my life.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NO. 6 IN THE FIELD,  
MISSISSIPPI, May 15, 1862.

. . . . .

We are still advancing, counter-skirmishing, and the din of cannonading is by day and night. We are close to Corinth. A great and decisive battle must soon be fought. We have been brigaded a second time. My regiment is now under command of Brigadier-General Morgan L. Smith, and consists of four regiments, the 55th Illinois, Colonel Stuart ; the 57th Ohio, under Lieutenant-Colonel Rice, the Colonel being absent on sick leave ; the 8th Missouri, and the 54th Ohio. I still preserve my position on the left flank, which gives me my position on the extreme left of the brigade, and as we march by the left flank, the advance of the army, which is a post of honor. The integrity and courage of my command is undoubted, and therefore the responsible trust. My address will now be 54th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, First Brigade, Fifth Division, Major-General Sherman commanding.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NO. 7 BEFORE CORINTH, May 19, 1862.

Yesterday we were in a sharp engagement. Had thirteen men killed and thirty-five wounded. We were victorious, and drew the enemy from position. My troops are now in battle array, waiting orders. We hear General Pope is hotly engaged on the left wing.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NO. 7 BEFORE CORINTH, May 21, 1862.

I am still safe through constant skirmishing. The great battle has not come off, but the premonitions peal upon the



ear every minute. Both armies are stubborn and brave. We shall see and take part in the greatest battle of the age, unless the enemy evacuate Corinth, which I do not expect. Don't let apprehension for this battle give you pain or fear for my safety. Scores of bullets have whistled close to my ear since I wrote you three days ago, and I am still unharmed. I have been in the din of conflict and thick of the fight by day and I may almost say by night. The roar of cannon and rattling of musketry are constantly in my ear, but I have been preserved, and the same good God will continue to uphold me.

I rather think this day Stephen has deserted me. He is tired of war, and latterly has become very useless. I attach but little blame to those who having the power leave this field—unless stimulated by patriotism or hope of glory. Deprivation, disease, and suffering are the lot of the mass, and it requires powerful nerves and great fortitude to stand up against that which the soldier has to endure. One tithe of his sufferings, aside from fatigue and exposure, will never be told.

The weather is now cold and rainy, but has been intensely hot. The insect and worm tribe are infinite in number, and the little wood tick is always at work under your skin. I am often compelled to sleep on the bare ground, and without a tent. Such a night is a precursor to myriads of them. My health, however, is as good as that of the general average about me. I feel pretty well when I get good food, not so well without it. Good beef, good mutton, good bread, brandy, ale, and wine is what the human system wants, and these I recommend to you. They are better than all the doctor's stuffs.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NO. 8 BEFORE CORINTH, May 24, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

In the midst of "battle and murder and sudden death," your letter of the 12th inst. is handed me. I snatch a hasty

moment to reply. I have waited for many days for the time to come when I might sit down to write you as I would wish, but the hurry of the march, the incessant labor at the breastworks, the din of the skirmish leave no opportunity for writing. I have slept in my clothes with bridle in hand for the past ten days and nights. We are close upon Corinth. Our pickets within sight of the enemy's entrenchments. My troops stack arms behind our own breastworks, and there I bivouac. You must, judging from the slips you sent me, have very meagre accounts of the movements of Sherman's Division. I have asked wife to forward the newspaper intelligence, which is partly reliable, and with which the Cincinnati papers have been filled. Pretty full accounts, I am told, have also been published in the New York *Herald*, a correspondent of which is with the division, and there also will be found Sherman's and Stuart's reports. Sherman's report is decidedly the best account of the battles of the 6th and 7th, and Stuart's will locate the position of our brigade in the field those days. Many papers published in St. Louis and Chicago and local country papers in Ohio have been sent me in which my name is prominently mentioned, and they have been pleased to compliment me. I am only conscious of having tried to do my duty. Acts of heroism were rife those days, and thousands of brave hearts ceased to beat. I rode many a weary mile over the dead and dying. Some of these days, if we live to meet, I will tell you some of the horrors of that battle. Strange how soon one becomes blunted to horror. How little one thinks of human suffering and death and despair. I could tell you of trenches dug and filled with bodies, packed to lie close ; of gentlemen of the South, whose delicate hands, ringed fingers, and fine linen gave evidence of high birth and position. Twenty, thirty together in one hole ; men thrown in head downward or upward, clotted, mutilated, bloody, sometimes a man and horse together, and in the midst of these graves and trenches and the carrion of hundreds of dead horses, I camped for twenty-two days, right on that part of the battlefield which was the very charnel, and right where I halted my brigade on Monday night. From thence our course has been for-

ward ; every inch of the ground stubbornly contested by the enemy. We have crossed the State line from Tennessee, and now in Mississippi by regular parallels approach the stronghold of the enemy ; for every commanding ridge or hill there is a fight, a skirmish we call it here, and think but little of forty or fifty killed and one or two hundred wounded. . . . It is a terrible war in all its phases. God grant that our beloved country be once again blessed with peace. How little did we appreciate the blessing ! how priceless now would be its restoration ! You ask for incidents interesting to me. I wish, dear mother, I could gratify you. If I only had memory and a graphic pen I could give you a startling history, something in comparison to which the scenes in Scott and James would seem tame, but my aversion to writing amounts to a mania. I shrink from pen and paper as a mad dog does from water, and save to you and wife, I write ne'er a line to man or woman. I wish I had never learned to write, and could set my seal like the knights of old instead of affixing the signature which has also become distasteful to me. I ought to tell you of some of my night marches when I have been ordered out in rain and utter darkness with my own regiment, unsupported, and with no one to divide the responsibility, and none but a doubtful resident as a guide. How, at the head of my men, with the guide's bridle in one hand and a pistol in the other to shoot him should he prove recreant, I have marched for miles through the pathless and almost impenetrable swamp, my men toiling after me with their cartridge-boxes slung at bayonet point to keep the powder dry. How with clothes wringing wet they have lain in ambuscade till day-dawn right under the enemy's guns without fire or food, word or whisper, till gray dawn, and then making reconnoissance, steal silently back. I could tell you of my charge when my color-guard were all killed, and my standard-bearer swept away by a falling tree, a tree cut sheer off by the solid shot from a cannon ; how my gallant horse pressed right through rank after rank and enabled me to rescue my flag ; or I could tell how the same gallant stallion (and I thank God he stands now unscathed right near me munch-

ing his oats) by three successive leaps bore me right up, not down, a precipice of rock almost perpendicular, and when one could hardly have found foot-hold for an antelope. For the first time in my life on horseback I closed my eyes in fear. Jagged rocks were behind me, a sheer perpendicular wall in front ; here and there a fissure where the wild vine caught root. I thought he must have fallen backwards and that I must die ingloriously mangled under him, but with unequalled power and activity he bore me to the top, and there amidst a perfect rain of balls he tossed his head and flung his neigh like a clear ringing trumpet. These things should be for others to tell ; it is not mine after I have fought my battle to tell my own story, but alas ! there are so many stories to tell that it is hard to find a historian ; and one's comrade, in scenes such as these transpiring, has enough to do to take care of himself instead of taking care of another's fame and notes to give it wing. Speaking of fame, I may as well give up the hope of it. This name of Smith, in these latter days, attaches to too many good men and true, to say nothing of the damned rascals who also inherit it. There are four colonels, one a Kirby Smith from Ohio. There is your friend, E. Kirby Smith of Southern notoriety, and now, to cap the climax, I have been brigaded with Morgan L. Smith, the hero of Fort Donaldson. He is a dashing, fighting man, and we have an eminently fighting brigade, the left flank of which I still retain ; but a man by the name of Smith might as well attempt to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon as to win fame. If I figure in the ball, the scribblers attach the feat to Morgan ; if he performs some dauntless deed of heroism, I get the glory. But as I have said and written, this is not the war or the field in which to gather laurels ; it is unholy, unnatural fratricide. As well might he who has buried his knife in his brother's heart rush forth and exultingly brandish the dripping blade as evidence of good deed done, as he, the executioner of the law (for we are nothing else than executioners sent forth by Government to see the law enforced), offer his trophies, the wrung heart of the widow and fatherless, the ruined plantation, the devastated field, the destruction of

the fond hopes of the loving, the ruined patrimony of the unborn, claiming fame, glory, and renown. In sadness and sorrow we draw the sword, the true soldier and patriot sheathes it in the body of the rebel in the same spirit as the patriarch of old offered his son.

But, my dear mother, I must write you of yourself. I received two letters from wife, one acquainting me with your illness, one of your convalescence ; but I am grieved and shocked that you should have been so ill. You have been worried about me, and your anxiety has affected your head and brought on those dreadful hemorrhages. I know how prone you are to borrow trouble and always fear the worst ; but don't fear for me, dear mother ; the same God to whom you nightly pray for me will hear your prayers and the prayers of my wife and children. I have firm reliance upon Him, that He will uphold, sustain, and strengthen me, and bring me out of the conflict unharmed. If it should be my lot to go under—if I should fall, believe me, dear mother, I shall fall with my face to the foe, and then, in the language of the poet who has written the beautiful lines you have sent me, "Yield him 'neath the chastening rod, to His Country and his God."

But banish all apprehensions from your mind. A few years, perhaps a few short months, will intervene when you and I together will join those who have gone before us, when we shall solve the great problem, fathom the great gulf, and relying on the Holy Word of God walk with the loved ones in the paths of Paradise. A little, only a little while, and the battle of life for both of us, dear mother, will have been fought, and, with God's help, the victory won.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CORINTH, MISS., May 31, 1862.

Well, the long agony is over, and Corinth is ours. Long before this letter reaches you, will your mind and heart have been set at ease in respect to my safety. You will be gratified to learn that my regiment was the first to drive in the enemy's pickets, the first to enter, and the first to unfurl the

national flag at Corinth. That I am now Commandant of the Post, and that Major Fisher of my command is Provost Marshal of the city. How long I shall be stationed here I do not know, and how soon I shall be relieved of the command of the Post. I hope, however, they will leave me time enough to give me a little rest ; until to-day I had not had trousers or boots off for seven days and seven nights. But to-day Master Stephen provided me with a bucket of clean cold water and some clean linen, and you may be sure I went through the luxuries of a thorough ablution. I am now living in a fine cottage house, which was yesterday occupied by General Bragg, and which he evacuated in my favor ; such are the fortunes of war, the wheel of which rapidly turns ; to-morrow it may be my fate. The enemy leaving, destroyed an immense amount of property, ten thousand bushels of wheat were burned in one pile ; beans, flour, all sorts of comestibles shared the same fate ; tents, quartermaster's stores, baggage of officers, arms, and ammunition were all ruthlessly sacrificed. They must have left in a terrible panic. I do not know what the country will say, but I regard the evacuation as a complete victory, and although a bloodless victory, none the less important on that account. They never could have stood before us had our batteries once opened, carnage must have raged. I suppose their policy now will be to give our troops the possession of the larger cities, thinking thereby to weaken us, and afterwards by contracting their forces, to cut us off in detail. We are not yet advised where they are gone. There were probably from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five thousand troops here, and they seem to have left by three different routes. Those I was in pursuit of yesterday numbered, judging from the accounts of prisoners and deserters, some thirty thousand. We rushed them four miles beyond Corinth until we were stopped by a burning bridge. My regiment was ordered back, but to-day cavalry and artillery, together with infantry, are in hot pursuit. I have no news since last evening, and am writing in hot haste lest I should miss the opportunity to write at all.

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My own health is pretty fair, considering all things. The weather is very hot, but as long as I can stay here I shall be but little exposed, and the water here is good. The troops have suffered intensely for want of water. We shall undoubtedly have a protracted war, and a Southern campaign seems for me inevitable, so the sooner I get used to it the better. There is a rumor prevalent that we are under marching orders, and that our destination is Washington City. I have received no official communication yet, however, and am in the dark. It is astonishing how soon one gets used to this nomadic course of life, here to-day and gone to-morrow.

For the present I am really living "en Prince." I have three grooms and six guards in constant attendance upon my horses ; and such horses ! In one respect at least, I 'm the " young Lochinvar " of the army ; Halleck, nor Thomas, Sherman, none of them can begin to show with me. My " Bell " is the very king of horses, and realizes to the very full, if any horse ever did, Job's description. Then I have one groom of the chambers, and my high chamberlain is Stephen Davis, vulgarly called " Kernel," a name which he despises as altogether beneath his dignity. Truth to say, he looks down upon me latterly a good deal, and I should really feel reproached, if I had not learned early in life " that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre."

Then I have six guards for my chamber door and hall, and twelve guards for my entrance hall, and as I have pressed into the service as contraband of war a " neat-handed Phyllis " of the African persuasion, who boils coffee to perfection, and by intuition knows the nature of a dodger and its congener, light biscuit, you need have no fears that as a modern Corinthian, I shall go under for lack of creature comforts. As I before remarked, I hope they will let me remain a little while to enable me to recuperate, but if they do put me on the march for Washington I shall not have much to regret, for I swear I would not take Tennessee and Mississippi, from what I have seen of either soil, climate, water, herds, flocks, men or women, for a swine pasture if they both together came as precious gift. As for this city

of Corinth, to which I have come not as Paul to that other Corinth (they call this *Corinth*, by the way, with the strongest possible emphasis on the "rinth"), that for which it is the most remarkable is flies, not tent flies, nor the insect spoken of in Scripture, the wicked flea, though the wicked did flee from here ; but flies, the same veritable, old, brown-coated curse that I used to chase over the window-pane when I was a baby, impale on a pin when I got a little older ; put up in cages to mourn over when Sally Tinney stepped on them, and which finally have come back to me multiplied as the sands of the sea, at morning, at noon, and at night as thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa. Damn the flies ! they remind you of home, and you miss them in the woods ; they are eminently fond of houses and cities, scorning "green fields beyond the swelling flood"—and this city being the fungus growth of railroads, three of which concentrate, and the only business of each being the transportation of sugar and molasses, here they most do congregate, and I only wish that in their congregations they would chew sugar and eschew me.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP CHEWALLA, MISS., June 9, 1862.  
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We are now encamped near a small town called Chewalla, about fifteen miles south of Corinth and near the State line that divides Tennessee from Missouri. But I have just received marching orders for five o'clock to-morrow morning, and as yet do not know our destination. Memphis and Fort Pillow are taken ; their army must be scattered ; we know it was a good deal demoralized ; where they will make a stand is the merest matter of conjecture.

The heat begins to make itself felt, though the nights continue cool. I have had tolerably good health, nothing to worry about. I believe I stand the campaign better than the average of the men and officers.

There is no use, however, to attempt to disguise the fact that a summer campaign in the South must be terribly fatal to



our troops. Not that the Northern men are not just as capable as the Southerners, indeed more so, to endure the vicissitudes, but no troops can stand it. We must use fortitude, and do the best we can,—I leave the result with God, in whom I have firm reliance. I am always sustained by thoughts of you and of your prayers in my behalf. I long, oh ! how ardently, to see you, but I must not think of it. God only knows what is in the future for us. I could not leave my post ; I would not be permitted to do so however strong my desire. I must press on to the bitter end.

You want to know something about me, but I hardly know what to write about. I am sitting in a tent in the midst of dense woods, but near the side of a dusty road, over which regiments are marching, and all towards the South. My soldiers are all about cooking rations, and making other preparations for the march to-morrow. To-morrow night I may probably sleep on the ground, with a saddle blanket, because our transportation train will not be with the regiment, and there is no other way to carry my tent or cot. This will be no inconvenience to me, for I have very often done so, and that in the rain, with nothing but an india-rubber cape over me. I sleep sound with the bridle of my horse in my hand, and am refreshed at daylight. We carry canteens of water and food in haversacks, hard crackers, and salt pork.

We are always on the lookout for the enemy, flankers and skirmishers, and advance guards. Men are prevented from straggling. We march on steadily, halting for a few moments every hour. When we camp, pickets and sentinels are posted, and they who are not on guard sleep sound. Men sleep the soundest in the presence of danger. I have known them to go to sleep on the battlefield. Indeed, I have never known sweeter sleep or more delightful dreams than I have had behind the breastworks of fortifications which we momentarily expected would be stormed, and amid the incessant booming of cannon, bursting of shells, and rattling of musketry.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP CHEWALLA, MISS., June 10, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

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We have marched some fifteen miles beyond Corinth, and in a few moments shall proceed on our march to Grand Junction, some twenty miles from here and on the route to Memphis. I remained in occupation of Corinth three days, and was succeeded by General Halleck, who now occupies the quarters I left. The papers have scandalously falsified, as they usually do, the movements of Sherman's Division. A man in John Groesbeck's regiment claims the rather barren honor of flying the first flag over Corinth, when the fact is that mine, which was the first by two hours and forty minutes to enter the town, had been floating for that length of time. The town was under guard by my troops, and Major Fisher was acting as Provost Marshal (a post from which he was only the day before yesterday relieved) at the time the troops who claimed the credit entered. So much for newspapers, which are a tissue of falsehood and misrepresentations. These things I know you care nothing about, and indeed I would hardly take the trouble to explain except to avoid the absurdity which would attach to my former letters, if you believe the newspapers.

The weather is becoming pretty warm, though the nights continue cool, indeed I may say cold, for two or three blankets are comfortable, and there are no mosquitoes. We do not suffer so much from the wood ticks and jiggers as farther back. I am told that our march will lie through a high and tolerably fertile country, a matter to be much desired. Since our occupancy of Tennessee, all supplies have been scarce, the country people very poor and bereft of everything in the way of eatables. I hardly know what keeps them from starvation. . . . We think the back of the rebellion is broken in the Southwest, but we keep up a constant vigilance, for the foe is insidious. Beauregard's army must have been a good deal demoralized before the evacuation of Corinth, if we may believe the accounts of deserters and prisoners.

I suppose our destination is Memphis. They may make a stand against us on the way. We are looking anxiously for action from McClellan. Our army is the great centre, his the left, and the forces in Arkansas the right wing, and we ought to move forward together. We shall be victorious, we shall conquer, but we shall never subjugate this people. My opinions in this behalf, so often expressed, and more than a year ago, have never changed. They are a people very little understood at the North; their bitter hostility to the North will never change, certainly not with this generation; they have learned to fear us and to hate.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
LAGRANGE, TENNESSEE, June 21, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER AND HELEN :

We are now encamped at Lagrange, a most beautiful town in Tennessee, surrounded by lovely scenery, the country slightly undulating, watered by Wolf River, a clear, cold, and swift-running stream. This was the famous hunting-ground of the Chickasaw Indians, and here what was called the lost district, the disputed ground between Mississippi and Tennessee, to battle for which the militia was called out years ago. The place is celebrated for its college and female seminaries, and the very great beauty of its suburban residences. Its railroad facilities, its pure water, and healthy atmosphere have made it in past times a favorite resort for wealthy citizens from Memphis, Mobile, and further South, and luxury and refinement have characterized its inhabitants. Our troops were received here with chilling reserve. The stores were closed, the hotels refused accommodations to officers, and ladies, who had been unable to escape by flight to the plantations or elsewhere, shut themselves up. The men had pretty much all managed to get away. As the few, however, who were left came in contact with the rank and file, and began to discover that we were not the Goths and Vandals they had been led to believe, and also that the great lever, gold, was ready to be plied and piled, they wonderfully changed countenances, began to

brighten, and the larders, poorly supplied, however, were opened. . . .

Our brigade had been here but a day when we were ordered to Holly Springs, distant some twenty-five miles south. We made there a forced march, going, returning, destroying a bridge and trestlework of a railroad within three days. We had a slight skirmish at a place nine miles beyond Holly Springs, in which we lost four wounded and killed eight of the enemy. Their infantry occupied the city, but fled at our approach. I was appointed Provost of the city, and my regimental flag floated from the Court-House. The history of that flag in this regard is somewhat remarkable—in a future letter I will give it to you. Holly Springs, as you know, is one of the principal cities of Mississippi, surrounded by magnificent plantations, in the midst of the cotton-growing region. The people are very rich, or rather have been, and are the true representatives of the South. Our reception there was somewhat different from what it had been here. All the prominent gentlemen of the town called upon me in my official capacity, and many of them tendered me the hospitalities of their houses, which in one or two instances I accepted. They had lost a great deal by the burning of cotton. Many of the wealthiest men had been ruined. They did not seem to sympathize with their own army that was devastating the land. The plantations along the march were very beautiful, the houses are built with a great deal of taste, the spacious lawns and parks and cultivated grounds kept trim and neat. This is the season for cultivating cotton, and hosts of slaves were in the fields, stopping work and running to the fences to see us pass, and to chaff with the men. They understand just as well what is going on as their masters. They seem fat and happy enough, but are pretty ragged. Suffering will be rife, however, through whatever regions these armies pass, and the South will groan at the desolation of its land. Bitterly, bitterly, will they rue the grievous sins they have committed, but never again will they be forced into union. The United States no longer exist, between the North and the South is a great gulf fixed, and the hearts of the people will never bridge it. We may

conquer, but never subdue. Their lands are beautiful, their climate lovely, fruits and flowers, and magnificent forest trees. The holly and the pine, the live oak, the mimosa, the bay, the magnolia, are grand, and the mocking bird and thrush make them vocal. The people are strong in intellect, but enervated in body. The women are pretty, but pale. After all, perhaps Providence is working out some great design through the agency of this bloody war. It is a strange fact that our Northern men stand the effects of the climate better than those to the manner born. Perhaps a new infusion of better blood will regenerate. . . . I have this moment, even as I write, received an order to hold my troops in readiness to march towards Memphis at two o'clock this day. It is now twelve M. So you see there is but little time for private griefs or private joys. This is one great drawback to comfort in the army, you never know what will happen to you the next moment, and no sooner do you begin to rejoice that your "lines are cast in pleasant places," than you are ordered off, you know not where. I keep Stephen worried out of his wits. . . . I entered the army the 9th day of last September, nearly ten months have past. In all that time I have never been absent from my post one single day or night.

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HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NEAR MOSCOW, TENN., Sunday, June 29, 1862.

My last letter to you was dated from Lagrange yesterday week, and written so hurriedly, for I was just on the eve of march, that I think it must have been unintelligible. We are so hurried from point to point, the mails so uncertain, and facilities and opportunity for writing so scant, that it really becomes a task, or rather I should say enterprise hard to succeed in, the getting of a letter from camp to one's friends. I wrote, if I recollect, that we had marched from Chewalla to Lagrange, that from thence my brigade had made a hurried descent upon Holly Springs, one of the principal cities of Mississippi, where we expected to meet the enemy in considerable force ; that they fled at our approach ;

and that, returning from that point to Lagrange, we found marching orders for Memphis, for which march I was prepared when I wrote that letter. Our course lay through a country more fertile and more highly cultivated than any we had met, but the weather being hot and dry, and the road exceedingly dusty, our troops were made to suffer very much. We accomplished nineteen miles the first day, and were halted at a town called Lafayette. From thence we dispatched a train of fifty wagons to Memphis for provisions, our rations having given out. These returned in safety, but a train of cars, which was started laden with returning soldiers, was intercepted by a force of cavalry, thrown from the track, and Colonel . . . with a number of soldiers taken prisoner. This circumstance, together with intelligence that Breckenridge had concentrated a force at Holly Springs, determined a counter-march with a view of attacking him at that point, and therefore our troops were brought where we now are, some ten miles from Lagrange and twenty-five from Holly Springs, where we shall probably go to-morrow.

The weather is becoming very warm, many of my command are suffering from the effects of the heat and the privations and discomforts to which they are necessarily subjected. With the exception of camp dysentery and diarrhœa, whatever it may be called, my own health is pretty good. The bowel complaint is of a very singular nature, and not to be combated with the ordinary remedies. I have suffered from it ever since the battle of Shiloh, more or less at different times.

Major Fisher has been very sick, he is now convalescent. We shall have a summer campaign right here in the cotton states. A furlough or leave of absence is a thing utterly impossible, therefore I make up my mind to stick it out. I had hoped after the evacuation of Corinth that there were hopes of a close of the war, but these hopes have proved delusions. McClellan is slow, we are much disappointed in his movements. As a consequence, Beauregard and Breckenridge are rallying in the South. The people to a man and

woman are decidedly and unanimously "Secesh." We have no friends here but the slaves. The war will be a ten years' war at the least. Ohio must lose fifty thousand men for her quota before it is closed, and the sooner the draft is made upon her, the better I shall be pleased. . . . The war is terrible in its effects here. Homes destroyed, families ruptured, parted, never to meet again ; fields and farms desolated, country ravaged, people starving. God has cursed the land. When can their evils be stayed ?

There are beautiful forests and broad savannahs here ; all fruits and cereals flourish ; a land for milk and honey ; if peace could come, plenty would follow. The insect life here is wonderful ; such innumerable bugs and spiders, moths and winged and crawling things you never could imagine without seeing, while lizards and chameleons, of all sizes and colors, are constantly in pursuit of their game. It is no unusual thing for me to drive the lizards off my cot before I lie down at nights, and every night the spiders crawl over me by myriads. I have been bitten by spiders but once or twice, and with no serious effects, but I do suffer from lice, fleas, bedbugs, and wood-ticks.

My horses are all in tolerably good condition, though they miss their hay. There is no hay grown in this country—its place is supplied with blades of corn. Oats do not thrive here, either, and Northern horses feel the difference. Mine carry me very well notwithstanding, up to this time.

I like your strictures upon the newspapers, and am glad you understand them. Newspaper articles, unless they appear over the signatures of well-known and perfectly responsible parties, are regarded by the army, both officers and privates, worthless for information upon any current event, especially matters connected with the service. Mere puffs, they generally emanate from paid correspondents or scribblers, whose object is to write a man into notoriety, as they would publish a patent medicine or advertise a sale at auction.

You would all doubtless like to know more of me and my

surroundings than I have it in my power to write. The faculty of description and vigor of memory may make many a fortune for the striving actor in scenes such as these transpiring about me. Every day is an incident, every night in reality a dream of romance. The moonlight, the forest, the bugle, the sentry, the alarm, the march, stealthy and cat-like, stealing on the foe, or with loud alarm of drum and fife and flaunting of flag, dashing down to intimidate; the bivouac, the encampment, the gathering around the camp fires, the bottle, the pipe, the tale, the jest, all that you read of in novels, only a good deal more so, all these are my daily life. If one battle would suffice, but many and many a battle must be fought, rivers of blood must yet flow, before we can herald peace.

Well, dear children, Mamma will read this letter or a part of it to you, and while reading it, you must reflect that father is far down South on the line between Tennessee and Mississippi, in a large forest, on the banks of Wolf River, in a hot climate, where the cotton grows; that he is sitting under the shade of his tent, writing to you, surrounded by soldiers, and all the pomp and panoply of war, that he is battling or about going into battle to secure you the same rights and the same good government that was secured to him and his fathers by our Revolutionary forefathers, and you must pray for the success of his cause, and for his deliverance from the evil, and if he should fall in the battle, you must pray for the good of his soul, but always be tender and kind to your mother, your aunt, your teachers and friends.

God bless you all.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. I.,  
CAMP NEAR MOSCOW, July 10, 1862.

. . . I wrote you a long letter from this point about the first inst., which I entrusted to a division train going to Memphis. This train was attacked by the enemy's cavalry and a sharp skirmish ensued, in which they had twenty-eight killed. We lost eighteen, and what the fate of my letter is I do not know. If the "Secesh" get it I trust they will find its



perusal interesting. We have been marching and counter-marching until our troops are well-nigh done out. Water is hard to be got in this country at this season of the year, and we suffer very much from thirst and the heat of the sun. Although fatigued, my health continues good, but my duties are very arduous. You can have no conception of the suffering attendant upon a march of a whole division with three or four batteries of artillery, over these roads. There has been no rain for a long time ; as the train proceeds the dust rises and the whole heavens for miles in extent are obscured, the light of the sun dimmed, while the atmosphere becomes so thick that one can scarcely breathe. We commence our march at about four o'clock, halt about ten, or at four o'clock in the evening, going to camp about ten. Camp for me is simply to dismount at the tree under which I propose to lie. There I lie down and go to sleep.

I have this moment received orders to march and must close here. . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O.V. INF.,  
CAMP "JUPITER AMMON," July 11, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I am here at an important point on the State line of Mississippi and Tennessee at what is called "Ammon's Bridge." I have a separate command of infantry, artillery, and cavalry under my sole control, so that for the present I feel pretty independent. I conduct my camp as I please and scout and patrol the country to suit myself. I came down for an engagement with a detachment of cavalry, known as "Jackson's Cavalry," but they would not stay for me. It has been my constant ill fortune always to fail in getting an engagement when I have been alone in command. I have been in plenty of skirmishes, but never in one on my own hook.

The first opportunity I ever had for distinction, was when I made the march through the swamp to "Gauss" just two days before the battle of Shiloh and of which I gave you description. I went down alone with my regiment to trap a body of cavalry, passing at night six miles beyond our own

lines and within one half mile of the enemies' camp. We lay in sight of their camp fires all night and could hear them talking. I was balked in my manœuvre, however, by delay on the part of the 5th Ohio Cavalry, who had been detailed to act in concert with me, but who failed in keeping time, and my quarry made its escape by another ford. I feel anxious to fight one battle of my own. All this is uninteresting to you, of course. I am encamped now at a very pretty place. The woods right on the banks of Wolf River that abounds with fish ; and it is a swift-running stream with sandy bottom. I have also a remarkably fine cold spring, giving abundance of delicious water, and here I expect to stay for some days. I hope to recuperate, for I have been much troubled with diarrhœa, which I fear has become chronic. I have never been relieved even for a day since the affair at Shiloh ; save this trouble, my health is fair. The weather is becoming very warm, we can only make marches early in the morning or late in the evening. Our horses wilt down—nothing but negroes and slaves can stand labor in this climate. On my last march to Holly Springs, I was encamped for four days just on the edge of a large cotton field. In that vicinity cotton has been the great crop, but this year there as elsewhere the cotton fields have mostly been planted with corn. The corn here is very large, tasseled out, roasting ears, almost ripe. Blue grass, herd grass, clover, or timothy won't grow here. Oats and wheat hardly worth gathering, but potatoes, corn, cotton, sweet potatoes and fruits of all kinds, particularly peaches and apples, thrive wonderfully. I never saw such blackberries as I have seen here, growing on vines twenty feet or more high, so high that the topmost branches could not be reached by a man on horseback, and the berry almost fabulous in size, an inch and a half long, perfectly sweet and without core. A man could easily pick half a bushel in an hour, and I suppose we had twenty bushels a day brought into camp while near the patch. Almost all our Northern fruits, I doubt not, would grow with equal profusion if properly cultivated here. Most of the people I meet here are well bred, but not always well educated. They are invariably and persistently seces-

sion in their politics, but generally opposed to the war. It is absurd to think of conquering an union, and I believe that an attempt to subjugate these people will be equally futile. There is a bitterness, a rancor of hostility, particularly on the part of their women and children, of which you can have no conception. I have never for one moment changed my views in this regard, so often expressed to you, and in your hearing, before the breaking out of hostilities. The war will teach them to respect the courage of the North, but it has made two peoples, and millions of lives must be sacrificed before its termination. Governor Tod has appealed to the people of Ohio for five thousand. He had better go to drafting. Ohio must contribute fifty thousand, and those right speedily. The resources of this country have always been underrated ; this is another absurdity. Their people live far better than we in Ohio out of the cities. I know this to be a fact, for I am daily an eye-witness. A man here with twelve or fifteen hundred acres is a prince. His slaves fare better than our working farmers. His soil is more kindly, his climate better, and better than all, he understands the science of living. He enjoys life more than we do, and so do his wife and children ; and they all know this. They are determined to be independent, and they will be. There is no house I go to but where I find the spinning wheel and loom at work. Their hills are covered with sheep and cattle, their valleys literally seas of corn. As long as the Northerner's foot is on the soil just so long there will be some one to dispute its possession, inch by inch, and meanwhile they will find resources for themselves in food and raiment. It is a magnificent country, such timber I never saw. The white oaks would gladden the eyes of the Coleraine coopers. I have noticed many a one eight, perhaps nine feet in diameter at the base, straight, rifted, and running up without catface or flaw, sixty, seventy, eighty feet to the first limb ; beeches, hickory, holly, chestnut, all in the same proportions ; and that most gorgeous and beautiful tree, the magnolia, in all its pride of blossom, each bloom perfect in beauty, velvety in leaf and blossom and fragrant as the spicy gales from Araby, or a pond lily or attar of roses, or a fresh

pineapple, any or all combined, the tree graceful and majestic, proud in bearing so lovely a bloom. The flora of the country is truly beautiful. I am not enough of a botanist to know, nor have I the memory to bear in mind the name of the plants I do know, that are made to bloom in our green-houses, and here grow wild ; but through the woods and along the roadside many and many a one I see growing in wild and splendid luxuriance, wasting their blushes and " fragrance on the desert air," that a prince might envy and covet for his garden. I do not remember whether I made mention to you of the azalias that were just bursting into bloom on the 6th and 7th of April, and that while sore pressed in the heat of battle, I was absurd enough to gather a handful of them ; but so it was. The whole woods at a certain part of the battlefield were bedecked with them and the whole air laden with their perfume. Col. Tom Worthington got off a very pretty poem about the subject.

. . . . .

Kiss all my dear little ones and read them my letters, that is, if you can manage to decipher the pencil. Some day, perhaps, if God spares our lives, I shall be able to entertain them with stories of my campaign in the sunny South, tell them of the beautiful singing birds, the wonderful butterflies and gorgeous beetles, of the planter's life and of the flocks of little niggers all quite naked, that run to the fences and gaze on us as we march by, and of the wenches in the cotton field that throw down the shovel and the hoe and begin to dance like Tam O' Shanter witches, if our band strikes up ; and of the beautiful broad piazzas and cool wide-spreading lawns of the rich planters' houses. Some day we 'll have a heap to talk about.

I have no very late news from Richmond, but what we have got has had a tendency to depress our spirits a good deal. We feel McClellan will be outgeneralled after all. If he does not succeed in taking Richmond, we are in for a ten years' war at least. Some of those poor people in the South are heartily sick of it, while we shall plant their soil thick with graves of our own dead.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, July 28, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I wonder sometimes that I do not lose myself in the frequent flittings I have made ; as to the properties, the belongings, they are narrowed down to the smallest possible compass. My little leather travelling trunk is my bed, board, lodging, library, and secretary. Its key long disappeared ; and as it is strapped up, I bid an affectionate adieu to all its contents, in the firm belief that I shall never see them again.

Soldiers are great thieves on principle ; when they can't steal from the enemy, they circumvent each other to keep in practice, taking that which, " not enriching them," causes, in its loss, their comrades to swear worse than " our army in Flanders." One by one my shirts, drawers, socks, gloves, boots, handkerchiefs, books have disappeared. The last theft committed upon me was amusing from its boldness. We were encamped on the edge of an immense cotton field near a grove before " Holly Springs," on our second march there, when we shelled the city. It was terribly hot ; I was longing for something to read, when Stephen most opportunely produced from his bag a most excellent copy of Byron, that I had taken from Bragg's quarters at Corinth. I had entirely forgotten the book, which the boy had boned for his own use, and was overjoyed to get hold of anything to relieve ennui and the deadly tedium of waiting orders with the thermometer at an hundred and upwards, so I seized " My Lord," and forthwith repaired to a log in the shade ; but just as I was composing myself to read, a chattering above made me look up to see a fox squirrel and a jay bird fight. I drew my pistol, aimed at the squirrel, and in that brief moment the book was spirited away by some lurking vagabond who probably sold it for a glass of grog. For three long summer days I cursed that thief. Last night our regimental surgeon hung his trousers on the fence before his tent ; they vanished just as he turned his back, and being his sole remaining pair, left him disconsolate. I can tell you

many an amusing instance of just such purloinings as vexatious as they are ludicrous.

Still, barring attack sometimes talked of, it being a new base of operations, I think we shall hardly begin a fall campaign before the last of September or the first of October. I also acknowledged receipt of your most affectionate letter of the 4th inst., found here with quite a budget of mail. You say you look only for Halleck's army. Events multiplying and succeed with lightning-like rapidity. Since the date of your letter Halleck has been given in charge of all the armies of the Union, *et nous verrons*.

The result of this struggle no human mind can foretell ; the farther I penetrate the bowels of this Southern land, the more fully I am convinced that its inhabitants are a people not to be whipped. The unanimity of feeling among them is wonderful. The able-bodied men are all in the army. We find none *en route* but the old, the feeble, the sick, the women. These last dauntless to the last. Those the army have left behind have learned that there is nothing for them to fear from us. We shower gold and benefits which they accept with a greed and rapacity . . .

Children are reared to curse us. The most strange and absurd stories are told of us, and stranger still, they are believed. I have been gazed at as if I were a wild beast in a menagerie. The slaves thought we were black. We are scorned, though feared, hated, maligned. Seventeen hundred people have left Memphis within three days rather than take the oath of allegiance. Leaving, they have sacrificed estate, wealth, luxury, and the majority of them have gone into the Confederate army. There is scarce a lady in the city ; the few who are left, our open and avowed enemies. We shall always whip them in the open field, we may cut them off in detail ; we shall never by whipping them restore the Union. If some miraculous interposition of Divine Providence does not put an end to the unnatural strife, we shall fight as long as there is a Southerner left to draw a sword. Europe is powerless to intervene. England may take sides, but she can't grow cotton in the face of a Federal

army. France, who is now equipping her navies, who by similarity of language and habit has close affiliations with Louisiana, who is eagerly stretching out her hand for colonies, and to whose arms the Southern Mississippi planters would eagerly look for protection—France must beware ; Russia is no uninterested spectator. The first step towards intervention is the match to kindle the blaze of war all over Europe. The South would gladly colonize ; it is her only hope for redemption. Congress has forced a new issue. Slavery is doomed. New levies must be forced. Three hundred thousand men from the North will not obey the President's call and volunteer. Drafting on the one side and conscription on the other. The result is plain—a military dictatorship, then consolidation. The days of the Republic are numbered. But a little while and the strong right arm is the only protection to property, the value of property existing only in name.

These thoughts are gloomy, but I must confess there is but little to encourage one who perils his life for his country's honor.

You flatter me when you say my letters are interesting to you. Save to you, or to wife, I am inclined to think there would be found in these letters little worth perusal. They have almost invariably been written while upon the march, in bivouac, often behind intrenchments, right in front of the enemy, and only to reassure you of my continued safety. I continually regret that the pen of the ready writer has not been given me, with industry commensurate. I might then have made pencillings by the wayside, through the wilderness and the camp, worth more than passing notice. For four long months my life has been rife in incident ; the circumstance that would have made an era to date from in times that are past, being so rapidly followed by one of more startling nature, as to drive it from the memory, and so the drama of life has gone on, the thrill of excitement a daily sensation.

I had become somewhat familiarized with camp life and its surroundings before I undertook to recruit my own regiment

at Camp Dennison. The fall and winter passed away quietly enough in barracks, though it was no light task with me, to recruit, organize, and drill a regiment of new levies.

Suddenly and before spring was opened, marching orders came and we found ourselves hurried into the field, without arms or adequate camp equipage. The first issue of arms I had condemned as unreliable and returned to the State arsenal. Within a week of our arrival at Paducah a detachment from my regiment with borrowed arms had taken possession of Columbus. There our colors waved for the first time over an enemy's fortification, and I may say, *par parenthese*, this of these colors, that their history is rather peculiar. The regiment never had its regimental colors; the flag we carry was presented by a Masonic lodge of Cleveland to a company I recruited in that city. It floats over me as I write, and I thank God is unstained by dishonor. It waved at Columbus, at Chickasaw Bluff; at Shiloh its guard of four men were all killed, its bearer crushed and killed by the falling of a tree-top, cut off by solid shot. The staff was broken and the flag tangled in the branches; there I dismounted for the first and only time during that day to rescue the old flag, which I took under a sheet of flame. I rode upon it the rest of that day, slept upon it at night, and on Monday flaunted it in the face of the Crescent City Guards. The old flag floated at Russell's house. We were in reserve in that battle, but under fire. It was foremost in all the advances upon Corinth, and the first planted inside the intrenchments. Since the evacuation of Corinth, on detached service, it has been unfurled at all the important points; at Lagrange, at Holly Springs, at Moscow, at Ammon's Bridge, at Lafayette, at Germantown, at White's Station, and now at Memphis. But, to return, we received our arms at Paducah, and were terribly exposed while encamped there. From thence we were transported on steamboats to Chickasaw Bluffs on the celebrated Tennessee expedition. For nine days we were crowded close on small steamboats, and the first day we disembarked were compelled to wade streams breast high, the weather terribly cold. We were driven back by high water. We again embarked and landed at



Pittsburg Landing. There my men began to feel the effects of the terrible exposure to which they had been subjected. But no time was allowed to recuperate, constant and severe marches by night and by day kept the army on the *qui vive*. I can assure you there was no surprise at Shiloh. I made a tremendous night march only the Thursday before, of which I have heretofore given you some account ; was ordered upon a march that very Sunday morning, and was setting picket guard till twelve o'clock of Saturday night. Well, then came the great battle and the burying of the dead, and here I will refer you to an autograph order of General Sherman which I enclose ; he will doubtless be a great man in time to come, and it will be worth while to preserve as a memorial of the times. . . . After the burial of the dead and a brief breathing spell in a charnel-house, we were ordered forward ; then came more skirmishing, then the advance upon Corinth by regular parallels, the felling of enormous trees, to form abattis, the ditch, the rampart, often thrown up by candle-light. Scouting, picketing, advancing in force, winning ground inch by inch, bringing up the heavy siege guns ; at last the evacuation, the flight, the pursuit, then the occupation of the country. Now my labors were not lessened, though my responsibilities increased. I was often upon detached service, far away from the main army, as at Ammon's Bridge, where I lay for ten days, and where I had frequent skirmishes, taking many prisoners. There I made acquaintance with the planters, and finally, when I left, destroyed the structure, by chopping it away and by burning, bringing upon my head, doubtless, the anathemas of all the country-side. There is a portion of Tennessee and Mississippi where they know me, and where I think my memory will be green for some time to come. And now I am at Memphis or rather in the suburbs, that I assure you are beautiful. The shrubbery is splendidly luxurious, the most exquisite flowers, magnificent houses and grounds and a splendid country about it. I do not wonder its people have made boast of their sunny South ; no more beautiful land is spread out to the sun, but now devastation and ruin stares it in the face. I have met but few of the people, those I

have seen are sufficiently polite ; but it is easy to see we are not welcome guests, that the Union sentiment expressed, is expressed *pro hac vice*. If I stay here long I will write you more about them. Thus you have a brief synopsis of the history of my regiment in the field ; unfortunately, it has no historian in its ranks ; all connected with it have been satisfied with doing their duty, without recording their acts. Thus while we see in every paper, officers and regiments lauded and praised, the most insignificant performances magnified into glowing acts of heroism, the most paltry skirmishes into great battles, we find ourselves unknown. I do not regard courage in battle as a very extraordinary quality, but fortitude on the march and in the trenches, in the endurance of the thousand vicissitudes that attach to such a campaign as we have gone through, is above all praise. My men, now sadly reduced in numbers—for dysentery, diarrhœa, camp fever, exposure, to say nothing of wounds, have done their work—have shown this fortitude in a superior degree. They have been a forlorn hope, have always led the van, have never missed a march, a battle, or a skirmish, but their history will never be written, the most of them will go to their graves unhonored and unsung. But I am wearying you with too long a letter, written not under the most favorable auspices. I enclose you a report from Sherman partly mutilated before I received it.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, July 22, 1862.

. . . . .

I seize the earliest opportunity to advise you of my safe arrival at this point, now in occupation by the troops of General Sherman, as you have probably ere this learned through the newspapers. Our last marches have been tedious and the troops have suffered much from the heat of the weather. You may judge of the intensity of the heat when I tell you that as we marched our Brigade through the streets of Memphis at seven o'clock in the morning of yesterday the mercury stood at 102 degrees in the shade. To-day is

cloudy and somewhat cooler, a fortunate thing for me, for as Division Officer of the Day it becomes my duty to set all the pickets, which will involve hard riding all day and night.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
MEMPHIS, July 23, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I seize the briefest moment to advise you of my health and well being.

We marched into Memphis day before yesterday ; shall occupy the city and probably remain for some time. This will be the new base of operations. I found a heavy mail waiting me, and among my letters was overjoyed to see one from you. You may well be sure it was the first I tore open to read, and it was read before I had dismounted, though I had been in the saddle without food or drink since two o'clock in the morning, and it was twelve meridian, under as hot a sun as you can conceive it possible for one to exist under. The mercury stood at 101° in the shade that morning at seven o'clock. The only evil result of that day's march, however, so far as I am concerned, is the loss of the skin of my nose, which was completely peeled off. I can't answer your affectionate letter now, but will do so in a day or two, if I can get an hour's leisure. I have been constantly on the go, our troops are not yet encamped, and as Officer of the Day, my duties have been exceedingly onerous.

. . . . .

I should be glad to come home, but a furlough is a thing impossible ; Sherman won't listen to a request even from a sick or dying man ; certainly not from one who is at all useful in the service. Even if it could be obtained, I should not like to take a furlough now for many reasons. I am in for the war and the war will be a long one.

. . . . .

Memphis has been an opulent city, laid out in magnificent proportions, containing superb houses, elegant grounds, etc. The people who are left are almost all "Secesh." The males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years are

ordered off ; to-morrow is their last day of grace ; consternation, of course, prevails. The headquarters are besieged with ladies asking protection for themselves and families ; a very large proportion of them are wives of officers in the Confederate army. They are all bitter as snakeroot, but nevertheless demand, not ask, that protection their natural protectors were unable or unwilling to give.

Few of these can yet realize that war has now commenced in right good earnest ; that hereafter desolation and havoc will follow the wake of our army. Heretofore we have preached peace, and sought with the inhabitants of the country through which we have marched, even upon the battlefield, to cultivate friendly relations, warring only with the men-at-arms, fighting to-day with the owners of the property which we detail forces to protect to-morrow. Our famishing and thirsty soldiers as they toiled under the burning sun in the summer days' march have been prevented almost at the point of the bayonet from assuaging their thirst at the roadside well, from pulling an onion from the garden or seizing an apple from the bough on the premises of the men armed and after their heart's best blood. Now this will all be changed. We shall " burn, sink, and destroy ! " We shall teach these ingrates that we can punish with a rod of iron, that we can not only meet and vanquish them on the field, but that we have the nerve and the will to sweep them and all they hold dear clean off from the face of the earth.

I hear they are most thoroughly panic-stricken in Cincinnati ; that the enemy have been encamped at Florence, only nine miles in front, and that they have some reasons to expect a raid.

. . . . .  
HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Aug. 8, 1862.  
. . . . .

Your letter of the 1st inst. has just been received. I cannot understand why eight days should be consumed in the transit of mail matter when the individual requires only two to pass over the same ground. The army, however, is

always scolding the mails, and perhaps without reason. We ought to be thankful for any intelligence, however tardy.

Our tents are pitched in pleasant places near the city, plenty of shade and pure water. The health of my men would improve if they would practise self-denial in food ; but the temptation in the shape of green corn, fresh fruit and vegetables is too much for their frail nature to withstand. If I can get them safely through September, they will be in good training for a fall and winter campaign. My own diarrhoea has never left me—I suppose never will. I have lost flesh and strength, but I do not suffer save from the inconvenience and loss of rest at night. Sometimes it is checked slightly, but I think it is chronic and beyond the power of medicine. No furloughs or leaves of absence are granted from this division of the army, on account of sickness or for any other cause. I have asked furloughs for officers and men who have died, and whose lives, I am assured by the surgeons, might have been saved by change of air and alleviation from the miseries of the camp, but never with any success. I would not ask a furlough for myself, I would not take one if offered ; but it would be worse than useless to ask. It will be long before I shall see family or friend. This hard, pitiless war will never come to an end in my lifetime. Last night three of my officers, who were badly wounded at Shiloh, returned. Two of them were shot very severely, one having his kidney, lung, and liver pierced with a Minie-ball ; and yet, strange to say, he is here to-day reported for duty, while men who got only flesh wounds died. I thought they would not return to their regiment, but they felt the peculiar fascination that few are able to resist. Their welcome by their old comrades in arms was very affecting. Strong men embraced and wept. Those who had stood shoulder to shoulder during the two terrible days of that bloody battle, were hooped with steel, with bands stronger than steel ; and those who might have been discharged, the scars of whose honorable wounds were yet raw, forsook friends and the comforts of home to come to their regiment, to the society of their companions. This is the great impelling feeling, though duty, patriotism, and

"death's couriers, Fame and Honor, called them to the field again." No officer whose honor is dear to him can be away now ; absence from post is a burning shame and will be a lasting disgrace.

It is not probable that Sherman will be ordered to Vicksburg for some time, if at all. Meanwhile the drill and the discipline of the troops is rigidly enforced. Brig.-Gen. Morgan L. Smith, under whose command the "54th" is brigaded, is a martinet almost to tyranny.

I do not deem it beyond the range of the probabilities of this war that Cincinnati be attacked. Buell will have his hands full to prevent it. The city would be a tempting prize to soldiers.

You had better have an eye on this matter in the making of your fall arrangements. I don't want to write that which will give you uneasiness. I do not regard it as at all certain that Bragg would push his columns up between Curtis and Buell ; but it is certain that there is a good deal of disaffection in Kentucky. If Richmond is evacuated—and disease and want of commissary stores may compel this—then desperate men in large guerilla bands may precipitate themselves upon a city so far as I know undefended. The South is a united people ; they have over one million and a half of fighting men, their soldiers are better drilled and better disciplined than ours, they are better armed and fight as well, and above all it is far easier for them to keep their regiments filled up to the maximum number, than it is for us. Every man, who is able to fight, is willing to fight. The women, the children, the old, the feeble, take pride in the army, and cheer those on to glory whom they think are winning it in the defence of their homes, their firesides, and the heritage of their fathers.

I saw a sweet little girl the other day the very image of Bettie and very much like her in manners ; of course I courted and petted her, notwithstanding she was a most bitter little "Secesh." It was most amusing to hear her phi-

lippias, but I could not help loving her for Bettie's sake, and the little witch, as evidence that I had won her favor, though a "Yank," came with her father to my camp. She is the first child I have spoken to for six long months, if I make an exception of the occasional pickaninny, an insect with which this sunny South abounds. It was very amusing on the march to see whole flocks of them, generally nude, by the roadside in the care of some ancient mother of the herd.

Enclosed please find an effusion from the pen of Col. Tom Worthington, a brother of the General, with whom I have become quite intimate; the lines were almost if not quite impromptu, written and handed me just after the battle, though since, I believe, published. The allusion to the azalia is very happy; the whole air was redolent with their perfume on the day of the battle, and more than once I caught a handful of them, while my horse was treading among the dead.

This afternoon I am invited to a grand review of the 8th Missouri, and to meet all the field officers of the division at General Sherman's headquarters. Within two or three days we present General Sherman with a sword, and I am expected to make the presentation speech at a grand dinner, at which I suppose nearly all the officers, certainly all the field and staff, will be present. As I remarked of General Smith, so Sherman is a martinet, but he is a soldier, every inch, and as brave as they make them. I fought by his side all day from seven o'clock in the morning till dark on Monday, sat by him when his horse was shot, and saw his hand grazed by a cannon ball. He's every inch a soldier and a gentleman and a chieftain. Colonel Worthington don't like him, which is strange, for they are both West Pointers, but the fact is the Colonel is a little jealous that he has not a higher command.

My prince of horses, Bellfounder, is in splendid health, his neigh rings out long and loud whenever he sees me. You shall ride him if he ever gets home.

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Aug. 14, 1862.

Major Fisher of my regiment has been appointed Assistant Provost Marshal of Memphis, which leaves me with the whole regiment on my hands without assistance, and of course adds to my cares and responsibilities.

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Aug. 14, 1862.

Your letter of the 8th inst. was received two days ago, and just while I was preparing to act as Chief of General Sherman's Staff in a grand review to be made of Hurlbut's division. To-day our brigade, which is considered the crack brigade of the army here, is to be received ; in this I have, of course, to lead my regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Aug. 20, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

Our army here is now being thoroughly disciplined. Parades and reviews are of daily occurrence. On Saturday, as Chief of Staff to General Sherman, I witnessed a fine review of General Hurlbut's division. Yesterday our own brigade was reviewed. It is considered the most soldierly body of troops in the Army of the Tennessee. Our Brigadier-General is a terrible martinet, but well calculated to make good soldiers. I assure you, a parade of such a brigade as ours is an imposing sight.

I send you my "carte." Can you recognize any likeness to the little whitehead who clung round your knee lang syne? He 's had some rough encounters with the world that opened so bright upon him, since those days at Dorchester. The image of his young mother is ever before his mind, her dear bright eyes still gaze into his. He dreams he still feels the impress of her kiss.





COLONEL THOMAS KILBY SMITH,  
MEMPHIS, 1862.

10. 11. 11  
11. 11. 11

CAMP ON HERNANDO ROAD, NEAR MEMPHIS,  
Sept. 13, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I have just returned from an expedition into Mississippi made by our brigade, upon forced marches every day. We have had some skirmishing with guerilla bands, have killed ten, wounded a large number, and taken nearly an hundred prisoners, with mules, horses, and other property. I rode many miles for the past four days, have been almost constantly in the saddle, day and night. I find your very affectionate letter of the 3d inst. and the beautiful poem you have written about the battle. I will reply to your letter at length to-morrow ; now have just time to acknowledge its receipt and say I am well, for you are doubtless worried at not hearing from me. There is a good deal of excitement about Memphis. We are expecting reinforcements. I have changed my camp some four miles from where my last letter was dated. The locality is a better one.

Do not suppose I am troubled about military matters ; your letter goes to show an anxiety about me in that regard. If I cannot have a brigade of my own, I had rather be brigaded under Morgan L. Smith than any other man I know of, though he is a terribly strict disciplinarian. The brigade has a great reputation for drill, marching and fighting qualities, and is really the crack brigade of the Southwestern army.

I have unlimited confidence in Sherman, who is a great man and a great general ; therefore I am as well situated as one can hope to be in the volunteer service. It is only in the regular army where officers can hope for comfort or relief from the thousand vexations and annoyances consequent to a lack of thorough discipline.

Your lines are very beautiful ; one or two lines not to be excelled. I wish we could collect all you have written. Do you know where a copy can be had of the lines to your grandmother ?

. . . . .

CAMP ON HERNANDO ROAD, NEAR MEMPHIS,  
Sept. 13, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I have just returned from a long march—an expedition made by our entire brigade with four hundred cavalry and an eight-gun battery, for the purpose of destroying certain important railroad bridges and tressel work, and with the hope of drawing Breckinridge and his forces into a battle. We had considerable skirmishing with guerilla bands, killed ten that we know of, probably more, wounded quite a number, and brought in some eighty or ninety prisoners. We passed through the town or city, as they would call it here, of Hernando ; encamped there two nights. We took much property, horses, mules, etc. ; but one man killed and a few wounded.

For the past four days, I have spent twenty hours out of each twenty-four in the saddle, and for the past week have not had my coat, boots, or spurs off till this morning.

We are informed since my return that Stanton has resigned and has been succeeded by Halleck. I had hopes of Stanton and that he would recollect me. I shall have to wait now a good while ; volunteer colonels will have to stand back for West Point lieutenants. I am in receipt of two New York papers, *Herald* and *Times*, for which I am much obliged. There is a good deal of excitement in Memphis at this time. The whole Southwest is ablaze.

CAMP ON HERNANDO ROAD, NEAR MEMPHIS,  
Sept. 14, 1862.

I mentioned that I had just returned from an expedition into Mississippi in my letter of yesterday. The rebels had become troublesome south of this city, on the route of the Tennessee and Mississippi Railroad, and our brigade marched in that direction to check their depredations and to seek an engagement. We marched about two thousand strong—one thousand three hundred and fifty infantry, four hundred

cavalry, and a battery of artillery. Our cavalry in advance came up with the enemy on Monday and had a sharp skirmish, driving them back some two and a half miles. I have ascertained since my letter of yesterday, in which I make a somewhat different statement, that forty-one of the enemy were killed and between seventy and eighty wounded ; a number of prisoners and horses were taken. We had one man killed and four wounded. The cavalry afterwards entered Senatobia, an important point on the railroad, and burned the depot and cars that were there, scattering various guerilla bands they met on the road there and back. Meanwhile, our main body destroyed the railroad bridge over Coldwater, an important and expensive structure, tore up the railroad track and destroyed all communication with the enemy and Hernando. General Sherman pronounces the expedition one of the most successful and best conducted that has been made during the campaign and best calculated to check the operations of the enemy.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
CAMP ON HERNANDO ROAD, NEAR MEMPHIS,  
Sept. 23, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

This anniversary<sup>1</sup> will be remembered by you and me, probably the most interested parties to the transaction it commemorates. As the matter is unimportant to all the world and the rest of mankind, perhaps at this late day the less we say about it the better. I know you are thinking of me, wherever you are, or whatever you may be doing at this very moment, and by the present writing you will be assured of being in my thoughts.

There are one or two facts in my history connected with the month of September. All the important changes that have transpired to me date in that month, and on the 23d I am never at home. I have no recollection of passing that day with my family for very many years, back even to my childhood, always travelling like the Wandering Jew.

<sup>1</sup> His forty-second birthday.

It is a good while since I have heard from you or from wife. I suppose mail communication is in a great way suspended. I write letters with some anxiety. From the publication in the *Commercial* of 19th inst., I imagine wife was in Cincinnati at that time. I shall expect soon to hear of your being with her. The fate of that city is not yet decided. I think it rests with Buell. If Bragg outgenerals him, Cincinnati will be burned. We have exaggerated rumors of McClellan's success ; I cannot yet believe them. Halleck has massed his forces and hurled them upon Lee's army in retreat. Massing forces is Halleck's forte. I do not see now the annihilation of the enemy's Army of the Potomac. That will have a strange effect upon this war. Then we shall begin to change front. I expect stirring times here in two or three weeks, not sooner. My pickets had a little brush with guerillas last night. Guerillas are utterly contemptible ; they possess neither honor nor courage. Save in light affairs of this character and one expedition into Mississippi, some account of which I gave in a recent letter to dear Helen, my time has been actively occupied during my sojourn here in perfecting the drill of my regiment and fitting it for active service in the field.

Memphis, as I have remarked in former letters, has been a very opulent city. The centre of a vast system of railways, favorably situated upon the banks of the Mississippi, with a splendid landing ; a great mart for cotton, the staple of a widespread and most fertile bottom in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee, by which it is immediately surrounded ; wealth in actual cash, gold, and bullion from European factors has flowed in upon its inhabitants with continuous tide and now is evidenced by luxury and taste in the building, furnishing, and adorning of their residences and public buildings. The people I have met are sufficiently well educated and refined. All of course are intensely Southern. There are to-day, perhaps, six hundred Union people in Memphis to six thousand secessionists dyed in the wool. Its climate is delightful and the country about is remarkable for its adaptability to the cultivation of fruits and flowers. It is

historical ; from here De Soto saw for the first time the wide and turbid stream of the Father of Waters. Thus far through swamp and wilderness he had forced his weary way in search of gold and precious stones. Fort Pickering, now manned and armed for offence and defence, was the site of his first camp. Immortalized by our Western artist Powell in his painting which fills the last panel that was vacant in the rotunda of the Capitol, its name will perhaps go down to posterity as the scene of bloody conflict during the civil war. Our history now is red in blood, and scarlet dyed are the sins of the nation. I have just been reading Governor Ramsey's proclamation and message to the legislature of Minnesota. The Northwestern Indians are up in arms to renew the massacres that chilled us with horror in the annals of the early pioneers. Again is the reeking scalp torn from the living victim's head. Again is the unborn child torn quivering from its mother's womb and cast quivering upon her pulseless heart ; again is the torch applied to the settler's cabin, the forts and blockhouse besieged by the ruthless savage, the tomahawk and rifle ever busied in their murderous work. Many hundreds of men, children, and women are known to have been butchered in a manner too sickening and revolting to write about, and the homes of thirty thousand made desolate.

Distracted by civil war in which no issue is fairly made, harassed by the savage tribes in the front and rear, England only waiting for a salient point—the Republic totters. What and when will be the end ?

I did myself the pleasure of copying for Helen's benefit some lines of wife, which you have doubtless received and read ere this. They are the reflex of her pure mind—chaste, sweet in expression, and the surcharge of her agonized spirit. "Waiting, watching, and weeping, her heart's blood is running to tears." God bless her and you ; verily the evil days are upon us. "When the brother delivers up the brother to death, and the father the child ; and the children rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death."

We hear of wars and rumors of wars. . . . It is woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck

in these days. My poor wife ! how often I think of these prophecies as I reflect upon her condition, charged with the sole care of those five helpless children. God help and sustain her in this hour of trial. You can now better understand, and perhaps better than ever before, why I wanted my family, all I have on earth, to love to be together to mutually sustain each other. No property in times like these, however vested, is safe. I could tell you of heart-rending instances of deprivation of property and its consequences here at the South. We are passing through a great revolution, truly ; " the end is not yet."

As servants of the government, we do not know where next we may be called to perform service. My impression is that our corps will be retained in the valley of the Mississippi and do battle to keep open its navigation. We shall probably take Vicksburg and garrison the principal towns on the Mississippi to the Gulf and up the Red River. The events of the next few weeks will determine. I do not expect to be inactive long. I hope not. My horses are waxing fat and neigh impatiently in their stalls. I prefer the field to the camp.

CAMP ON HERNANDO ROAD, NEAR MEMPHIS,

2 o'clock A.M., Sept. 15, 1862.

MY DEAR SISTER :

At eleven o'clock last night as I was about to " turn in " an orderly came dashing up through the rain with despatches advising me that the Brigadier-General commanding had reliable information that our pickets were to be attacked this night or morning, rather, by the enemy's cavalry, and ordering me to double my picket guard. Being some distance from our main army and my outside pickets being three miles distant from me, and having a six-gun battery under my command attached to my regiment, after giving my orders and disposing of my forces, I feel indisposed for sleep and know not how I can better put in the residue of the night than by writing to my dear sister Helen, whose affectionate letter of the 8th inst. with inclosure is now before me, being this day received.





GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN AND OFFICERS,  
MEMPHIS, 1862.

MEMPHIS, 1862.

(See page 243.)



I send you a picture of General Sherman and staff, numbered thus—

1. Lieutenant Taylor, 5th Ohio Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp.
2. Major J. H. Hammond, Assistant Adjutant-General.
3. Captain Dayton, 6th Ohio Infantry, Aide-de-Camp.
4. Major Taylor, of Taylor's Battery, Chief of Artillery.
5. Capt. J. Condict Smith, Division Quartermaster.
6. General Sherman.
7. Col. Thos. Kilby Smith, of 54th Ohio Inf. Zouaves.
8. Captain Shirk, U.S.N., Commander of gunboat *Lexington*, which threw the shells at Shiloh.
9. Major Hartshorne, Division Surgeon.
10. Col. W. H. H. Taylor, 5th Ohio Cavalry.
11. Capt. James McCoy, 54th Ohio Inf. Zouaves, Aide-de-Camp.
12. Major Sanger, 55th Illinois Inf., Aide-de-Camp.

These, with two exceptions, were together and did service at the battle of Shiloh ; the names of some of them will adorn the pages of history. The Quartermaster looms up among them like Saul among the prophets, a head and shoulder above the rest. He stands six feet four and a half inches high in his stocking feet, and I have a private in the ranks in my regiment who is three inches taller than he.

Tell mother she need not be alarmed about Sherman's sanity ; his mind is sound, his intellect vigorous. He is a man for the times. His enemies are seeking to destroy him. The whole article she sends is replete with falsehood. No city in the Union has a better police, is more accurately governed than Memphis. It is sufficient for me to say to mother that the whole article is false from beginning to end. Tell dear mother I will write her shortly ; that meanwhile, to be of good cheer. The game of war is fluctuating—their turn now, ours perhaps to-morrow.

And all night long I have waited and watched ; the gray dawn is now streaking the eastern sky. No warning shot from the picket guard, all is still, all quiet, as though smiling peace still blessed the land. I have written and paced the sentry's beat at intervals ; now sounds the reveillé. The stirring fife and prompt sharp sound of the drum break upon

the morning air. The camp is all aroused. My labor for the night is done. Its result a copy of verses and not very interesting letter. It will bring proof, however, that I have thought of you, that for the whole night at least you have been in my thoughts till dawn.

I don't think that Cincinnati is in immediate danger from Smith ; he will probably retire. His mission was to watch Morgan at the Cumberland Gap. It was so easy a thing to do, that he made his advance farther than was intended. Bragg is the general to watch. He and Buell will, I think, it is likely, have a big battle. If he is victorious, good-by, Cincinnati. Anyhow I must think she is a doomed city.

CAMP ON HERNANDO ROAD, NEAR MEMPHIS,  
Oct. 16, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

A stupid publication in the *Commercial* of the 13th inst. causes me anxiety lest you should be made to suffer in the belief that I am the interesting individual referred to. For good or for evil the newspapers are bound to misspell my name, to destroy my identity, to take away, as far as possible, my individuality, and now they propose to publish me wounded. I think, however, your good sense will enable you to locate me right. The number of my regiment, my brigade and division under General Sherman will enable my family to place me. There is no telegraph from this point or I would telegraph you. I have just returned from a reconnaissance into Mississippi. We met no enemy and had not even a skirmish. I commanded the expedition. Temporarily my command is somewhat more independent than it was and I have had artillery assigned to my command in connection with my regiment. My duties are very active. The weather is cooler, and my health improving. If we should have frost it would be everything to me.

They had a big fight at Corinth. Many of my personal

friends have gone under, among them Jim Jackson, formerly member of Congress from Kentucky. I knew him intimately in Washington and renewed my acquaintance with him before Corinth in the field. His was a gallant, noble spirit. God ! how many of them are gone, to "barter breath for fame." That was a bloody, bloody fight while it lasted ; I mean the dash on Corinth. Rosecrans has immortalized himself. He's a splendid soldier. I can't tell what our movements will be ; Sherman knows as little of them as any one ; coming events will determine. I do not think we shall be marched from this point for some weeks, unless upon expeditions to return.

I am writing as usual hastily, to save the mail ; the fact is, I eat, drink, sleep, walk, ride, talk, write in a hurry. I am hurrying through life ; as poor father used to say, "I was born in a hurry and shall die in a hurry." Time never sped so fast with me.

. . . . .

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Oct. 23, 1862.

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS :

I must address you together as I would talk to you. Would to God that I could see you and talk to you ; yet, perhaps, it is better I should not. I should love you too well and you would be taken away from me, or the petty cares of every day would make me appear less tender in my manner than I am in heart. You will always love me, I know, whatever distance or time separates.

. . . . .

I am in very great trouble and grief this morning, and cannot write as cheerfully as I could wish. My favorite horse "Bell" was stolen from me two days ago and to me his loss is irreparable. He is the best and handsomest horse I ever saw. In all my experience of horses, whether belonging to others or myself, I have never known his equal. He had improved very much the past year, even amid the vicissitudes of the campaign, and had become thoroughly trained in all his duties. He was the horse *par excellence* of the

army, in whom all officers and men alike of all the different regiments and brigades took equal pride. No one seemed to grudge or envy me the ownership of him. He was a creature of beauty that seems to be a joy to all. He knew me and loved me like a child, and would always neigh and stretch out his neck to be fondled whenever I approached him, and rejoiced when I mounted him. He carried me through both days at Shiloh and many a skirmish since over the long marches under the burning summer sun, always with high courage, gallant and enduring, never complaining for food or water, though often deprived of both. I have slept many and many a night under a tree with his bridle in my hand. I believe under God's mercy I owe my life to him. Money could not have bought him from me, nor friendship parted us, and now to lose him in this pitiful way is almost more than I can bear. If he had fallen in battle I would have accepted his loss as the fate of war, but to be stolen, disfigured, branded, passed from hand to hand like a common pad, I could almost cry like a very baby when I think of it. He was never sold, his owner kept him from a foal till he came to my possession and he would recognize no one but me for his master. One day during a lull in the storm of battle (it was at Russell House, the last engagement I was in) I had a presentiment he would be killed. Shot and shell had fallen around us, and partly for that presentiment, partly in abstraction and rest, I pulled some hairs from his mane and plaited them to keep as a memento, if he should go under. That little braid is all I have left of the proudest game horse in America.<sup>1</sup> Do you see, my dear daughters, I am not in the vein to write you a very pleasant letter to-day, though the weather is delightful, the air balmy, the woods still green, though the leaves are falling, ripened but not frosted. It is Indian summer, but without the tints that gild the forest in Ohio. There is a little smoky haze in the atmosphere and a peculiar rustle of the leaves and grass, that tells the autumn is well-nigh over, yet I am told that warm weather here runs nearly into Christmas.

<sup>1</sup> He was subsequently recovered.

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Nov. 11, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My life is now in comparison to what it has been somewhat monotonous, though full of daily incidents that a year ago would have been excitement enough for any one, a circumstance then that would have caused comment for a month, is now passed over without a second thought. Last night one of my pickets shot a soldier of the 6th Missouri who was attempting to escape from guard. He was a splendidly formed man, and as I looked at him this morning, stripped for washing before burial, shot directly through the body with one of our large Minie-balls, and saw the little unconcern of all about him—even he who shot him—I began to realize better than ever before how valueless human life has become ; within an hour the man was buried out of sight and the thing quite forgotten.

It is Indian summer weather, and were it not for the dust, different from anything in my experience in the way of dust, would be delightful ; I am in the saddle the greater part of the time and keep three horses pretty well tired down. I never thought I could ride so much without fatigue. Last Friday I was Officer of the Day and rode all day until eleven o'clock at night, came back to camp, changed horses, made the grand round and did not dismount till half-past five o'clock in the morning. That day I rode twenty-two and a half hours out of the twenty-four, and then taking only an hour's nap, reported for duty. I know I rest better in the saddle than in the chair, and almost as well as lying down.

I think I shall be in good trim for a winter campaign. We shall take the field probably in about three weeks. The other day the field officers of our brigade surprised General Sherman by calling in a body and presenting him with sword, sash, belt, etc.—presentation and acceptance very affecting. We were all together at the plains of Shiloh. After presentation invited him to wine supper at hotel ; speeches, talk, etc., and a good time generally. Mrs. Sher-

man, with the General, called upon me this morning, and indeed just left as I sit down to write. She is a very pleasant woman ; the more I see of her the better I like her. She often comes to my camp and both she and the general are very hospitable to me ; indeed, I believe I eat at their table oftener than at my own. There are several ladies residing not far from my camp, and one in Memphis, with whom I have become acquainted, and at whose house I often visit.

It is agreeable to me, as I mess quite alone.

. . . . .

There was a grand Union demonstration in the city yesterday—a procession and the theatre thrown open, and girls dressed in white and mounted on a car to be dragged through the streets and one representing a goddess of liberty, who ought to be chained to a rock and kept there the balance of her days, and a grand band and flags fluttering, and speeches made from the stage by distinguished citizens and military men, and a hurrah, and the General with his staff and me on his right hand, caprioling and cavorting through the streets and standing on balconies, with waving hats and dancing plumes and brass buttons glittering in the sun, and new uniforms covered with dust and other free soil, and many little ragged boys and small girls with unkempt hair and the backs of their gowns gaping wide, and “ the Union, it must be preserved,” and General Washington, looking like a superannuated ass with his ears cropped close, and “ Esto Perpetua ” and “ flag of the free heart’s hope and home,” and divers other strange devices, all done up in white cotton and carried about on sticks by sundry patriots at the remarkably low price of two dollars a day and whiskey thrown in, and a major and invited guests and the presentation of a Star Spangled Banner, long may it wave, by patriotic ladies of Memphis to Union Club, and all the rest of it done up in a rag after the approved style of Plymouth Rock, and the 4th of July and the 8th of January, and Washington’s birthday. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

. . . . .



CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, Nov. 15, 1862.

I have abundance of good food, but only take one meal a day, and that a very light one. This morning one of my lady friends in the neighborhood sent me in a most luxurious breakfast, a roasted rabbit with jelly sauces, and all that sort of thing, flanked by four quails with three or four different preparations of bread and other little matters, and after the whole thing had been elaborately spread upon a nice white cloth, I had it all bundled up and sent off as a present to Mrs. Sherman.

I have a great many compliments of this kind and beautiful flowers sent to me, and all sorts of pleasant messages. Last night I passed the evening in company with General Sherman at Bishop Otie's, the Episcopal bishop of this diocese. He has lovely daughters. One of them entertained me with charming songs and harp accompaniment—a most beautiful girl and very accomplished.

CAMP ON WOLF RIVER, NEAR MEMPHIS, Dec. 14, 1862.

The papers, I suppose, have told you what we have been about. My regiment was the first to cross the Tallahatchie. We have marching orders for the 18th, four days to rest and get ready, and then for Vicksburg or Jackson, or what God pleases. We shall have an active winter campaign. My health has been good until within a day or two. I have recurrence of the infernal dysentery. I suppose the dampness in some way strikes upon my bowels, and I could get no brandy. Whiskey, and very bad whiskey at that, is all we can procure in the army, and it is my abomination.

HEADQUARTERS 54TH REGT. O. V. INF.,  
ON BOARD STEAMER "SUNNY SOUTH,"  
Saturday, Dec. 20, 1862.

I have this moment received your letter enclosing two from the children of the 13th Dec. I cannot pretend to make answer to them now, for orders have suddenly come and I

am in all the hurly burly of excitement and embarkation of troops—no easy matter.

This expedition is fraught with great results one way or another. We cannot look into futurity. I note by the children's letters all the little household events that so much interest you. I am with you in spirit always. Remember, dear wife, I am always true to you and my dear children and my darling mother and my sweet sister—you are all with me now in spirit as I write, and often—so often—with me in the dark hours on the march and the bivouac and the excitement of battle. I often think of you as I grasp the sword or force the spur. Many a bound has Bell made when my heel, responsive to my heart, has goaded his panting side,—but enough of all this trouble. I can't write now. The sweet music of the band is pealing forth, the landing is crowded with forty thousand troops and all their paraphernalia—transportation, munitions of war.—All is haste, yet haste in order. Memphis has been kind to me. Do you believe, I have more friends in Memphis to-day, outside of the army, I mean, than I have in Cincinnati. It is so, and I have the most substantial proofs of their friendship. Houses, servants, equipages, everything of luxury has been forced upon me. I have been the favored guest. All this I'll tell you of, or write you some other time. Some of these friends will be lifelong to me, and in times like these that is not saying much.

Write me to follow the regiment, though I fear it will be a good while before I hear from you or you from me, and now I can't say to horse, but to steamboat, brave gallants all, death's couriers, Fame and Honor, call us to the field again.

ON BOARD STEAMER "SUNNY SOUTH,"

AT MOUTH OF YAZOO RIVER, Dec. 26, 1862.

It has been usual with me, before going into battle, to write to you, and almost as usual when I have come out of battle

unscathed, as heretofore has been my fate, to destroy the letters so written. This letter I shall commit to transportation immediately after it is prepared and shall be unable to withdraw it in any event that may occur. The public prints will have stated so much relative to the expedition of which my command forms a part as to make it unnecessary for me to comment. With such vague knowledge as I possess of the movements and position of the enemy, unless he capitulates, I believe we shall have a desperate fight and the chances are even that I shall fall. We must take Vicksburg, if at all, by storm, unless it is surrendered.

. . . . .

Christmas day, yesterday, was warm ; this morning, at breakfast, the same old gray-coated housefly that I used to stab on the window pane, when a boy, came to share my plate. I have doffed my coat and vest ; it is decidedly warm. We are really in Dixie, seventeen hundred miles away from you. The land of the cotton and the cane, orange groves and myrtle. Mayhap I 'll tell you of it in time to come, of the long waving moss, and the cypress. Rapid and turbid and broad and deep rolls the Father of Waters onward to the ocean, the eternal waters.

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HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
"MILLIKEN'S BEND," LOUISIANA, January 3, 1863.

. . . . .

I seize a moment to write you a brief letter, for I know how anxious you all must be about me. The papers, who know everything, and more too, will have apprised you long before you receive this letter that we have had a fight, that we have met the enemy and that they are not ours ; and you will imagine, of course, that I am captured, wounded and killed, but by the grace of God I 've come out of the ruins unscathed. I went under fire Saturday evening, about six o'clock, 27th ult. ; was in raging battle Sunday and Monday ; and Sunday, very early in the action, Gen. Morgan L. Smith was shot pretty badly in the hip and had to go off the field. I think he 'll die. By General Sherman's order, Gen-

eral Stuart assumed command of the division and I of the brigade, but Stuart being unwell I virtually had command of the whole division during the fight of Sunday. After the first part of the affair was over, Gen. A. J. Smith, as ranking officer, took command. I had ten regiments and three batteries of sixteen guns before Smith came. My men behaved splendidly, especially in our own regiment, which, however, suffered a good deal, nineteen killed and wounded ; my best captain badly wounded. Our loss is pretty heavy, but the enemy must have suffered terribly. I am now in command of the old brigade, composed of the 54th Ohio, 55th Illinois, 57th Ohio, 83d Indiana, and 127th Illinois, with two fine batteries. The 83d Indiana is a noble regiment, commanded by Colonel Spooner, of Lawrenceburgh ; he knows your father well. I led his regiment under their first fire myself and can testify to their gallantry. I suppose the Administration will have too much to do to think of the promotion of so insignificant and humble an individual as me, but it is pretty hard to take the responsibility of commanding brigades without the rank. Yet this is the second big fight in which I've been compelled to it, to say nothing of minor skirmishes. My own little regiment is a brick ; she'll follow me to hell at the word go. Never falters, never complains. We lay in that swamp, among the mud-turtles and alligators, a week, and short of rations, and not the first man whimpered. I had a fellow shot through the hand, shattering it and maiming him for life ; the ball broke the stock of his rifle, and instead of complaining about his hand, he went hunting about for another gun, cursing the enemy for breaking his ; however, all these incidents of battle are very uninteresting to you and it is really wonderful how soon we forget them. There is a party of officers sitting now at my right hand, laughing and talking and playing cards, whose lives, twenty-four hours ago, were not worth a rush, who have been in the imminent and deadly breach, who have lost comrades and soldiers from their companies, and who this moment are entirely oblivious of the fact.

The weather has been generally warm and pleasant for the

past ten or twelve days ; is now warm enough, but it rains tremendously. I am told, by those who know the climate, that it rains at this season of the year, after it once sets in, for six weeks, then storms for six weeks, and then rains again. I don't know how this may be, but God preserve us from having days of such rain as has been pouring down this.

. . . . .

They all seem to be looking forward to Christmas, with the usual fond anticipations of childhood, and with that they wish I could be with them. My Christmas was far away, sailing on the Mississippi ; my dinner, for supplies were very short, a homely dish of codfish and potatoes minced, with a relish of stewed beans. My New Year's Day was passed under the rifle-pits and batteries of the enemy in one of the vast swamps of the Mississippi, beneath huge cottonwood and sweet gum trees overgrown with the long peculiar moss of the country that flaunts in the breeze like funeral weeds. On Saturday night, while I was planting a battery, a huge owl—one of the species that make these swamps their home—flapped his wings right over me, and roosting in the tree above my head gave an unearthly screech and wound up with a laugh and prolonged ha ! ha ! ha ! so much like the utterance of a human being as almost to startle me. I took it for an omen. Where will my next Christmas be, where shall I make my next New Year's call ? The last has been an eventful year to me ; for the past nine months each day has been filled with thrilling incidents. I should like a little rest. I should like to lie down and be quiet. I should like to have some one soothe my brow, and make me feel as if I were a little child again. That is a beautiful idea in Scripture, where we are taught that all must become as little children, before they can enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is almost heaven to feel like a little child on earth. But now my business is to slay and destroy, to exercise all my intellect in the destruction of human life and property.

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HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
SECOND DIVISION, SECOND ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF MISS.,  
ON BOARD STEAMER "SUNNY SOUTH," Jan. 7, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

We are on the broad bosom of the Father of Waters, the shimmering moonlight streaming bright on the glittering waves that dazzle in reflection. I am surrounded by gay officers, the jest and the laugh and the song go round, but I get a little apart and look out into the night, and alone, with no commune for my thoughts save sweet memories of my mother. Two natures, two distinct beings seem blended in mine. Blood, carnage, and exposure to the elements, the dull and dripping rain at night, sapping the creeping marrow in my bones, the swamp, the forest, the noontide heat, prolonged endurance of fatigue, and wakeful watching, intimate converse with gladiatorial soldiers, the harsh reproof and bitter curse (alas, too familiar to my own lips,) the forcing of fierce and maddened spirits to my own will, at times as fierce and maddened as theirs, the groan, the imprecation, oftener than the prayer of the dying ; the contorted limbs and fixed stare of the dead, who have gone to their death at my bidding—all this, and more, more than I dare to think or to write, makes me feel as he must have felt who fell from heaven. When plunged in the abyss of reflection, I look for my pure, bright angel, with white and fleecy wings, hovering above me, her outstretched arms, her beckoning hand, her mild and lovely eyes entreating, the mother of my early days. I change, even in thought with her. I become a child again, like the little child I used to see in some of the editions of the "Common Prayer," with the leopard, and the lion, and the lamb, that I used to ponder over instead of listening to the service long years ago, when I sat in the quaint old church. The Bible pictures all come back to me, the clouds that I used to watch through the open windows, when the Sunday was pleasant, shaping themselves into queer and fanciful forms, when I used to wonder if God really sat among them, as upon His throne, and if the little cherubims and seraphims, all head and wings as they were lined above the pulpit, were really all about him crying

aloud, and if he ever spanked them for so doing, and from these child dreams I passed to others ; soft and pleasant fancies flit through my mind ; music and the bright fireside, whispering voices, pure, sweet, holy love, the greeting and the parting, the hopes and fears. My spirit changes ; I lean over the toprail and gaze into the deep and flowing river, to wonder if the scene about me is real, if I may not go to you within the hour and lay my head upon your breast and cry myself to sleep, with your dear hands clasped in mine. You are curious to know where I am and what I have been doing, and I can only give you commonplace descriptions of fleets and the great broad river, martial music, startling the wild fowl from the wellnigh deserted shores, the debarkation of the army, the bivouac, the attack at night, the fiercer conflict that raged for two days, the storming of the " imminent and deadly breach," the heroism, the slaughter of the soldiers, the withdrawal to the transports—all this you will hear about in any penny paper, told with all the variations far better than my pen can portray, and your heart will sicken that such things can be. You will hear that my own band acquitted themselves nobly, that nineteen of them bit the dust. Stancher followers no man ever had. They say I did my devoirs. I don't know. The blood gets into my head in the hour of battle and I rage, though men say I am cool. The Generals have given me the command of a brigade. . . . If I live, I shall hope to gather laurels ; you shall not be ashamed of your son. I have a splendid command, five fine regiments of infantry, two full batteries of artillery (one of which is the famous Taylor battery of Chicago, and the best of the service), and a squadron of horse, nearly five thousand men, and the very flower of the army. The treason of these Southerners is almost atoned for by their dauntless courage ; but if the political generals don't succeed in taking my command from me, they shall meet a " foeman worthy of their steel " the next time we are in battle array. Remember I am writing to my mother, and if an indirect trail of egotism or vanity is suffered to creep into my plain letters, forgive me.

De Quincey, in his confessions of opium eating, says,

speaking of his reveries, "Often I used to see after painting upon the blank darkness, a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival and dances. And I heard it said, or I said it myself, these are English ladies, from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, Newberry, or at Naseby cut asunder all ties of blood by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendships." One of my lady friends in Memphis gave me a copy, and in casually turning its leaves to-day, the quotations seemed strangely apt to the unhappy condition of our own bleeding land.

I have said if the political generals do not take my command away,—a batch of them have come down with McClernand, who, you will perceive by one of the accompanying copies, has divided the command with General Sherman; two or three of them are educated military men, and have great reputation as soldiers; an effort was made to place one of them over my command; it may yet be successful, though they tell me my popularity with officers and men is very great, especially since the last battle; that some of them declare they won't fight under another leader, especially under an importation. The advent of McClernand is deprecated. What the result may be I do not know. General Sherman is pretty firm about the matter, now, and I do not think will go behind his order. The Administration is treating me badly, but "Time at last sets all things even, and if we do but watch the hour," etc. Meanwhile, in my little authority, you must imagine me as I really am, surrounded by very considerable state. My staff consists of an adjutant, two aide-de-camps, four clerks, six mounted orderlies, and as many of a detachment of cavalry as I may choose to detail for personal escort; this, with my body servants, makes up a very considerable ménage, and as I retain my own old regiment as a body guard, I move with very considerable personal force. My colors float very proudly. You know I was



always given to the taking on of airs, and thereby exciting envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness, which with evil speaking, lying, and slandering, are always rife in the army. Therefore, there will be many attempts at assassination (figuratively speaking, I mean), and these political pets will be after me. Whatever I've got has been literally dug and hewed out with the point and edge of the sabre, and the devil of it now is that I have to fight front and rear. I had a bitter enemy in . . . who is now *hors de combat*, having been badly shot in the late engagement. I think he'll die; he won't sit on horseback for a year anyhow. I had disposed of him pretty effectually before he went under.

I know of none other now of any consequence, but the higher one gets up the more he makes of them. It's damned hard they won't back me at Washington.

I received a day or two since a very beautiful letter from Mrs. Sherman, in which she spoke of "having had the pleasure of seeing my very elegant and charming wife and mother."

I enclose General Stuart's official report, which you may show to as many friends as you please, though it should not be published. Also the order assigning me to command. It is not difficult for some people to get the rank of brigadier, but the same find it devilish hard to get the command to follow the rank, and are proud enough of two meagre regiments. Mine is a young army; I am immensely proud of it.

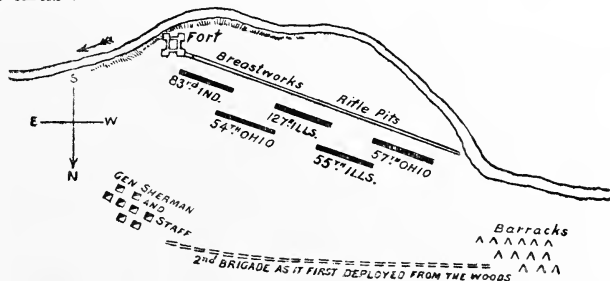
I won't write myself to ask for promotion. I don't want it unless it comes regularly and through my commanding general, but inasmuch as I have been clothed with the command, and that against the claims of rank; inasmuch as I must assume immense responsibility, expense, and exposure without commensurate reward, therefore, I think, I am right to urge through my friends for what is only my due.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
SECOND DIVISION, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
January 14, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

You have heard of our last battle, and this will give you the assurance of my safety. My brigade behaved splendidly. I had ninety-three officers and men killed and wounded ; among them, Captain Yeoman, senior captain and in command of my old 54th, had his right arm shattered, since amputated. The 54th has lost pretty heavily in both the last engagements. She 's a gallant little regiment, the men true as steel. Indeed, my command is most emphatically a fighting brigade. The day was beautiful after we had got fairly on the ground, and the spectacle was splendidly imposing as my forces made the charge. You must understand, that this post, heretofore called " Post Arkansas," but christened by the rebels " Fort Hyndman," is situated upon the Arkansas River about sixty miles above the mouth. The country about where the Arkansas empties into the Mississippi is flat and intersected with bayous and cutoffs ; one of these leads into White River, and our fleet having rendezvoused at the mouth of White River, we sailed up that stream to one of these cutoffs, and through that to the Arkansas and up the Arkansas to a point three miles below the fort. Here we threw troops across the river to intercept reinforcements to the enemy, but the main army debarked on the side on which the fort is situated, and immediately commenced the line of march ; directly as we were *en route*, the enemy began to throw their shell among us, which were returned by our gunboats, while the infantry steadily pursued their way. About a mile from the point of debarkation, we came upon their rifle-pits from which they had recently fled, and where we found their fires still burning and cornbread still warm. The term rifle-pit means a long ditch or trench, sometimes extending for many miles, with a barricade of logs or rails or sometimes willows or canes, to hold the earth in position, which ought to be in embankment at least four feet broad at the top. Behind this embankment, troops stand sheltered and in line firing at advancing forces. I make this explanation because many suppose rifle-pits to be holes in the ground.

Well as we advanced, the enemy abandoned their defences and after some slight skirmishing, retreated to the fort, from which was now commenced terrific cannonading. A little before sundown, other troops having marched around to the other side, and rear of the fort, it became my duty to advance my brigade to a point immediately in front of one of their batteries, and having put the troops in line of battle, I was ordered to advance them and draw the enemy's fire ; this I did with such effect as to cost me fourteen men, among whom was Captain Yeoman. Under their fire we lay until nightfall, and indeed all night. The next morning, at the break of day, we were ordered to the right and to a point nearly in front of their main fortifications, and here we lay again, under shell, until one o'clock, when I was ordered to storm the works ; I wish I could fully explain to you the position of the ground, and must make some faint attempt at it, so you can appreciate the movements of my troops. The original fort is an hundred years old, and was erected as a defence against the Indians ; considered one of the strongest forts in the U. S. Being upon a bluff it was supposed to command the bend of the river with three immense cannon, throwing respectively 110-, 100-, and 85-pound shot and shell ; besides these, were fifteen pivot guns, having range at any given point. These are in the fort itself, a most scientifically constructed work, capable of holding, crowded, fifteen hundred men. From one side of this fort, and running westwardly, was a line of breastwork extending to the river-side somewhat thus :



Now you will imagine my forces lying in the woods to the eastward, say half a mile, at the time of my receiving the

order to storm, and you will imagine all of this ground north of the fort and breastworks, a beautiful level plain, a little ascending to the fort and spacious enough to admit of three regiments in line, and the day to be as bright and beautiful as ever gladdened the heart of man, and then imagine, if you can, my brigade deploying from the woods just in the rear of General Sherman, and firing exactly as you see in the diagram, with ten brave banners fluttering in the breeze and gilded by the sun. Recollect, each regiment has a banner and a regimental flag, such a banner as you saw for the 54th, and the U. S. flag, the stars and stripes. As a military display, I never saw it equalled. The troops were formed under a perfect hurricane of shot and shell, the breastworks and rifle-pits were lined thick with the enemy. We formed, advanced, and the official reports will give you the rest. Their white flag went up, and I leaped, or got my horse over somehow or other. I don't know exactly how, for it was a wicked-looking place when I surveyed it the next morning, and by order of the commanding general caused four thousand men, prisoners of war, to ground arms by my order. I marshalled them behind the breastworks, while my troops stood on the ramparts. The enemy fought most gallantly, with a most unparalleled obstinacy. The ground inside the fortifications was piled with corpses and strewn thick with mangled limbs. The fort was torn all to pieces. The muzzle of the 110-pound gun was shot off. A shell of ours must have entered the very muzzle. These descriptions you will get from the professional writers, and in this instance all their word painting will hardly be an exaggeration of the truth.

I have reason to thank God ; for a little while this, to me, was the hardest-fought battle I have been in, and the whistle of bullets and shrieking of shells are sounds familiar in my ears as household words. This, however, is my first real action at the point of the bayonet and the muzzle of the gun. The feeling is very thrilling ; nobody but the victor on the battlefield can appreciate the very madness of joy. I made speeches to my new regiments ; the enthusiasm was tremendous. My old veterans are seasoned and take things quietly,

but my 83d Indiana and 127th Illinois were carried up to the seventh heaven.

I suppose it is small and mean, but there is a flattery, an adulation, a praise coming from the mouths of these soldiers that is very dear to me, and not from them alone. I must confess I want it from my country.

“ If we are marked to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss ; and if to live,  
The fewer men the greater share of honor.  
God’s will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;  
It grieves me not if men my garments wear.  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;  
But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.”

I must hope for justice to my name, for my dear children’s sake. If it is tardy in coming, or wholly withheld, I still have a satisfaction in the possession of the affection of these troops. Ohio in all her counties is well represented. Illinois and Indiana fairly. Many a family throughout a vast breadth will learn who led their brother, or husband, or son, at Chickasas, and Vicksburg, or Post Arkansas.

The conduct of my command was under the immediate eye of the generals. My own official report is therefore very brief. I would amplify more to you now if I did not suppose I should be duplicating what you will probably have read in the newspapers, before this letter comes to hand.

The incidents of our life, thrilling enough in the start, soon become an old story ; at least, we think nothing of them and suppose they have lost interest to our friends. I might tell how, leaving the boat in the expectation of an immediate fight, and, therefore, taking nothing with me in the way of nourishment or extra clothing, I stood by the head of, or sat on, my horse all the night long, the first night out, the shells coursing their fiery flight through the darkness and bursting over my head ; how eagerly I watched for the streaks of dawn ; how all the day I fainted for a drop of water ; how the

wounded and the dead lay all around me ; of the captures I made in the way of prisoners and horses (individually, I mean), of the ludicrous scenes in the field—for strange as it may seem to you, there is always something to laugh at even on the battlefield—but this has been told over and over again ; I cannot paint pain and anguish, and disappointment and dismay and death. They must be seen as I have seen them to be understood ; they can never be described.

We occupied the fort for two days and then re-embarked, and, after a little, shall sail down the Arkansas to the mouth, where we expect to rendezvous with other troops from Grant's army. From thence, I suppose, to Vicksburg, to try them again with a much larger force. There 'll be many a bloody fight before Vicksburg surrenders, in my judgment ; her natural position is immensely strong, and she is thoroughly fortified, well provisioned, and well manned. We have vague news from Rosecrans ; nothing, however, reliable ; if one half of what we hear be true, and his success as great as represented, that, joined to our late victory here, may have a demoralizing effect upon the Southern army, and cause them to capitulate at Vicksburg. Many of the soldiers we found here claimed that their time was up, and that they would have left in a few days. However that may be, one thing is certain, they will dispute every inch of ground as long as there is a man among them capable of bearing arms. It 's no rebellion, it 's revolution, and a more united people you never heard of or read of. Recollect what I used to say before the first gun in this war was fired, and for many months afterwards, how I used to talk to my friends, when they would prate about the South and its resources—a matter of which they had not the slightest conception. I propose to fight the fight out, at least as long as I have a right hand to draw the sabre.

I notice in reading my letter over, that I have not explained there were two sets of works or rifle-pits, the first about a mile and a half beyond the line of fortifications. I mean the outside lines, and the first we encountered. They were on the north and east.

The four thousand prisoners surrendered to me, of whom I speak, were only a portion of those within the fortifications ; the residue being inside the fort and at other points. We took seven thousand prisoners and eight thousand stand of arms.

I speak of the representation in my brigade. I suppose there is scarcely a county in Ohio from which some men have not been recruited for the old 54th ; the 57th is made up from the Hooppole region and the northwest. The 55th and 127th Illinois were both picked regiments, and came from all over the State. The 83d Indiana was recruited near Lawrenceburg and the tier of counties bordering Ohio. So you see I have gone over good space for infantry. My batteries are from Chicago and my cavalry from Illinois.

My boat is under way ; she, of course, is the flagship of my fleet of six. It used to be quite a thing when I was a boy to command a steamboat. I have the sublime honor of commanding six, some of them very heavy, fine boats. Just before leaving, I went to pay my wounded a visit. Poor fellows, I found them in all stages of suffering, but all cheery, game to the last. My poor Captain Yeoman sat holding up his poor stump of an arm. I could hardly keep the tears back. The boat was crowded and they were bringing stretchers in all the time I was there. I hope the poor fellows will get good attention when they arrive at home. The Sanitary Commissioners have done nothing for us. The living for the wounded and the weak is the hardest that can be imagined—no wine, no brandy, no nourishing food. The fresh beef from starved sick cattle that have been brought upon the steamboat, the bacon, potatoes, bad ; nothing fit to eat but beans, and I 've lived on beans till I loathe the sight of them. What our poor wounded are to do, God only knows. I gave them all the money I had, and all I could borrow, but a good many of them will see hell before they die.

As I write, the weather, which was beautiful and warm, changes to rain and then cold, and now as we sail down the river, we are in a violent snowstorm. The river is wide, and winding, and beautiful, lined with the canebrake and cotton

tree and now and then a fine plantation. The water is not fit to drink, being impregnated with soda and salts, that causes it to operate badly. Population is sparse upon its banks so far as we have gone.

I received two copies of your little poem, and wish you would send me some more. It was very much admired. I showed it to Stuart one day in the field before Vicksburg. We were waiting breakfast early in the morning. He insisted on reading it through, and cried like a baby as he read it. You must send me some more copies.

We are nearing the mouth of the river and soon shall be again on the broad Mississippi.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
STEAMER "SUNNY SOUTH," January 20, 1863.

My table is covered with orders, letters, plans, and maps, and my head full of business to the limit of its capacity, therefore, I propose to abandon business and for the small balance of this night, devote myself to you, my dear mother. This is the thirtieth day of this memorable expedition, a month has passed away since we left Memphis, a month fraught with startling events. Many a poor fellow has lost the number of his mess, and we are yet on the verge of the consummation of the great event. If you will look at the map, and running your eye down the Mississippi River seek a point first below the dividing line between Arkansas and Louisiana, say eighty-five miles above Vicksburg, you can form an idea of about the place where my headquarters, the *Sunny South*, is now plowing her way southward. Tomorrow we propose to debark at or near Milliken's Bend near the mouth of the Yazoo River, and this may be my last opportunity for some time to come, of writing home; the opportunity of sending, at any rate, is doubtful. I can only hope it will reach you, as I hope that other letters, cast as



waifs upon the water, have reached, or will reach their haven at last.

. . . . .

I am in good condition in all respects for the next battle. The weather for the past two or three days has become delightful, neither too warm nor too cold, balmy and at the same time bracing. These southern winters are far preferable to those of Ohio and probably more healthful. The river is nearly bankfull, an immense wide expanse of water. We are passing beautiful plantations, with their long rows of neat, whitewashed negro quarters, every house deserted. Now and then we come to the cane, then the cottonwood. Sometimes, when we get to a long reach in the river, the view is beautiful ; one great fleet of steamboats, keeping their regular distance in military style, sometimes as many as sixty in sight, the steam wreathing up in fantastic forms, the spray from the wheels forming rainbows in the bright sunlight ; now and then a strain of martial music or the refrain of a cheery song from the soldiers. Soldiers are much like sailors in this regard ; they will have their song and fiddle and dance, and we encourage it, because it keeps the devil down.

. . . . .

I notice I have had a good many friends killed and wounded at Murfreesboro—glorious spirits gone up as *avant couriers*.

Last night my own little fleet ran up one of the numerous chutes of this part of the river on the Arkansas side, and not long after we had landed I was boarded by a substantial-looking planter with a request for a guard to his house, as he had ladies in his domicile. I of course extended the desired protection and took occasion in person to see my orders carried out. Of course the hospitalities of the house were offered, and I passed a couple of hours very pleasantly in the society of the four ladies, who did the honors, a mother and three daughters, very fair samples of real Southern plantation society.

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HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
"YOUNG'S POINT," BEFORE VICKSBURG, Jan. 30, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE AND MOTHER :

I have your letters, mother's of the 15th and 18th and wife's of 22d inst. I can imagine your anxiety, and regret you could not sooner have heard of my safety and well being. But you were not born to be a soldier's wife and mother. You must keep up brave hearts ; none of us can die but once ; as well in the battle as in bed. I hope my life may be spared to comfort you for many years to come, and assure you that I will not unnecessarily, or otherwise than in the strict performance of my duty, expose a life dearer to others than it deserves, far dearer to them than to me, and you must write me cheeringly. Give me words of comfort and good cheer. We need comfort, for we are in a pretty tight place at the present writing ; camped just in front of that famous ditch of Butler's that the papers made so much fuss about last year and in the full view of Vicksburg, about two miles, including the width of the river, from my tent. As I write, its white towers and steeples and window panes gleam in the light of the setting sun. It's the Gibraltar of America, and we shall have a good time taking it, I guess ; but *nil desperandum* ; we shall try. I believe I wrote you some account of the affairs at Chickasas Bayou, and at Post Arkansas. My troops behaved remarkably well in both engagements, though I lost rather more than my share. I stand well enough with the army here, but have not had the luck to do anything brilliant enough to make me brigadier, except so far as they can give it to me by brevet. I do most earnestly want the rank, and think I have honestly earned it, but suppose I must exercise patience and wait. My health is pretty good. Indeed I always feel well while the weather is cool and the past three or four days have been lovely. In the immediate personal superintendence of large works, I am in the saddle constantly.

. . . . .

My horses are peculiar, and I ride hard in battle and latterly with a large command have had to spread myself over

the field. This was a good deal the case at Chickasas. Morgan L. went over almost the first pop, while I had run the gauntlet half a dozen times before him and was over the same ground where he fell for hours afterwards and always under fire. The newspaper reports are all false ; there is scarcely any coloring of truth to them. I am always confounded with Morgan L. and his brother Giles A. I am utterly lost in the obscurity of the name. My only salvo is in the official reports ; there alone can I be identified, and in an official report the bare detail alone is permitted. I have sent you two from my immediate commanding officer. General Sherman's I have not yet seen, but am told that I receive therein flattering mention. I have tried hard to win my spurs, but my heart has been made sick by the terrible injustice of the public prints. I have nobody in particular to blame ; I don't know that I have a single enemy among the newspaper reporters ; yet I am always ignored. You must take the published stories of the correspondents with very great allowance. They are never eye-witnesses of the scenes they attempt to describe. This I assure you is true, and a moment's reflection will give you the reason why. They have no business in battle ; there is no position they could occupy. In the din and confusion and smoke and hurly burly, the assault, the charge, the cannonading, the rattling of musketry, the changing front of long lines of troops, the rapid advance, the quick retreat for change of position, the trampling of cavalry, and artillery and orderlies' horses—where would the newspaper reporter, with his pen and wit or pencil and paper be ? No, they are far off to the rear, picking up items from stragglers, and runaways and the riff-raff of the camp and army ; with just enough knowledge of the ground and the main facts to form a basis, they draw upon their imagination for fancy sketches, and paint their words in glaring colors. My regiment did go in where none dared to follow, and by my superior officer was withdrawn after the performance of the most heroic valor. It was the astonishment of the army, and no mention is made of it. The 8th Missouri was not under fire at any time during the fight at Chickasas. Its former colonel, the present major-

general, was wounded by a sharpshooter before the engagement fairly began. See the reports and the absurdity. But I won't dilate upon what you cannot well understand, and in which your heart cannot possibly be.<sup>1</sup>

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
"YOUNG'S POINT," BEFORE VICKSBURG, Feb. 4, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I could write much on these army matters and the course of events here if it were proper for me to do so ; but, of course, my lips are sealed and my pen tabooed. You must rest assured that all the newspaper accounts you have seen of the late battles, and the movements of the Army of the Mississippi, are basely, utterly false. So much has been admitted by the correspondent of the New York . . . in my presence to General Sherman. Courts martial will develop strange facts. All that you read in the newspapers will only serve to mislead you and confuse your mind. Great plans cannot be revealed. Few of the generals themselves know them. The newspaper men, dangerous to the army as

<sup>1</sup> Readers of Field Marshal, Lord Roberts's interesting book, will see that trouble with the correspondents of newspapers besets military commanders in these later days also. There is great similarity in the expression of his views in relation to this subject in his account of the Afghanistan campaign.

"No one could be more anxious than I was to have all details of the campaign made public. I considered it due to the people of Great Britain that the press Correspondents should have every opportunity for giving the fullest and most faithful accounts of what might happen while the army was in the field . . . What to my mind was so reprehensible in this Correspondent's conduct was the publication in time of war, and consequent excitement and anxiety at home, of incorrect and sensational statements founded on information derived from irresponsible and uninformed sources, and the alteration of telegrams after they had been countersigned by the recognized authority, the result of which could only be to keep the public in a state of apprehension regarding the force in the field, and what is even more to be deprecated, to weaken the confidence of the troops in their commander."—*Forty-One Years in India*, vol. ii., p. 166.

spies giving information to the enemy, closely restricted and carefully watched, nevertheless manage to mingle undetected with the residue of the horde of base camp followers who are always at the heels of the army. Provoked at the restrictions placed upon them, by common agreement they hound down with infamous slander the generals from whom the orders against them emanate. Thus the scoundrel . . . the correspondent of the New York . . . has admitted by letter to General Sherman, as well as verbally in my presence, not only that his article was false, and malicious, and based upon false information received from parties interested in defaming General Sherman and his command, but that he renewed the old story of his insanity for the purpose of gratifying private revenge. . . . Our country is in an awful condition ; we are verging rapidly upon anarchy. Government has almost ceased to exist save in name. An immense army will be demoralized and crumble by its internal opposing forces. A united people have only to fold their arms and calmly bide the event. God help us, and forgive that political party which sowed the wind, the fruits of which we now reap. This much and this alone I have to say. A soldier has naught to do with politics ; the nearer he approaches a machine, an animal without volition, the more valuable he becomes to the service, and perhaps the greater part of our present difficulties grow out of the fact that our soldiers are too intelligent, for they will talk and they will write, and read the papers. Our Army of the Mississippi, and particularly our gallant " Old Division," have the firmest faith and the most implicit reliance upon Sherman and Grant. Sherman is a splendid soldier, a most honorable gentleman, a pure patriot. Would to God we had more like him to battle for the right. I earnestly pray God he may not be sacrificed. This new infusion I know nothing about. McClernand has been sent off ; he is out of place here. Brigadiers have come and are coming. I shall soon be superseded by some one of them, or General Stuart will be compelled to give way and I to him. No change of this kind will be cheerfully submitted to by my command. I have the most substantial evidence that I possess their affec-

tion and confidence. You speak about my resigning ; it would be utterly impossible for me to resign, if I desired to do so, and an effort on my part to have my resignation accepted would ensure my lasting disgrace. An officer cannot resign in the face of the enemy. But I do not want to resign. With all its terrible hardships and privations, greater than tongue can tell, or pen describe, the life of a soldier is dear to me. I love its dangers and excitements. I am proud of, and delighted with the applause which even a temporary success meets. I am relieved of the miserable, wretched chicanery that surrounds the civilian. I rejoice in the free air. I take kindly to the nomadic life that a field service compels. The romance of chivalry is realized, the ideality of my youth and early manhood brought into actual being. The war horse and the sabre, the glitter of the soldier's trappings, the stirring strains of martial music, the flashing eye, the proud, high bearing, the bivouac fire, the canteen, the song and jest, the perilous scout, the wary picket, the night march, all familiar—this is my life. What I read of, till my cheeks tingled and my eyes suffused, I now do and my comrades do, and like Harry Percy, feel able to “ pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon.”

How long we shall stay here, God knows ; it is a horrid place now, what it will be in the spring, none can tell ; a long flat swamp a foot above or below—I can't tell which—the level of the Mississippi, which we are fighting to keep out. That portion not covered with a growth of brake and timber is completely so by cockle burr, that grows to an enormous height and presents an almost impenetrable mass of those little prickly burrs that get into the manes and horsetails, the same kind we have at home, but fearfully exaggerated in size and numbers. It is not quite the season, but after a very little while we shall be enlivened by the pleasant society of alligators and mocassin snakes, mud turtles and their coadjutors. Meanwhile we have every conceivable variety of lice and small-pox, measles and mumps, and other diseases incident to women and children. There is a species of moss you have often heard of and which abounds in this climate—

a long hanging and beautiful moss when seen close at hand, but which waving in the forests presents a dreary funereal aspect. It is an article of commerce, and when properly prepared is a material for the stuffing of mattresses. Of course the men, when we camped near where it grew, eagerly sought it to make their beds, and were much disgusted to find it filled with lice. It has to be boiled and bottled to clean it from vermin. So, with the moss, and the transport boats filthy in the extreme, many of which had been hospital boats, the troops were pretty thoroughly infected with the plagues of Egypt, all but the frogs; and the first sun, I reckon, will make them tune their pipes.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH A. C., YOUNG'S POINT, LA.,  
OPPOSITE VICKSBURG, Feb. 22, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I send other papers, to show the condition and feeling of our army here towards General Sherman. The public have been systematically, basely, infamously imposed upon by the journals or their paid hirelings. God knows we have enough to endure from the apathy and indifference of friends at home to say nothing of traitors and open treason. You say "it may have been wise, but not well in General Sherman to muzzle the press." You do not, cannot know all. General Sherman has had neither the power nor the will, to muzzle the press, but he has endeavored, and I am sorry to say, most unsuccessfully, to drive from among the camp followers of the army, the scoundrels, who by tergiversation, misrepresentations, and actual falsehood impose alike upon the credulity of the people and those who are honest among the conductors of the press. General Sherman has been actuated by the purest patriotism, and would not lend himself to the contemptible chicane and meanness by which certain individuals have been puffed up or written down. Therefore these villains have conspired and confederated together to slander him and villify his command. One, . . . the correspondent of the New York . . . who

wrote one of the most shamefully false articles of all that appeared (and all were false), describing the affair at Chickasas Bluffs, admitted to General Sherman, in my presence and in answer to my questions, that because General S. was known to be opposed to the presence of professional newspaper correspondents in the army, therefore he had determined to league with others of the fraternity who were here and revenge themselves by writing him down. That neither he nor they knew anything about him, but they had determined among themselves to renew the old slander of his insanity, because they supposed that would be most injurious to him. He also admitted that his letters were false, and based upon false information. This he did in writing, and was subsequently tried by court martial, his confrères, meanwhile, making their escape. His letter to the . . . was copied into the Vicksburg papers, and the enemy actually had the reading of it before we did, and became possessed of most valuable information to them. They had never regarded our falling back from the bluffs as a retreat, but supposed the withdrawal was stratagem on the part of Sherman, and cautioned their generals against the result. Immense plans were disarranged, and in consequence of their publications much public treasure has been wasted and many lives lost. We know that very many of these newspaper correspondents are paid spies. We know that many of them are in certain interests, some in that of cotton speculators, some in that of gold brokers, some paid by combinations of bankers, who all use the intelligence they give the people for the furtherance of specific views. Hence you perceive the mischievous tendency of the productions of these canaille against the public weal, as well as the government, but aside from this a far more terrible effect is produced in the demoralization of the army and the shaking of the confidence of the soldiers in their leaders. The withdrawal of the army from Chickasas was regarded as one of the most brilliant military achievements of the war, by the army. Officers were enthusiastic and it was regarded as equal to a victory in its effects upon the minds of the men. That the army was . . . in splendid condition for battle was evidenced by their con-



duct at Post Arkansas, immediately thereafter. Yet no sooner were the newspapers received than their spirits were dampened and their ardor cooled by the first intelligence they had received, that they had been defeated and that their favorite general was in disgrace (for they may say what they please in Ohio, General Sherman is the favorite of this army and to-day is the hero of the West in fact, whether he has the reputation or not). Very well ! from whom does the information come to depress the feelings and outrage the sensibilities of the army ?—not from the public at home, but through the public journals, who, to use the mildest terms, have been imposed upon by at most five or six individuals, each one of whom is infamous in character, and because of his infamy, is fit for his nefarious trade. They find themselves cramped, and with a fiendish malignity, gratify their private revenge at the expense of a nation. To pull down Sherman they would sacrifice his army, to sacrifice that, they would betray the commonwealth. . . . Some of the journalists have a character to sustain, these have none, and it is these that should be scourged like hounds from every corps, division, and regiment of our army, whenever or whatever its service. We endorse General Sherman fully in this matter, and I refer you to the enclosed document marked “ A,” a copy of the original which was signed by all the officers of the “ Old Division ” with enthusiastic alacrity. The public are entitled to and should have early information of the movements of our armies, when such information may be transmitted without notice to the enemy, but all such information should be under supervision and censorship, for the most obvious reason, and no personal allusion to the character or behavior of any officer or soldier should be permitted ; what that leads to the most obtuse can see. . . . For my record I point with what I believe is an honest pride to the official reports of my commanding generals, now part of the archives of the nation, and I would not exchange the autograph letters of General Sherman which I now enclose to you, for all or any of the newspaper fame that I have seen bestowed on any man.

If I succeed in securing my promotion through legislative

channels, it is well ; I think I deserve it. I think it not only due to me from my country, but that it will enable me to render her more effectual service. I do not ask it as a favor—I demand it as a right ; and I am admonished that without the demand the right will not be accorded. Therefore, and properly, the action of my personal and political friends to bring me properly to the attention of the appointing power, to urge upon the Senate the propriety of remembering those who are placing their lives in peril to save the Republic, to remind the President of the propriety of selecting for his generals those who are most competent to lead his armies in the field. Whether I receive my promotion or not you and my friends will have been made to know that my immediate commanding generals think I deserve it, and that I have the confidence of my brother officers with whom I have served so long and so arduous a campaign.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, March 1, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

You speak of my name not appearing in the *Commercial* ; if our official reports were published by that sheet it would appear. I have sent you copies of both reports, of my immediate commanders, of the recent battles. I believe my name is sufficiently conspicuous in both ; it is equally conspicuous in the report of General Sherman. Flattery is contemptible to both parties ; all but flattery I think my commanders have given me. That my name does not appear in the public prints is simply because I will not resort to the usual means and appliances to place it there. If I was a merchant or an inventor of quack medicines, I would advertise to fill my purse, but I cannot, I do not know how to advertise my honor, and I am almost ashamed to seek for that preferment which I should be accorded without the asking. Even in the seeking, if I know myself, I am unselfish in intent, for I think, nay, know, that I can serve my country better in the position I want to have guaranteed to me—the one I now hold—than as the commanding officer of

a regiment literally hacked and hewed to pieces in battle, to say nothing of accident or disease on the long and tiring march, the loathsome transport, the unhealthy camp. There are but few left of the brave hearts that followed me to the field. The graves of their dead are land-marks on eighteen hundred weary miles that their survivors are away—away from homes on the banks of the Miamies and the Sandusky, and the Scioto, and the Muskingum, from the farm and the village, from the workshop and the college, the railroad and the factory, all the way from the Ohio River to the shores of Erie. The whole State of Ohio, emphatically almost every county in it, was represented by my regiment, and such a regiment her borders will never raise again ; leal hearts and hardy frames, young, joyous, full of fire and enterprise and patriotism ; and, God help me, how many are gone ! Their bones bleach—bleach, that 's the word, for graves were shallow and coffins they had none at " Shiloh "—their graves dot Tennessee from Corinth to Memphis. Unshrouded and unanealed their ghastly corpses gibber in the moonlight on the banks of the Yazoo ; and at Arkansas Post the rude head boards tell where the dead braves of the " 54th " rest. A handful are left—less than three hundred all told.

In respect to General Sherman and the press, I have written at some length in a former letter that you doubtless have before this received. Not the press, but the infernal scoundrels who prostitute it by making it a medium for their base designs upon individuals, the public, and the nation, does he propose not only to muzzle but destroy. General Sherman will live in history, and in the hearts of his countrymen when these wretched myrmidons shall have passed to infamy and eternal death. The reaction in his favor is sure to come. No man ever lived who, possessing his talents and energy, and purity of life and heart and purposes, failed to make his mark upon the times ; and as sure as he now lives, he will illustrate his position, and cause his name to shine brightly on the page of history. His father-in-law, Mr. Ewing, quoted from Macaulay, and applied most appositely to him

the sentence " fierce denunciation and high panegyric make up what men call glory "; both the former has General Sherman had in no stinted measure, but his true glory is in his native excellence ; his full power has not yet been shown. O, Mother ! if you had seen that man as I have seen him, if you could have sat by his side as I have sat, amid death and destruction, when the fate of a nation seemed to hang and . . . in my opinion did then hang on his word ; had you watched him as I watched, and noted him exalted above materiality, towering above and beyond the sense of pain and fear of death ; had you scanned his eagle eye flashing and blazing with the fire of intellect, and in its comprehensive glance taking in and weighing the fate of thousands ; had you known him as I knew him, win a great, a glorious battle, great as Waterloo, and which ought to have been decisive, and that would, within twenty-four hours of its close, have been decisive of the fate of the Republic had he been alone in command, you would spurn the lucubrations of the miserable drivellers, who like mousing owls are hawking at the eagle towering in his pride of place, as utterly unworthy a second thought. Have you ever known me deceived in my judgment of men so far as intellect is concerned ? Where to-day are the friends and companions of my early youth and young manhood ? Some are dead, but the good was not interred with their bones ; they still live. One (you well know whom I mean) has made his opinions in the jurisprudence of Ohio classical ; his faults, his vices, if you please, are forgotten ; his graces, the strength of his glorious intellect, still illumines. Sherman is greater than he, and oh ! far better, and trust me, when lesser lights go out or feebly glimmer in obscurity, his will shine out a bright particular star in the political firmament, a guiding star to those who come after him. If I could only approach him in example, you would have a son to be proud of. To me it is a matter of great pride that I have had the inestimable privilege of almost intimate association with him for a year past, by day and by night, in the peril of the field and the pleasures of the social board. I have never heard him utter a word that would bring the blush to the cheek of maiden

purity. I have never known him insult his God ; he is invariable in his just respect for the rights of others, and though he rarely smiles, though to the vast responsibilities with which he has been clothed, all the amenities of life with him have been sacrificed ; still, with a cheering amiability of heart, he has been foremost in strewing the few flowers that give fragrance to the thorny pathway of the soldier.

As respects Vicksburg, I cannot, ought not, to write you much—time alone can tell what will be the result of our enterprise. All that men can do will be performed : the rest is with the God of battles, who holds in His hands the fate of nations. I send a little sketch which may serve to give you some faint idea of the topography of the country. By the bye, I have learned that the name “ Yazoo,” in the Indian tongue, signifies death—“ Yazoo River,” the river of death—and truly its waters are most abominable, dealing death to almost all who drank freely of them, while its stream ran red with the blood of those slain on its banks. You will note its course, the position of the bayous, and where our troops fought. The celebrated “ Haines Bluff ” and our present position toward Vicksburg.

I have written to you that I enjoyed a soldier's life, and indeed I do notwithstanding its privations and discomforts, and in this, that it is a life of excitement and free from the care that has heretofore been my portion. With you I mourn that I did not enter the military academy when I had the opportunity, and fit myself while young for a brilliant military career, for I feel that it might have been made brilliant. Youth wasted ! well, why look back ? That “ might have been ” weighs often upon me like an incubus. If I could only keep fresh my youthful feelings.

Colonel Spooner has probably been detained in his own State partly by family bereavement and partly by business. I shall hope he will be able to see you all before he returns. He is in my command, and can tell you a great deal about me. I am glad you were pleased with Major Fisher ; he is a favorite of mine and I have always kept him near my person. He is possessed of a fine and cultivated mind, is amiable in

character, but cool and brave in action. Was educated in his profession, of which he is a master, by General Rosecrans, and was promoted to his majority for his gallantry at Carnifex Ferry in Virginia, and assigned to my regiment. In case I am promoted, I design he shall command it. He met with a great affliction in the loss of his wife, a most lovely girl, and her child, within a year of his marriage, and his life has been clouded and embittered in consequence. I believe he is most sincerely attached to me, indeed I have been fortunate in making many friends in the service, and I doubt not an equal number of enemies.

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HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, March 1, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

. . . . .

I am much indebted to the Sisters of St. John for their prayers in my behalf, and you must so tell them from me. Ask them to take good care of our poor wounded soldiers. We have no Sisters in this army. Is not this strange? I have seen some two or three women on the hospital boats, but they are poor concerns. Catholic Sisters would be a mercy in ministering to our hospital. No tongue can tell or mind conceive the anguish and neglect and suffering of the sick and dying soldiers in camp—and their graves! such graves! I fear from your remark of Sergeant White that he reports me as being profane. I trust not. I sometimes do get a little mad, and they say I make the fur fly, and swear the hair off the men's heads, but the recording angel sheds tears so copiously in these sad times that a few must fall on my page of errors.

. . . . .

I can't help being amused when I hear the officers and orderlies ask outside my tent if the *old* general is in, or how is the *old* general to-day. I think my heart and feelings are fresh yet, though they are circumscribed.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, ON BOARD STR. "SWALLOW,"  
NEAR YOUNG'S POINT, LA., March 10, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

As you will notice from my dates from shipboard, I have changed somewhat the *locus in quo* since my last ; fairly driven out by the high waters. The Mississippi proved rather too much for the engineer, and declined the narrow limits of the canal in paying tribute as called for, therefore we had to " take water " for fear of being drowned. I suppose the crevasses may be repaired, in which case we shall remain here till the experiment of the canal is fairly tested. When I have more time I will write you all about it.

I am glad you saw Sergeant White who, as lately from me, could make himself interesting. I send all such, of high and low degree, to you, because they can answer many a question and relate many an incident that would escape my notice or memory.

I enclosed you a copy of petition from my entire brigade for my promotion. I will send you copies of the endorsements of my commanding generals, which were very handsome. It has not yet been submitted to General Grant, who is, however, my warm personal friend and who will doubtless say as much as the others. Then so far as the army is concerned, to use General Sherman's own language, " my record is perfect." I would not exchange it for that of the best puffed man in America. If promotion does not come, my family and friends at least will know that I deserve it ; and I believe all proper effort has been made to secure it.

STR. "SWALLOW," NEAR YOUNG'S POINT, LA.,  
March 10, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My command has been camped, as you know on a very low swampy piece of land immediately in front ; and is the nearest of the troops to the city of Vicksburg, and just in

the rear of the canal. The enormous rise in the river coupled with copious rains, threw the water into the canal more rapidly than was anticipated, causing crevasses and inundation which made it necessary for me to change ground to the top of the main levee which extends all around the peninsula, the location of which you will the better understand by reference to my former letters. There my soldiers are literally roosting upon a narrow strip of land say ten feet in width at top, the Mississippi on one hand, an impassable swamp on the other. I, with my horses, have betaken myself to a steamboat moored to the shore. How long this state of things will continue depends upon the state of the river ; when that falls, the canal will be completed. The weather has been intensely disagreeable and cold ; to-day it brightens, but for the last three days in thick winter clothing, I have been glad to sit close to a hot stove. My health is excellent, and being close to General Grant's headquarters on the steamer *Magnolia*, I have been favored in the society of very pleasant gentlemen, himself and staff. General Stuart is on the boat with me, and General Sherman comes often to see us, and I assure you we have a right merry time. Officers who have been long in the army, especially gentlemen of good education, are far more accomplished, more agreeably entertaining than any other class of men. I speak of these matters, because I know it will be gratifying to you to learn, that amid vicissitudes, and danger, and deprivation of home comforts, I am still able to find pleasure and I trust profit in society of the high and noble. I think General Grant is very sincerely my friend, scarce a day passes that he does not invite me to dine with him ; always when we meet. To-day he heard me mention that my foraging cap was shabby, and that I regretted not being able to provide myself with a new one here ; with great delicacy he went to his trunk and brought me his own quite new, insisting I should wear it. A small matter to speak of, but general officers are not usually so polite to those even of my grade, and a compliment of the kind coming from him, and in the manner it did was fully appreciated.

I enclose you another and better copy of the beautiful and



spontaneous expression from my command, with the endorsements thereon. General Grant, upon placing his own there, sent me word he would like to forward it to the Department to-day ; when I called to express my acknowledgments, told me it would be accompanied by a letter from him. I think you will agree with me that the endorsements are better worth to me than the rank would be without them. They are something for those who come after me to keep, and the document showing the fact that all those I command desire me to lead them who have been with me in danger and death for so many long months, that all those I have served under have confidence in me still ; that with confidence I have friendship and affection, is surely worth preservation. How much better this than the fulsome compliments of a newspaper bought for money or bribed for service. I hardly hope even all this will bring me promotion ; and yet, in the hereafter, opportunity may give the hope of glory. I may be blessed with the chance to win a place among " the few, the immortal names that were not born to die," or if the President chooses, he may brevet me. I believe he has recently been clothed with power to brevet. If not that, it will trouble the powers that be a good deal to take my command from me, and I will fight my way through as a colonel to the end.

March 13, 1863.

I have taken up my quarters for the present with General Sherman ; I found the boat unhealthy and disagreeable. I shall write again in a day or two.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, March 16, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I have changed quarters again and am now domiciled in a tolerably comfortable home under the same roof, and messing, with General Sherman. My despatches are delayed,

and I now open my package to advise you of the receipt of your affectionate letter by Captain McCoy, who also brought me a small keg of whiskey, most acceptable.

I note your enclosures and all you say about my promotion. As you will perceive by the enclosed testimonial (not the copy I intended to send—a certified one from headquarters, and which for the present I intend to keep) that my record is as near perfection as anyone could hope. I am satisfied and can afford to wait for my country as long as she can wait for me. You have done everything, and I have not been backward. We need not worry about it.

General Grant and General Sherman have done everything for me they could—will do anything I ask that they can do. I know I am honored with the friendship of both and the entire confidence of one.

If you do write to General Grant, and I cannot say whether it would be advisable or not, I would rather the letter should not come through me, or know anything about it. I do hope you received General Sherman's noble reply to yours; it was due before the dates of your letter March 3d.

You must not suppose me reckless; I am not so. It is true I have been singled out for many a shot, and God alone has protected me, but I go upon the battlefield to do my duty; nothing more. I take no risks that the service does not demand. I think too much of my family to throw away my life.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"YOUNG'S POINT," LA., March 27, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

On the 17th inst., ten days ago, my command, with the residue of General Sherman's old division, was suddenly ordered to reinforce Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats, which had advanced up Steele's Bayou, with a view to an attack upon Yazoo City. The order came after midnight ;

and by daybreak we were embarked upon transports and under weigh, leaving our horses, transportation, and all impedimenta behind. The infantry accomplished all that was expected, but the Admiral was frustrated in his designs. To-night we are returned to our old camping ground and I am accepting General Grant's hospitality, and propose to stay on board the *Magnolia*, his headquarters.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, April 3, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

We are fully aware of the feelings toward Sherman. We know the antagonism against the Army of the Southwest. We know the efforts of traitors at home, and those who are not called traitors but who nevertheless would rejoice at the failure of his army to open the Mississippi, jealousy is rampant ; war, more terrible civil war than we have yet known, will desolate the North as well as the South. My friends at home will remember my prophecies two years and one year ago. The rebellion, revolution, call it what you will, is not understood.

David Stuart has been rejected by the Senate. He is now neither general nor colonel, and is only waiting from day to day an order to relieve him from his command. Of course it will affect me and at once. He was my immediate ranking commander, and his place will be filled, I suppose, by Frank Blair. I shall not be immediately affected in my command—that is, I shall retain my brigade—but aside from this I am seriously and personally grieved. General Stuart has been my near, dear, and most intimate friend ; his place as such to me in the army can never be filled. Of splendid genius, most liberal education, wonderful accomplishments, as scholar, orator, lawyer, statesman, and now soldier. With the courage and chivalry of a knight of old, and the sweetness and fascination of a woman, he won me to his heart,

and no outrage . . . has affected me more than his rejection. I have no patience to write about it or think about it. The blow was unexpected by all of us. Generals Grant and Sherman, Stuart and I never thought of such a thing—could not guard against it. When I first reported at Paducah with my regiment to General Sherman, at my own request, for I had known him in Washington, I was brigaded with him. We went directly into service and together. We fought side by side at the battle of Shiloh, till he was wounded, when I assumed his command. We made all the advances to Corinth together and rode side by side in the long marches through Tennessee. We fought at Chickasas Bayou and at Arkansas Post, and advanced together at “Young’s Point.” Many and many a long night’s watch I made with him, many a bivouac in the open air through night and storm and darkness, always sharing our canteens and haversacks. Had I been killed he would have perilled life to save my body. Was my honor assailed, he the first to defend it; little I could ask of him he would not grant, and when I say to you that he was really the only real, true, thoroughly appreciative friend I have in the army who I care much about, you may imagine how irreparable is my loss. His character is not well understood in the community, because an unfortunate notoriety attached to him in the . . . case.

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His own sufferings therein turned him prematurely gray in a very few months. His father was a partner of John Jacob Astor in the celebrated American Fur Company, and made for Astor ten millions of dollars. He was educated at Andover and in Boston, and was the protégé of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. He was brought into life very early, and married into the Brevoort family in New York, but being a great favorite of General Cass, was brought into politics in Michigan. At a very early age he was Prosecuting Attorney of Detroit, and immediately afterwards represented the Detroit district in Congress; there I made his acquaintance. He abandoned political life to take the solicitorship of the great Illinois Central Railroad, which gave him the control of the

railway influence of the entire State and Northwest ; and he abandoned stipulated salaries of eighteen thousand dollars per annum to enter the service, having expended upwards of twenty thousand dollars to put two regiments into the field. He has travelled largely in Europe and in Canada ; his family are in the army and navy, he is exceedingly familiar with military life and has a most decided taste for it. His record is clean and bright, one to be proud of ; he exerts a wider and better influence than any other man in this army, and why he should have been thrown over is a mystery.

The roses are blooming here and the figs are as large as marbles, the foliage is coming out green and the mocking birds hold high carnival. This is a famous country for flowers and singing birds. My horses are all well. If there was any safe opportunity, and I thought you could manage them, I would send two or three home ; they are very high-strung and want a master's hand. Bugles and bayonets don't tend to depress the spirits of a good horse, and mine are the best in the army.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
"YOUNG'S POINT," LA., April 9, 1863.

MY DEAR BESSIE :

How is the little baby brother ? I think of him a good deal, and how anxious you all must have been for his recovery. I have had something to worry me here too in my other great family. I have a good many children to look after here, and many of them get sick and some of them die. Perhaps mother will recollect a letter she received from my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Seeds, a letter, I think, she did not answer, but which was written just after the battle of Chickasas Bluffs to apprise her of my safety. The writer was a brave, gallant young man of singular beauty and fine address, a graduate of Delaware College, who had enlisted in my old Zouave regiment as a private and from principle,

for his father was rich. A long time I sought promotion for him, and at last succeeded, and when I had obtained his commission, I placed him on my staff to have him near my person. He rode well and boldly, with a firm seat and a light hand and in both battles staid by my side, never leaving me but to take an order. At Arkansas Post he was so dashing and conspicuous as to bring cheers from both armies. Well, when we debarked at "Young's Point" I was harassed with much responsibility, and far in front had to fight the enemy, and the elements, and the great Mississippi River, and for two days and two nights hardly dismounted save to change horses. I forgot or was careless to think that my aides were not iron, or steel, or capable of my own endurance, and instead of changing them as I changed my horses, let them stay with me, and the third day they sickened, and poor Frank never got well. He pined and weakened day by day—would n't give up, game to the very last—and I nursed him as best I could in his tent, but it was very cold and wet, raining almost every day. His disease was typhoid, not much pain, but wasting fever, and the poor fellow would come out with his overcoat and sit shivering by the camp fire between the showers; could n't drink whiskey, or smoke tobacco, our only luxuries; could n't eat, and would lie awake all night, and listen to the shells hissing over us (for we were close to the canal and within range of it, and in those early days of the siege they harassed us) and look up at me with his great eyes glistening with fever. I had no comfort for him, only a word of cheer, but I did n't think he would die, and so at last when we thought he was a little better, and he had been sick four long weeks, I had him carried down to the boat on a stretcher, placed on what they call a hospital boat—that is, a steamer with the whole cabin fixtures taken out, no state rooms, but in their place, long lines of cots, and some boats carry a thousand. There I disposed him as comfortably as I could and took leave, he weeping, for he was tenderly attached to me, and I gave him letters to you all, told him to go to the house and you would nurse him and when he got well to come back, and we would ride together again in battle, saw that he had some

money and left him, and to-day they write me he is dead. He only got as far as Memphis ; relapse, hospital, and—" he has fought his last battle." Only twenty-five, tall, finely formed, beautiful bright chestnut hair, red chestnut, frank open countenance, the soul of honor ; and so they drop away from me, and all my best men, all I love most, are shot down or die.

Did I write you about the flowers and the birds, the sweetest, most eloquent birds you ever heard, and the prince of all of them, the mocking bird, sings all the day and of a verity all the night long. You could n't hear the mocking bird in perfection anywhere but here, and wild ; I ought not to say wild, either, for the pert, game little rascal is as tame as a chicken ; he 'll just hop out of your way, and that 's all—but what a flood of song he pours forth ! There 's one fellow who has built his nest not far off upon the topmost limb of a fig tree, a little way from my tent, and there he has whistled since before reveillé this morning everything that any bird ever whistled before him, making the welkin ring with his melody. He has to help the thrush and the red bird and the black bird and the rice bird ; but altogether. They have, a royal time of it while the figs are ripening and the roses bloom ; the delicate sweet roses, we used to cultivate with so much care, pout their lips and ask for kisses in March, and keep on blooming on great bushes till December. All the monthlies, the Giant, Marie Antoinette, Souvenirs, beautiful white roses, such as you rarely see, and all, almost without cultivation, perfume the air, with woodbine and every variety of honeysuckle all out now. The weather is perfectly delicious, neither too warm nor too cold, just right for a blanket or two at night, a dashing gallop in the morning, a cool walk on the parade at eventide ; moonlight such as you never dreamed of, and oh, such sunsets ! I used to think they could get up a pretty fair performance of this kind at Mac-o-cheek, when I was young and romantic, and before you were thought of, but a sunset on the Mississippi is beyond compare ; and to stand by the broad river side at night, when its surface is glassy and still, and by the clear moonlight see the reflection in the water, is worth several days' journey.

This sunny South is very sweet ; its clime almost genial. No one can wonder they love it, and my theory of the war now is just to go on and take it. I approve of colonizing as we go, open the crevasse and let the Northern hordes flood through, and like the waters of the great river spread over the plain not to return again to the parent rills, but to fertilize and fructify the earth.

I have been quiescent and still for eight or ten days, a good while for me, and am disciplining and drilling my soldiers in a beautiful and most convenient camp. Upon so spacious a plain I can pitch the tents of my whole brigade in the rear of a continuous color line, when all the regiments are out on dress parade. I assure you it is a pleasant sight these pleasant evenings. In the intervals of drill, the men play ball, the whole plain is carefully polished and smooth as a floor. How long we shall enjoy our pleasant rest nobody knows. I suppose we must look out for the gallinippers next month. We had already one or two little tastes of their quality.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH A. C.,

YOUNG'S POINT, LA., April 19, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

The weather here is cool and delightfully pleasant. The climate of Louisiana is much misunderstood at the North. The nights are cool enough now for two or three blankets ; mornings and evenings fresh ; sun rather oppressive in the middle of the day. We have flies, but no mosquitoes yet, where my camp is pitched. I apprehend great trouble from them hereafter, though, and have no bar. One of my officers on detached service, within a few miles, reports to me that he has eaten alligator steak and chowder, and that yesterday they killed one that measured nine feet. He reports also bear and deer and other wild game. The woods here now are vividly green, vocal with song of birds, and all flowers are blooming. I saw a handful of ripe strawberries that were gathered more than a week ago.



Most plantations within reach of us are despoiled, so that no fruits or vegetables can be had ; we see ruins and hear of what might have been. A blessed paradise being turned into a howling wilderness.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIG., SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH A. C.,  
YOUNG'S POINT, LA., April 23, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

By the enclosed order, you will see that I am virtually mustered out of the service. My regiment, by the accident and casualty of camp and bivouac, march and battle, having been reduced to less than one half of the maximum number prescribed by law. I only wait to be relieved from my command by order of the commanding general. The army is on the eve of what I consider a desperate enterprise. I believe the movement is forced by the folly and madness of politicians at home, (and by home I mean the pleasant places of safety far away from the bayou and the swamp, the slippery deck, the lonely picket,) to destroy the army or break down its leaders, which will be the same thing. I cannot fix the blame upon individuals, I do not speak from a sense of individual outrage. For a year past I have seen a splendid army crippled and its efforts rendered abortive by the insane policy of imbecile rulers. I foresee the loss of another year. The order alluded to will go farther to destroy the army than a campaign of five years with such soldiers as we have now trained.

What the course of the generals will be in my case, I do not know. I must go on, till an order comes relieving me from my command ; of course in the field and anticipating an early engagement I cannot as a man of honor ask my discharge, which I have the right to claim forthwith. The order will be embarrassing. I do not propose to say what has passed between General Sherman, General Blair, and myself, regarding the matter. I had occasion the other day to test the temper of the soldiers. The whole division, three brigades and four batteries, were drawn up in hollow square

to hear General Thomas announce the policy of the President. After he had concluded, General Sherman and General Blair, who were on the platform with him, followed with speeches, and as they had concluded, General Thomas invited the soldiers to call for whom they pleased. I think it would have done your heart good to hear some seven thousand voices ring out clear for Kilby Smith. There was no mistaking that sort of demonstration or the yell that greeted me as I mounted the platform. Still soldiers are fickle as the rest of mankind. To-morrow it may be somebody else, the pet of popular favor, to yield in his turn to his successor.

If I had the regiment alone, I would not hesitate a moment as to my course ; with the brigade it is different and I must bide patiently. I had hoped to be brevetted, that chance is cut off. I have ceased to hope the appointment of brigadier-general. I have a "heart for any fate."

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HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH A. C.,  
YOUNG'S POINT, LA., April 25, 1863.  
. . . . .

With us now is the excessive calm and quiet of a camp just preceding a march, and when all the regiments have marching orders ; no hurry, no bustle, each man at his post and packing his own kit. Monday we move, first by transport, then the march. No tents, one blanket to each man. March light ; that's the order. Sixty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge box and on the person. One hundred extra in the wagons, per man, that means business. The sun shines bright, but the soft South wind blows balmy and fans one's cheek like the breath of angels ; nature is hushed in expectancy. Next the rattle of the cannon and the rolling of the drum.

. . . . .

We have news to-night that they are fighting in Tennessee, over our old battleground. There'll be some fun this summer all around or I'm mistaken. Long time before the

“thirsty Erinnyes of this soil shall cease to daub her lips with her own children’s blood, or trenching war to channel her fields and bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs of hostile paces.”

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH A. C.,  
CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, April 27, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

“Man proposes and God disposes.” In my letter of Saturday, I advised you all that we should march to-day, and that night, the heavens opened and the rains descended and the floods came and we remain in *statu quo*. Last night certain boats ran the blockade of Vicksburg in the midst of a tremendous thunder storm and as the cannon from the enemy’s batteries belched forth death and destruction, the elemental war began and heaven’s artillery pealed. All night the earth was convulsed, the ear deafened with sound and fury, and to-day the clouds are weeping, the ground lies drenched, and the trees hang their branches as if in despair. The storm is the forerunner of certain lengthened rains which may be expected here at this season, and will retard, if not materially disarrange, the plans heretofore matured. In my former letters I have indicated my want of confidence in their results, and have not yet seen fit to change my opinion. The order of march is rescinded and we await here further orders. You note in the papers frequent mention of the blockade and the running of the same, and for your edification, I will essay some description of what it means, for on one or two nights I have been close within sight and range on shore, and four nights ago in company with General Blair and some naval officers went down with the gunboats on a small steamboat tug, as it is called (literally a “tug of war”), to the scene of the conflict. The ground we occupy, as I have before informed you, is in the shape of a long and narrow horseshoe, and the distance from Young’s Point, a landing directly opposite the mouth of the Yazoo River, to

the furthest point of toe of the horseshoe is about six miles. Immediately in front of this latter point are the Court House and principal buildings of Vicksburg, which is situated upon one of a range of high bluffs, one hundred and fifty feet above our level ; these bluffs extend around us in the shape of a vast amphitheatre, and at regular intervals their heights are crowned with batteries, while at their base are placed what are called water batteries. A battery, as it is termed, is usually applied to a collection of several guns. The term is also used in speaking of the arrangements made of a parapet to fire over it or through openings in it. I don't want to bore you with technicalities, but a knowledge of them is so often erroneously presupposed that many otherwise good descriptions lose their force. Upon and around this amphitheatre, then, you must imagine one hundred batteries, and as they change from point to point about one hundred and sixty guns. The calibre of these guns is from six pounds, that of the light field piece, to one hundred pound Parrots ; of these latter there are but two or three. The major part of their metal, so far as we can ascertain, is from ten to thirty pounds. Now you must know that the pointblank range of sixpounder guns is about six hundred yards, and that of twelve-pounder guns about seven hundred yards ; that the chances of hitting a mark are less with pieces of small than of large calibre, owing to windage, the effect of wind, etc. That the rate of firing is about forty seconds a shot for field pieces, and about one minute for twelve-pounders, but that when the enemy is close at hand and deliberate aim not necessary, two rounds may be fired per minute. With these explanations you may have some faint idea of what running the blockade means, when I further inform you that our fleet of transports has been lying from Young's Point along shore down stream to within a short distance of the mouth of the canal ; that they have been guarded by gunboats lying at the mouth and a short distance up the Yazoo ; that when it is proposed to go around, a dark night is selected or sometimes in a moonlight night after the moon has set. The boats having been protected all round the machinery, in front, and along the side presented to the enemy, with cotton

bales, bales of hay, etc., are divested as far as possible of their crew, a full head of steam is had on, and paddling slowly and cautiously till they arrive at the bend, full power is put on, and they go by as best they can, one at a time. The enemy is always on the lookout, and the signal gun is followed by continuous roar from all till the boats pass below Warrenton, five miles from the bend and the terminus of their fortifications. The heavens are lighted up by the beacon fires of the enemy and what are called calcium lights, so constructed as to throw broad and bright reflections on the water, and so point out the passing boats. The flashes of their cannon make almost a continuous line of bright light, the booming reports shake the ground and water, and make boats and houses tremble as by an earthquake. If the transports are convoyed, as has twice been done, by gunboats, these reply, and if the boats are struck, as frequently happens, the cotton is fired by exploding shells, bundles of bales blazing with lurid light are cast into the water, floating for miles, and whirled by the eddies. The river now appears one broad stream of flame, a boat is sunk, one or two are burning, sailors are seen making their way to shore, on boards or boats. The riflemen of the enemy line the shore, and the sharp report of small pieces with the waspish sing of the balls, is occasionally distinguished above all the din. They shoot at those endeavoring to escape ; they fire whole volleys at the broadside of the steamer in the hope of killing one man. The pickets on our own lines pace rapidly upon their beat, they are within range, the reserves are upon the shore to give succor to the drowning ; outside of this hell all is blackness and the darkness of night. These boats, in fine, go round ; the others are helpless, hopeless wrecks. Day dawns, and the river is banked with smoke of the conflict. A body floats by, the entrails are all torn out ; it is the pilot, who was cut across the belly by a passing shell. Few lives are lost, for few of the living attempted the voyage ; the bodies, if found, will be buried ; if not, will become food for the alligator or the gar. A few jokes through the day, and all is forgotten in the next order of march or preparations for another run. The boats are manned by

volunteers ; there are always enough for the purpose, and yet they know there is no glory to be gained, that their names, even, will never be known beyond their company or regiment, that they must pass within from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards of the cannon's mouth ; batteries manned by men hellbent on their destruction. " Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," with wild halloo and bacchanal song, a curse if they 're hit, an oath if they escape, they go to destruction, mayhap, not to glory. So much for running the blockade. When I feel quite like it, I 'll send you a map and explain the country about here, and tell you why we don't take Vicksburg. If anybody should ask you that question, just tell them it is because we have no ground to stand upon. It is all water and swamp for miles below us and every inch of the opposite side disputed. If we get a standpoint for operations, then we drive them, if needs be, at the point of the bayonet. We must wait the turn of events. I see the Admiral made a failure at Charleston. We have just got the news, and Congress with the President determines to cripple the army. Well, " those whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

I wish I had something else to write to you about—something that would be more interesting than the army. I am in a close circumscribed sphere, with limited knowledge of the outside world ; the 27th of the month, and my latest dates the 15th—of course I am far behind the age. Wife's poetry is very pretty, and Colonel Fisher was pleased to get it. I have just managed to secure his promotion. It will do him but little good ; like the others I have loved and lost, he is doomed. I give him about one month more and then I think he will go under. There was another very fine and gallant young man in the regiment, Captain Williams. I had him promoted to Major and the very day his commission arrived, he was seized with small-pox and is now in the pest hospital. He was struck in the breast by a Minie-ball in the charge at Chickasas ; he has been very weak since, and I think this is the last of him. I think I shall counsel Colonel Fisher to resign ; his is a valuable life.

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HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH A. C.  
CAMP NEAR V-BURG, WALNUT HILLS IN THE REAR  
AND BEFORE FORTIFICATIONS, May 23, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

“ The bugles sing truce, and the night cloud has lowered,” and I have brief season to say that I am alive and unscathed, though since Thursday last, this being Saturday at one, I have been in a slaughter pen. I have this moment come from my hospital in the rear—my first duty after putting my troops under some sort of protection from fire, such as the ravines could give, was there. God help us—a fearful, fearful sight. I have seen agony and death in all its phases, but never before have as many of my own, my own good, true, leal hearts, draining off drop by drop their best blood in mortal agony, been bared before me. One of my pet colonels is shot through, maimed for life, if life is saved at all. Captains, lieutenants, non-commissioned officers, and so many private soldiers. My official reports are not all in, but I must lose out of my own command nearly three hundred, and these my bravest and best. God ! what a charge it was ! Talk of Balaklava—it sinks into insignificance. And they went on horseback, while we had to work in on foot, over tangled abattis, up precipitous hills, and against ramparts bristling with cannon and rifle ; the pits behind filled with soldiers ready with the hand grenade, and under a constantly enfilading fire. You have read of hurling masses of men. I wish I could write—language utterly fails me. Not now at least. You will read I suppose something of it. We have been in battle for days, but the charges, the attempts to carry the place by assault,—then was the very pitch, the culminating grand climax and fever drama of battle, only horses were wanting. My men came on so gallantly ; not one to falter. I turned back to see them swept down in ranks. Their comrades rushed over the bodies of the dead. I planted two stands of colors on the outer verge ; these stand upon the crest . . . just behind. Men could not scale a perpendicular wall of fifteen feet. Men could not have gone up without guns in their hands and with no

enemy in front. We did all mortal man could do—but such slaughter ! Our division lost six hundred and eighty the first day ; yesterday probably a thousand. We shall certainly lose fifteen hundred, and of those our bravest and best. My men are so gallant. I have n't a coward in my brigade. But if you could see their ghastly wounds, the faces of the dead. I have been on many battlefields, none like this, no such slaughter in so brief a space of time ; not so many of my own to mourn. I ought not to write you now ; ought not to write to any one in my present frame of mind, but I have an opportunity to send. I have just unbuckled my sword, and in the unnatural calm succeeding a bloody, bloody battle, pencil to you that I am well. Tomorrow, perchance, the jest and the wine cup, maybe the grave. I hope not the hospital. Oh, that horrid, horrid, damnable hospital ! Rather a thousand deaths in the glorious enthusiasm of battle than an hour's torture on that table.

We cannot take Vicksburg by assault upon the rear through these fortifications. They are masterpieces of skill in military engineering. We shall approach by parallels, sap and mine. Our other great victories before reaching here you have heard of. If I can possibly get the leisure you shall have a detailed account of my march, and engagements up to the time of forming the first line of battle before the fortifications. God has spared my life. I hope for some good purpose. I cannot understand it. I have passed through a rain of bullets. Why is it ? All around me have been cut down. So many, so much more valuable lives sacrificed and mine spared. I am ripe ; I could go now. Oh ! if I could only have got in the devils would have fled ; they can't fight in open field ; it is only behind breastworks and intrenchments. God help Vicksburg now, if our soldiers do get in, I shall be deaf and blind and one city will be sacked. We wax hot ; the battle is not to the strong. I am running away in rhapsody. I am well, unhurt. I stand at the head of what is left of as brave a brigade as America can boast. It is known as the “ fighting brigade,” and well has it sustained its reputation. I am proud ; not quite exulting in victory, though we have driven the enemy to his strong-



hold. We have desolated his towns and villages, and of pleasant places have made a wilderness. He has fled before us like chaff before the wind ; this is enough for you all to know now. I am well, exultant, my armor on, my face to the foe ; even as I write bullets whistle and shells hurtle about me. To-morrow, if it comes to me, or the next day, I will write you in detail. I am writing very hurriedly now, in the midst of much excitement, perhaps not lucidly. I am sitting among the dead and must bury my dead, no shroud or shroud, and shallow grave. I only write to let you know I am safe and well. There are brigadier-generals here, with bright, new stars upon their shoulders, but without command, who are doubtless eagerly seeking my place. Perhaps I shall be compelled to give way to some one of them ; if not, before I put my sword away something may be accomplished. So much of myself. You are this night reading the papers and trembling for my fate, so I write, and of myself, to stay your grief and apprehension. I am quite well. God grant you all are well. Pray for me now. My spirit is proud and high ; it goeth before destruction ; I cannot subdue.

God bless you all.

Your affec. Son,

TOM.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND DIV.,  
FIFTEENTH A. C.,  
WALNUT HILLS, MISS., May 25, 1863.

I wrote you a hurried note yesterday to give you all at home assurance of my safety. I am to-day in receipt of your letters of May 29th, enclosing one from wife advising of the death of Judge Piatt, and of May 5th, and from Helen of May 10th. I promised you yesterday full details of march and fight, and for convenience (time being precious and opportunity for writing scant), substitute diary of one of my clerks, which gives the main facts, and enclose for reference a map to accompany same, upon which route of army can be traced. At close of diary you will perceive I have been re-

lieved from my command. I send copy of correspondence between General Sherman and myself which ensued upon reception of the order, the only explanation I have to offer. I premise the same by a copy of the order assigning General Lightburn.

I proposed to General Sherman either of three courses, to resign, to ask to be mustered out, or for leave of absence. He declines to entertain either. I have indicated my intention to refuse the command of my regiment. I am not yet ordered to duty, and so the matter stands. Before you receive this letter we shall probably have reduced Vicksburg, or have had another very bloody fight with the enemy in our rear. In the event of a battle my course will be plain; meanwhile I shall remain quiescent as circumstances will admit. Our late engagements have been very bloody, our losses heavy, the enemy must have suffered hugely in killed and wounded. I enclose a sketch of Vicksburg.

In respect to the order for consolidation of regiments, a healing order has been published by the President leaving the enforcement of the same discretionary with corps and department commanders. The generals have declined to permit it to apply to me, so I am held. My services will not be dispensed with till my body becomes useless. I have no option in the matter. Therefore you perceive I am unable to follow your advice if I would. I cannot resign. They will not muster me out. They will not grant me furlough.

. . . . .

Don't give yourself one moment's uneasiness about me. I am proud as the black knight with his visor down. My honor, thank God, is bright; no stain on my flag, though it is rent and torn and well-nigh riddled with balls. I will send on a copy of my official report and will write again very shortly.

. . . . .

The land has been devastated, desolated; the sufferings of the people, particularly the women, are terrible. Ladies in Vicksburg are now living in caves and holes in the ground to protect them from the unceasing fall of shot and shell from our guns. They disobeyed Pemberton's order and would

not leave the doomed city. They could not believe we were so near at home. Their soldiers are reduced to one fourth rations.

WALNUT HILLS, NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., May 30, 1863.

MY DARLING :

I have carried your last letter, 26th April, in my breast pocket close to my heart for many a day with intent to answer ; it is quite yellow with the damp of rain and night dews, and what had well-nigh been bloody sweat, for it has been with me on the long marches and on the hard-fought fields. But thanks to your prayers, I am spared this glorious moonlight night to answer it.

I do not think, my dear daughter, that you read Schiller yet. Do you know you quote him almost verbatim to me ? You say you think " I must be tired of war and drilling soldiers." You might have gone on and written " the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum, the neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet, the unvaried, still returning, hour of duty, word of command and exercise of arms," and then a little further—

" O ! day thrice lovely ! when he becomes  
A fellow man among his fellow men,  
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade  
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark !  
Now the soft peace march beats, home, brothers, home ;  
The caps and helmets are all garlanded  
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields ;  
The City gates fly open of themselves,  
They need no longer the petard to tear them ;  
The ramparts are all filled with men and women ;  
With peaceful men and women that send onwards  
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,  
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures ;  
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,  
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.  
O ! happy man, O ! fortunate ! for whom  
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,  
The faithful, tender arms with mute embracing."

Yes, daughter, most gladly would I give the "blood-stained laurel for the first violet of the leafless spring," plucked in those quiet fields where you are wandering. You give a beautiful description of your new home. Well you may say "Alabama." I must tell you the circumstance from which that State derived its name. According to tradition, a tribe of Indians, driven southward by the advance of civilization, after many weeks of toilsome march, one day at sunset reached a lovely country, a sanctuary, unviolated by the remorseless white man, on the banks of a broad, calmly flowing river, where their canoes might ply, as they hoped, unmolested for ages, in the skirts of a forest where the deer were sporting like tame kids. The chief struck the pole of his tent into the earth, exclaiming, "Alabama ! Alabama !" (here we rest). Maybe, if I live, I shall come where you are, some day, to rest a little while, to lie still in the cool halls and have you read to me, or sing to me, bathe my furrowed brow or smooth away my sunburned hair. A little while to rest would be sweet to me, for I'm tired, very, very weary, but there are many hundreds of long miles between us and we must not be too sanguine in our hopes.

Where do you suppose I am now? Sitting in a tent, in the woods, among the tallest trees you ever saw, not very far from the fortifications of Vicksburg. All the time by night and day the cannon are pouring death and destruction upon the doomed city, yet its garrison gallantly holds out. On two successive days we tried to take it by assault, failing, because from the nature of the ground and the skill of their engineers, their works are wellnigh impregnable; and more than two thousand brave soldiers have paid the penalty of the attempt with their lives. Now we invest the city, and if reinforcements do not come to them in sufficient numbers to overpower us, we shall starve them out. Already are they reduced to one fourth rations; their soldiers have a quarter of a pound of corn meal and no meat for a day's allowance. On some parts of the fortifications water is scarce, the weather is warm, and the sun scorching. They have been obliged to drive cattle and horses outside, because

they have nothing to feed them on. There are a great many women and children in the city, and these have been compelled to retire to caves and holes in the ground to protect themselves from the ceaseless falling of shot and shell. As a special favor, three hundred of these women were permitted to cross the river to De Soto, a little way from where my old camp at Young's Point was, and there they remain under guard from the soldiers, without shelter of any kind and with very little, if any, food. Many of these are highly educated and refined ladies ; others of like character who were fortunate enough to be outside the city walls are mendicants to the government they affect to despise so much, and now pensioners upon its bounty for food for themselves and children. But this is only part of the horrors of war. God grant, that you, my dear daughter, may never be called upon to view such scenes as I have witnessed. He has cursed the land and let loose the demon who demands blood, tears, and death as his sacrifice. Dearest, you must always thank God that your lines are cast in pleasant places ; you must remember how many and bountiful are the blessings showered upon you.

I must tell you a little anecdote of my own experience, and in order to appreciate it, you must know that the route we marched over to reach this point had already been traversed by three armies, that everything eatable, and almost all to wear, had been pillaged from the houses that lined the road, for it is the habit of the soldier to take what he wants wherever he finds it ; and in hot pursuit, or quick retreat, or on the eve of impending battle, there is no one to gainsay him in his desires. Well, so it happened that I halted my brigade at Willow Springs to bivouac for the night, and at the earnest request of a lady, the wife of a physician, made their house my headquarters, for the presence of the commanding officer is guarantee of protection. I had been seated upon the porch but a short time, when a sweet little girl of perhaps seven summers brought me a rose, and as I patted her head and fondled her, for she was very pretty and interesting, she lisped out, " If I had only a cracker

and some water I would go to bed, but I 'm very hungry and I can't sleep." " Why, my dear, have n't you had your supper ? " " No, sir. I have n't had anything to eat all day, but if I just had a cracker and a little water, I could lie down." My supply wagon had n't come up, but there was about a biscuit of hardtack in pieces in my haversack, and this I gave the little child, who sat at my feet and ate it all with such famishing hunger. Oh ! it would have made your heart bleed to see these lambs, so visited for the sins of their fathers, these suffering, innocent little ones, no food, no shelter, no shoes, scarce raiment enough to cover their nakedness, though born to affluence. How long, Oh, Lord ! how long ?

As we came along the road, particularly after leaving Judge Perkins's, and skirted along Lake St. Joseph, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, we passed magnificent plantations, principalities; and upon each of them a palace, gorgeously furnished with mirrors and velvet carpets, sumptuous furniture and upholstery of Eastern magnificence, with all the adjuncts of garden and greenhouse, dovecote, statuary, mausoleum, and Italian marbles in richest sculpture, marking the burial place of their dead. The roadside for miles and miles was strewn with all this in mutilation, carpets and curtains, grand pianos broken in pieces, pearl and ivory keys and strings all scattered, choice paintings cut from the frames, carried a little way, then torn and scattered to the winds, fences down, gardens trampled, the year's harvest gone utterly, frightened negroes peering from behind their quarters, far down the woodland glen, the relics of the flock, bleating piteously, soon the prey of the straggling soldier, the palaces burned or reft of all the beautiful that wealth and art and science could produce, the tomb desecrated and put to vile uses, and exquisite gardens the purlieus of the camp. Yet while we sigh for and repine at all this desolation and ruin, we can but reflect that he, for whose grandeur and magnificence all this wealth has been lavished, who has subsidized the world to minister to his taste and convenience, is a fugitive, perhaps in a foreign land, certainly with a paid substitute, who for gold is willing

to raise his unholy hand to tear asunder the fair fabric that guaranteed him all this opulence and luxury; and the lesson, so severe, perhaps, is needed. Yet we cannot forget it is written that offences must come, but woe be to them by whom they come.

. . . . .

ON BOARD STEAMER "AMERICA,"

MILLIKEN'S BEND, June 3, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

"Once more upon the waters." Yesterday, by order of General Grant, through General Sherman, I left the front and, as president of a court, reported at this point. Yesterday and to-day I have been in command of a very fine steamboat, only occupied by myself and suite, and shall retain command as long as I please, going and coming as I list. I hardly think an attack will soon be made by our forces, and the relief from the terrible suffering of the camp in the present season with scarcity of water can hardly be overestimated.

I to-day received your letter of 27th ult., with slips enclosed, and will endeavor to answer it and the others in inverse order. You have before this received news of my safe passage through the fiery furnace. My report accompanying will be about the best version I can give of my part of the affair, and then we will dismiss the subject with the sole remark that I wrote my report in the hot sun and under fire, seated upon a stump, in about two hours, and the draft I send you is not to say improved by the blundering stupidity of my clerk. Therefore, if it is not as artistic a production as you would like, you must blame the enemy, not me. I had as lieve write in a hornet's nest as anywhere within range of their sharpshooters, for they give an officer no peace, and don't have much regard for a private soldier.

I don't think Rosecrans will go to the Potomac. I am very sure neither Grant nor Sherman will give the world any such evidence of insanity; neither of the latter care much about being heroes—certainly not of the sort *that* army makes. General Grant told me he received your letter, which he complimented as being very patriotic, and was

surprised to learn I had a mother, having always classed me, I suppose, in the same category with "Topsy." General Sherman might have received, read, and carried one from you in his pocket for six months, seeing me every day meanwhile, and yet not say a word about it, and then, at the end of six months recite the contents from memory—that 's his way. No doubt he received it. Both those gentlemen are always polite to me, both are doubtless my friends, as friendships go in the army; but unless you see them as I do, you could form no conception of the magnitude of the enterprise, the herculean labor they are forced to perform, the immense interests they have at their control, or the numbers who claim friendship with and acts of friendship from them. I have little right to claim more than my share and am abundantly satisfied if I receive even justice. They have both behaved very handsomely to me, and I think General Grant, in assigning me to my present very honorable and most responsible position, has been actuated by a desire to give me some relief even if only for a brief season; that both he and Sherman feel keenly a regret that the Administration has overlooked me. I certainly have nothing to complain of, nobody to find fault with, unless the President of the United States, and doubtless there are many far more worthy than I am who suffer in silence.

ON BOARD STEAMER "ARMENIA,"

YAZOO RIVER, NEAR HAINES'S BLUFF, June 15, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I have just returned from the completion of my labors upon a Court of Inquiry at Milliken's Bend. While there I witnessed and had to take some part in a very bloody fight, in which three negro regiments repulsed a largely superior force of the enemy. The conflict was desperate, hand to hand, the blacks proving incontestably that they are brave. I suppose some account of the affair will get into the newspapers.

The siege of Vicksburg progresses without material change



within the past few days. The bombardment is incessant ; always we hear the booming of heavy guns, not seldom the sharp rattle of musketry ; our approaches are constant ; she must fall, perhaps in a week, perhaps not for months. Heavy reinforcements from above have reached us ; more are coming.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
WALNUT HILLS, NEAR VICKSBURG, June 17, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

You must not doubt General Sherman's friendship for me ; he is the soul of honor, the bravest, truest, loyal heart that ever beat. Not his to betray. I am sure he means just what he writes to you. I know, had it been in his power, my promotion would long since have been made. It would be long for me to explain to you the intricate machinery of an army, or the peculiar and despotic laws by which it is governed ; friendship, even from those high in rank, avails but little. What I say of General Sherman equally applies to General Grant ; the latter has not been profuse in his expressions of friendship, but has given me the most convincing proof that he admires, esteems, and respects me ; his verbal and written endorsement is all I could ask. You request me to have a personal interview with him. I smile. For there is hardly a day when I am near his headquarters that I do not see him. He never goes to the table at meal time, when I am about, that the invitation is not extended to me ; he and his staff, with all of whom I am on the most intimate terms, are always polite. General Grant has frequently done me the honor to ask me my advice. My opinion upon grave matters has been taken as law by him. He knows me very well, and exactly my position. He would be rejoiced to greet me as Major-General, but he, like Sherman, has no power to confer rank. No colonel in the corps, I am quite sure, has had the courtesy, kindness, consideration and indulgence that has been granted by both these generals to me. I am very grateful to them for that which I have no right to demand. Remember, I am serving my country, not

either of them ; that the privileges of rank give wide disparity, that aside from myself and my own claims, which, after all, are meagre, for kind fortune has not yet given me opportunity for brilliant achievements ; there are hundreds, thousands, who have claims for faithful service, to say nothing of those who lie under the sod, or those other dear martyrs, who, maimed and crippled, offer their bleeding bodies in testimony.

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HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., June 22, 1863.

I am ordered upon special and delicate business which may cause me absence from headquarters and mail facilities for some days and perhaps some weeks, and write now that you may not be worried, if you do not hear from me with the usual regularity, and in any event to reassure you from any fears for my personal safety.

I have been for a week or more past in close and intimate, I may say almost confidential communication with General Grant ; not detached by formal order from my regimental command, but virtually for temporary purposes. I don't know what my future status in the army may be. You must not expect me home soon ; perhaps not till the political aspect in Ohio demands the presence of troops there, which from recent events, I conjecture is a time not far distant.

In my letter covering the copy of my official report of the recent engagement I forwarded you some time since, I forgot to give you special caution not to publish the same ; never show or publish, except to confidential friends, anything of an official character I may send for your edification. The rule upon this matter is peremptory with the War Department, and must be respected.

Vicksburg is sure to be ours I think not very many days hence ; how long, no one can tell, but it is most surely invested. Its garrison is slowly but surely wearing out. Johnston's movements are mysterious ; we are always prepared for him.

. . . . .

McClernand . . . is at last superseded. We are most thankful ; it will doubtless raise a good deal of a breeze.

P. S.—I enclose a slip ; in many respects the account is defective, in all partial ; take it as a whole, it gives a more fair account than any I have seen in the papers of the affair. *My* report is in all respects strictly true. I fought under General Grant's own eye ; his report was submitted to, and pronounced upon by General Sherman before I forwarded it. The great attack was made on the 29th ; that is the first attack. You will hardly credit what I am about to write, but it is also strictly true, that the attack of that day was made by two thirds of one tenth of the whole force of Grant. That is, the Second Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, General Sherman, was the only one who obeyed the order ; and what I am about to write will be testified to by General Ewing of the Third Brigade, only that the Second Brigade, the 13th Regulars of the First Brigade, and two regiments of the Third Brigade were all that went in. In point of fact, save by the 13th Regulars, I was alone and unsupported. The history of these matters will some day be given to the world, truthful, unvarnished.

Well, as a whole, this account is fair enough and worth reading. But no account, written or verbal, can give anybody the slightest conception of the affair ; you might as well try to describe the falls of Niagara.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
NEAR VICKSBURG, June 27, 1863.

I mentioned in a former letter having received General Sherman's to you. I cannot see how he could, in language that would not have been fulsome, have given more expression of feelings of friendship toward me ; other than those feelings I have no right or reason to demand. He is perfectly sincere, and I believe would rejoice at my success. He cannot make it for me, I must do that for myself, through

the aid of God by my own merit, if I possess. These things are all hard for you to understand. The science of the soldier and the art of war, obtaining in this fearful strife, differ from all that experience or reading have given you knowledge of. The ordinary springs to human action in a measure fail. We are brought to greater exactness of action. An army is a vast machine of which each individual is an integral part. Shiftings and change cannot easily be made without disarrangement of the whole, never after a certain point, save by direction of the chief of all. Thus I report to General Lightburn, he to General Blair, he to General Sherman, he to General Grant, he to General Halleck, he to the Secretary of War, who in his turn goes to the Commander-in-Chief, the President. But till you get to General Halleck, that I have given illustration of, is only one of a series of systems aggregating a vast whole. Now, General Sherman's power is really very limited ; he has no appointing power ; he can only recommend to his superior officers, and how often has he done this for me ! He is no more responsible for my misfortune than he would have been for wounds and death in battle. Some favors may always be granted by superior officers ; these favors have been lavishly extended to me by all of mine who are in the field, by none more liberally than by General Sherman. His bed, his table, his wines, cigars, everything has been placed at my disposal. He has shared my blanket and laid him down by my side in the bivouac before the dread day of battle. He did this on the night of the 18th, before the first bloody assault. We have been baptized in blood together. He is not an affectionate man, but on the contrary, austere and forbidding. He never meets me without a glad smile and a warm pressure of the hand. You must not doubt him. It was not by General Grant's order that I was assigned as president of the court that sat at Milliken's Bend ; but because I had intimated to Colonel Rawlins, A. A. Gen., that I had not reported back to my regiment and wanted something to do. The service was temporary, and has long since been performed and reported upon. While presiding at the court, I became an actor to some extent in the affair

at the Bend when the negro regiments were attacked, and officially made some report of the matter to General Grant. Out of that matter grew a necessity for other and important service which I was assigned to, and thus I have gone along from day to day, hardly anticipating a permanent charge till after the reduction of Vicksburg. I cannot tell what they are doing at Washington. Mr. Chase has small power in the War Department. I have reason to believe I was nominated before my papers arrived, and before active influence was made for me, and that I lapsed with several score of others, from excess of numbers and the insignificance of my name ; so common a name is a greater barrier to success than can be imagined by those who are not fellow sufferers. If Grant is successful, I still hope there is something bright for me, if not, I must do my duty, unmurmuring, if hopeless. If I perish without the glittering surrounding of rank, I trust I shall be able to die like a soldier.

You speak of the little diary I sent you as if it was important. I thought it might be of some interest to the children as showing something of life on the march, and the effects of war, but considered it hardly worthy of second perusal. I am surprised you should have thought it worth while to send East what was only meant for the home circle. You need give yourself no uneasiness about my deprivation from exercise and my removal from the saddle. I was but a brief time on the steamboat, and my feet are oftener in the stirrup than on the ground.

You will still compliment my letters. You read them with a loving mother's eyes, too partial a judge. I see so much I cannot write. If I could seize opportunity, and describe what I should so much like to describe as it passes before me and when the fit is on, I might write something worthy. But as time passes, new events obliterate the recollection even of old excitement, and the excitement of yesterday is old with us to-day. I wrote you in my last letter that I had been detailed on delicate service, and prepared you for what I thought might be a prolonged absence. The occasion was my going with a small escort under a flag of truce which was a feint to meet or endeavor to meet General Taylor, one of

the commanders of the rebel forces. With this object I took a steamboat at Milliken's Bend on the 22d. Debarking there at daybreak, rode to Richmond, or what was once Richmond, twelve miles distant, and there found the bridge burned. I ought to say that after the fight at Milliken's Bend, the enemy fell back to Richmond, and there entrenched themselves. That we sent out forces to dislodge them, that they were defeated, driven out, and the town, a very pretty place containing some two thousand inhabitants, court house, jail, large hotel, etc., was burned ; nothing that was inflammable was left ; everything but the bricks and mortar was consumed. The enemy before retreating had burned the bridge themselves, and so, from its charred remains, I was compelled to construct another, to cover the deep bayou. Some two hours' labor effected this object, and with a bit of cracker and coffee, made in a tin cup, for breakfast, forward we went, and oh ! how desolate was the country we crossed, and how dreary the ride ! The fleeing enemy had been panic-stricken, and all along the road for miles had thrown the loads from the wagons and sometimes abandoned the wagons themselves. Bedsteads and mirrors, glass, crockery, bags of meal, clothing, sewing machines, baskets, boxes, and trunks, with pots, pans, and camp equipage, lay promiscuously scattered. But the most noticeable objects were the corpses of the unburied dead, smoked and blackened in the sun, too carrion even for the vultures and buzzards. At every bayou crossing, bridges torn up and fresh delays. Finally I reached the Tensas, twenty miles. Here, too, the bridge was burned, but on the other side was a house giving promise of water. The bayou water is not drinkable, and we were parched with thirst. A woman appeared on the opposite bank to show us the ford, and this was strange, for we were far inside the enemy's lines. A struggle through the mud, a ford almost a swim, and we were over. The woman fairly cried with joy to see us—the first real, genuine Union woman I have met in the South. Her husband was under the ban and on our side ; he was poor and had been hauling cotton for transportation North—an unpardonable sin, and she had been made to suffer.

Along with four young children, she had been persecuted by the retreating army, and no wonder she overflowed with joy when her friends came in sight. She gave me some buttermilk and some eggs, and after resting an hour, on we went. Soon the enemy's pickets were in sight, but instead of approaching, seemed to be fleeing. In vain the sergeant waved his flag, conspicuous enough, for it was a sheet borrowed from the steamboat berth and tied to a pole. As we marched forward they marched back, until at last they fairly made a run for it; thereupon we halted and tried another coaxing process, and at last, after making various signs, they approached or rather waited our coming with the timidity of young fawns. We explained the nature of our flag; they were very glad to know we were not going to fight them, and said they had watched us from Richmond and hovered in our front all the way those ten long miles and had sent back for reinforcements, and had come near shooting one of our men who had stopped to take the water out of his boot at the ford. We reassured them and rode forward for about the space of a mile, when we were encountered by the reinforcements, dismounted, drawn up in line of battle. Their captain was stupid, and after the pickets had informed him we were a flag of truce, he insisted upon mistaking us for rebels, and boring us with the most absurd questions about the strength of Grant's army, the condition of affairs at Vicksburg, etc. At last we drove it through his head that we were Yankees, as they call us, and as soon as light broke through upon him, he became dumb with astonishment; nevertheless we marched forward well enough for four miles and then stopped to camp. We continued winding through the dense woods by the side of bayous or the shores of little lakes until at last, crossing another bridge, we encountered another picket. It was interesting to us to pass this picket, for it was near nightfall, the rain began to come down heavily; we had ridden some thirty-two or three miles and were near Delhi, where we expected to find General Taylor and a pretty large force of the enemy. But they halted us and I came to a parley. The officer was peremptory. I brought a stunning argument to bear—that I had been permitted by

all the other picket guards to pass, why should he refuse, and by what authority—at last prevailed, and on to Delhi. Three or four miles brought us to the camp guard of the outside regiment. We had penetrated thirty-six miles inside of the enemy's lines since morning. They looked on us with wonder and astonishment, called no halt, and on we went right through their camps. The soldiers gathered in groups by the wayside to gape at us ; the officers ran out of their tents ; my escort was only ten men and a sergeant. We enquired the way to headquarters and reported to the commandant, and demanded to see General Taylor. General Taylor was not there. This was what I wanted and hoped for, for I knew if he was not at Delhi he must be at Monroe, sixty-five miles further up, and I wanted to penetrate the country as far as possible. Meanwhile it had rained very hard, and was still raining. We were wet through. The question of quarters was interesting, for it was almost dark. The commandant evidently did not know what to do. I suggested the hotel. He brightened, and we were permitted to go there and seek quarters. They did not know how to receive a flag. Their pickets ought not to have let us pass without first reporting and disarming us ; but there we were and there was no help for it. Now imagine a small town with a railway passing through, scattered houses and a large square frame hotel, your son followed by his troops and a crowd of soldiers, officers, citizens, old and young, all agape with astonishment ; evening, and muddy. Landlord comes out uncertain whether to receive us or not ; anxious for his pocket, more anxious for his house. At last the pecuniary prevails, and he thinks he can make provision for us, but can't for the horses. Under shelter, and immediately afterwards under strict guard and surveillance ; got some supper, corn bread, fresh pork, and something they call coffee, made of parched wheat. After supper the commandant called and demanded the despatches ; refused to deliver them, on the ground that my orders were peremptory to deliver them to General Taylor in person. The commandant, a Major Beattie from Texas, was green and nonplussed ; he did n't know what to do, finally concluded to put us



under guard and himself in telegraphic communication with General Taylor. At last I got rid of him and went to bed, wet through to my buff, and got a sound sleep, to wake and find myself close prisoner in the camp of the enemy ; breakfast, the duplicate of the supper, and after the breakfast the show began. I seated myself on the upper porch and the "butternuts" passed in review. Some citizens came to talk to me, some officers. The same old story of what you read in the newspapers—"they are united, intend to fight till the last man is dead," and all that sort of thing. Finally, Brigadier-General Legee, Aide-de-Camp of General Taylor, made his appearance, and now I found I had to deal with a soldier and a man of sense. Of course I was baffled, as I expected to be. He insisted upon my despatches and my return ; no further penetration to their stronghold except at the head of an army. I was satisfied, however, for I had informed myself upon the principal point I was after. So I delivered my despatches with as good grace as possible, and received the necessary returns. I found General Legee, aside from his politics, to be a fine soldier and a most admirable gentleman. He had graduated at Cambridge, and afterwards read law there ; had spent some time in Cincinnati, and knew a good many of my friends . . . and in short, we soon found we were old acquaintances almost, and sat down to have a good time ; that is, as good a time as gentlemen can expect to have without wine or anything else but water to drink and no cigars to smoke ; nevertheless, we had a comfortable chat. He made my imprisonment as light as possible ; and next morning with an escort from the enemy we retraced our steps without adventure, stopped at Richmond, or the cisterns of Richmond rather, for water and a bite. While the men were resting, I wandered through the gardens ; they could not burn them, but what a picture of desolation they presented. For the first time flowers seemed out of place, the fruit, apricots, peaches, and grapes, was just ripening. Some frightened, superannuated negroes came up to gape, and I hurried away from the smouldering ruins after extorting from them a promise to go out and bury the dead upon consideration that

they should possess themselves of all the property abandoned on the road. Back to the Bend, and rapidly put the same in a state of defence, for unless I had checkmated them, they had calculated to come in. When I say they or them I always mean the enemy, the only terms almost by which we know them. On board a boat at 7 P.M.; found a sick lady who had taken refuge with her servants, reassured and encouraged her; down to General Dennis to report. Sat with him till two o'clock in the morning, then up the Yazoo; out at day-break, and reported to General Grant at breakfast time. Yesterday I rested, for I was a little tired, and to-day am anticipating an order to go to Grand Gulf to report to General Banks with despatches, and while I rest I write you this tedious letter. You may see by it at least that the grass does not grow under my feet.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
CAMP OPPOSITE VICKSBURG, June 30, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE:

You are mistaken in supposing I had a new command given me. I explained the matter to mother in a former letter—a temporary detail as president of a court which ceased when the court adjourned. I have since, however, been employed upon most important business which has kept me from my regiment. This morning I shall go down to Port Hudson in a steamboat to confer with General Banks upon official business. I am glad you liked my report. I wrote it very hurriedly on the battlefield, in pencil, and in something over two hours, and have not seen it since, so I can hardly judge how it read. The country will hardly ever get the true history of the assault of the 19th, because it is the interest of the whole army, except the small portion, two thirds of one tenth, to suppress it. Thus there are ten divisions of infantry; but one of these divisions obeyed the order to charge, and of that division but one whole brigade, my own, went in, with two regiments from Ewing, and one from Giles Smith. I enclose a slip which is partly truthful

in other matters and worth reading, and in which an allusion is made to what the opinion of the rebel officers was of that charge. They have spoken of it very often, and I assure you it was a most gallant, daring action. The conflict is raging here all the time, we think it hardly possible Vicksburg can hold out much longer, though they fight with perfect desperation and probably will fight to the last. Still there is an end to all things and there must some time be an end to this siege—only patience is left to us. You must not be alarmed for me. I have been in many dangers and always preserved. My life may yet be of some service to my country or my family.

I made General Grant a present of one of my saddle horses the other day, a splendid piebald gelding, that I think is worth a thousand dollars. He was a horse that I captured at Arkansas Post with his rider, a Texan officer, and since that time I have been carefully training him. He is very large and spotted white and black with a noble carriage and easy gait. Grant fell in love with him a long time ago, and talked so much about him that I gave him. He always rides him, although he has other fine horses.

I shall hope in my next letter to be able to give you something of interest connected with General Banks's army and its operations.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
VICKSBURG, July 11, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I have just debarked on my return from Port Hudson and finished my report to General Grant. I am ordered back to Natchez, for which point I shall start at eight o'clock in the morning, so have brief time for communication with you. On the 1st inst., by order of General Grant, I reported to Admiral Porter for transportation to Port Hudson, whither I was going as bearer of despatches and

oral communication from General Grant to General Banks. You are probably not aware of what a flagship is or the sort of style they preserve on board of one. The *Black Hawk*, Admiral Porter's, is probably behind none of them in point of elegance, and the Admiral, who is a special friend of mine, always receives me with all the honors.

From the flagship I reported to General Dennis at Young's Point, and then procured an ambulance to take us around by land to where the gunboat *Arizona* was lying, the vessel that had been assigned to me. I have had command before of a good many steamboats, but never of a vessel of war. The *Arizona* is a beautiful little craft, a yacht, elegantly fitted up, trim built, with everything ship-shape in real man-of-war style. She was formerly of the Southern Steamship Line between New Orleans and Galveston, seized by the rebels in 1861, ran the blockade to Havana with a cargo of cotton, recaptured by Admiral Farragut's squadron in 1862 off Mobile—at this time running under Confederate colors and called the *Carolina*, and commanded by Captain Forbes. On seeing the Admiral, Captain Forbes claimed to be bound to Matamoras, but the Admiral remarked to him, "I do not take you for running the blockade, but for your damned poor navigation. Any man bound to Matamoras from Havana and coming within twelve miles of Mobile light has no business to have a steamer." Accordingly, she was sent to Philadelphia as a prize, being purchased by the government for 86,000 dollars. She was speedily altered into a gunboat and early in 1863 was put in commission. Leaving Philadelphia she captured a prize of about \$140,000 in value on the fourth day out. Arrived at New Orleans on April 1st, she sailed for Brashear City on the 6th, took two regiments of Major-General Banks on board and landed them at Grand Lakes, the next morning fought and destroyed the *Queen of the West*, and the day after proceeded to the wreck and recovered all the guns, two fine Parrott rifles, and three twelve-pounder Porterfield pieces, brass. On April 20th attacked, in company with the *Clifton*, the fortifications at Butte La Rose, silenced the battery in twelve minutes, capturing

the guns, ammunition, 114 prisoners, and the small arms. On the . . . day of . . . , attacked, in company with the *Albatross*, and repulsed the enemy's gunboats at Fort de Russy, but owing to some misunderstanding of orders was not permitted to remain and destroy them. The day after proceeded upon the expedition with Admiral Porter towards Alexandria, and on the . . . day of . . . , the city surrendered to Captain Upton, a very wealthy citizen and one of influence there, and a grandson of Putnam of revolutionary memory; he who killed the wolf in the cave, and about that anecdote the boys may read. I have been somewhat prolix in describing the boat and her commander, because my relations with both have been very intimate the last ten days, and because she is again assigned to me to go to Natchez. I lay on her with the fleet under the guns of Vicksburg till the 22d inst.; early in the morning weighed anchor and down stream, destroying all river transportation as we passed along—all boats, skiffs, flats, etc. Met the gunboat *Louisville* at Grand Gulf, got some news from below, most favorable, touched at St. Joseph, and put off Mrs. Rodgers. Her meeting with her daughter and under such circumstances, was a scene affecting in the extreme. They had not seen each other for more than four years—are ladies of the greatest refinement. Taking advantage of circumstances while the scene was transpiring, ordered the men to load the boat with vegetables, meats and poultry; in other words, foraged extensively. Such is war. Got under weigh, and steamed down to the next plantation, where we stopped all night, it being too dark to move. Here we called at the house and found a pretty and interesting young lady, much chit chat and quarrelling about the war, and while we quarrelled, my men drove brisk trade with the negroes for honey, tomatoes, melons, fowl, etc. Under weigh at eight o'clock, steaming down, still destroying as we go. Touched at Mrs. Duncan's plantation, abandoned, and in the hands of negroes; will endeavor to send with this some memento of the occasion. As we reached Natchez, discovered cattle in large numbers that had just crossed the river; ordered shell from twelve-pound

howitzer thrown among them ; cattle scattered and drivers fled. Ordered the boat to round to and sent a missive to the civil authorities that if they permitted the transit of cattle or other munitions of war for the use of the enemy, I would burn and destroy the city. To that missive I received the following reply :

“ MAYOR’S OFFICE, NATCHEZ, July 3, 1863.

“ SIR :

“ Your communication of this date is duly at hand. The city authorities regret that you conceive it necessary to inflict such a penalty as you name upon the defenceless inhabitants of this city for acts of which they are innocent and over which the city authorities have no control. To avert the calamity, however, we will represent your demand to the military authorities without delay. At the same time we would observe with due deference, that we are at a loss to understand how the destruction of the city will accomplish the object you have in view.

“ Respectfully, your obt. Servant,

“ W. Dix, Mayor.

“ THOS. KILBY SMITH,

“ Colonel . . .”

Not liking the tone of the above despatch, I proceeded to carry my threat into execution, when down came the marshal and begged like a dog. I gave my opinion and *ipse dixit* in no very measured terms, and taking a promise, wended my way, destroying, however, some sixty skiffs and fleets at that point. Anchored in stream at nine o’clock, July 4th ; under way at twelve o’clock ; touched at plantation for wood and forage, vegetables, etc. Nine o’clock reached Port Hudson and reported to Commodore Palmer on board sloop-of-war *Hartford*, anchored off stream. Commodore stiff old salt of the old school—about as stiff I suppose as Uncle Hunter was on board ship. Took on, however, in behalf of the army, about the same quantity of airs as he took for the navy, and imagine he did not make much by the interview in the way of airs. Next day, July 5th, reported to steamer *Albatross*, the captain of which sent ashore for horses for me,

and about ten o'clock got mounted, with my orderly, on a sorry jade said to have belonged to a Secesh. colonel who had been taken prisoner. Set off for General Banks's headquarters, about twenty miles distant. Sun blazing hot, waded swamp, passed by bayou, and lagoon, and through dense forests, heard the alligators barking like young puppies. Saw sugar cane growing for the first time, passed sugar mills, close to enemy's pickets, and just enough of danger to make the jaunt spicy and interesting. Sun broiling; wore cloth cap and felt it; should have been sunstruck, but adopted my old precaution of stuffing the crown with fresh green leaves every now and then—a most cooling application to the head. Glad enough to reach General Banks's headquarters at two o'clock, after a ride of four hours; dismounted thirsty and exhausted. General met me with great courtesy—bottle of champagne and plenty of ice, cool goblet; oh, how refreshing! . . . felt sufficiently better to take a nap of an hour, and then the General, by way of amusement, invited me to ride with him and staff over the left of his lines; gave me a good mount, and off we started for a thirty miles' ride and about five miles' walk through the saps and mines of his approaches upon the fortifications, back at eleven o'clock, supped and laid down at twelve. Clothes wet through with sweat, did not sleep well, rose, however, early in the morning, July 6th. . . . Breakfast over, General invited me to ride on the right, horses saddled and off at seven. Rode far and walked through more miles of sap and made close investigation of mines; two men shot through the head by rifle balls close by my side; sharpshooters on both sides vigilant and alert. Called upon one or two generals, back to camp and dinner by two o'clock. Admiral Farragut made his appearance before dinner was through. . . . I imagine rather a clever man and a fine officer. . . .

July 7th received despatches of the fall of Vicksburg, per telegraph, despatch boat *Price* having got aground on her way down; much enthusiasm. Army fired salutes of an hundred guns; also navy; drank General Grant's health; took good care to have a despatch intercepted by the enemy, and devoted the afternoon to close investigation of saps,

mines, and approaches on the right of our lines, in company with General Banks ; back to camp, and late to bed ; hardly asleep before General Banks made his appearance at my bedside in shirt and drawers to advise me that General Gardner had sent flag of truce, and to ask if what he had heard in reference to the fall of Vicksburg was true. Symptomatic ; immediately volunteered to go with flag of truce myself and make proper reply. Rode out at one o'clock, nine miles ; passed our pickets, sounded bugle call, and shortly afterwards was met by enemy's flag with lanthorn. Their party consisted of two colonels and their aides-de-camp ; had with them much parley ; flag returned, to consult with General Gardner ; agreed to wait for them two hours. Flag again appeared with despatches for General Banks and overtures for surrender. Back to headquarters at great speed. General Gardiner writes that he has defended his post as long as he considers his duty and offers terms and to appoint commissioners to meet outside of breastworks to arrange conditions. Accordingly, General Banks appointed Brigadier-General Stone, Brigadier-General Dwight, and Colonel Burge commissioners, with instructions to demand unconditional surrender. They were met by Colonel Miles, Col. Marshall Smith, and Colonel Steadman, on behalf of the enemy. All the day passed tediously, waiting the action of the commissioners. Finally, at nightfall, they made their report. Garrison to be surrendered at seven o'clock the following morning, and a rough estimate of results of the Port Hudson capture is as follows :

Upwards of five thousand prisoners, including one major-general, one brigadier-general, four colonels, and large number of field and company officers.

Thirty-one field cannon ;

Twenty S. C. and siege cannon ;

Major-Gen. Frank Gardner, formerly U. S. A. ;

Brigadier-General William Beale ;

Colonel Miles ;

Col. Marshall Smith, formerly U. S. Navy ;

Colonel Steadman ;

Major A. Marchent, formerly U. S. Artillery.



Despatches were at once prepared for me, and at nine o'clock, with escort, I set off to ride over the same road. I came to place of hail of gunboats. It was intensely dark and raining hard ; some miles of road through dense and muddy swamp ; had to search for pathway by aid of lantern ; guide at fault and way lost ; outside of picket lines, and great danger of capture ; found way and reached Mississippi shore at three o'clock in morning. Hailed *Hartford*, and got aboard ; reported to Commodore Palmer ; had *Arizona* assigned me ; got aboard of her by the light of the wild-eyed dawn, and at four o'clock laid down with intense headache to court sleep, which had been a stranger to me for two days and two nights. I had been much exposed to sun and feared sickness. I lay still for one hour and am then called upon by naval officers anxious for news ; a thousand questions about Port Hudson ; no rest ; under weigh at eight o'clock, and shortly afterwards breakfast. . . . The captain has a pet, a beautiful doe, with whom I made friends coming down, and as I returned, with her large black dreamy eyes, she was apparently glad to see me and gave me welcome by licking my hand. She walks all over the ship perfectly tame, and it seems strange to me that an animal so wild and timid by nature should become so fond and gentle. The day is calm and perfectly beautiful, the bright blue sky dappled with fleecy clouds, the rapid motion of the boat stirs the atmosphere till it fans the cheek with voluptuous freshness. Fatigue passes away. I am the bearer of glad tidings of great joy, and with heart elate sail triumphant. For the time being, brief as it may seem, I govern on the quarter-deck of the yacht, and save for the presence of Cleopatra, rival Antony. The day wears on, and at six I am invited to dinner. The captain and I mess alone, but with the strictest formality. . . .

Anchored in the stream at eleven o'clock ; too dark to run. Friday, July 10th, weigh anchor, and steam up at four o'clock ; pass Natchez at 9 A.M. Many cattle on the bank—evidently have been crossed for the use of the rebel army—some two thousand head. Heave a dozen shell and send some rifle

balls among them. Crowds of men and women gather on the bluffs of Natchez to see us pass. We take on negroes from point to point as they rush to the river side, stalwart men seeking liberty under the folds of the American flag. We hail a skiff containing six parolled prisoners from Vicksburg ; they have floated down the river and are seeking their homes at Natchez and up the river. Much cannon practice from our vessel I propose, to prevent all crossing of the river, and to dismay the inhabitants. I find my hearing much affected by close proximity the past two or three months to heavy guns while being rapidly discharged. We meet many vessels from Vicksburg, seven gunboats ; the Mississippi is open.

I hold to-day conversation with captain's Calcutta servant, an Hindostanee ; speaks and writes Arabic, is a follower of Mahomet. If my memory serves me right, the first Mussulman I have made acquaintance with, tall, not quite black, straight nose, thin lips, handsome. I hear the Arabic language spoken in its purity, I believe, for he is educated, and also the Hindostanee. He has travelled throughout China ; perfectly familiar with Canton, Calcutta, Paris, London, Boston, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Australia, the South Sea and Pacific Islands, San Francisco, and the Havannah, and for the most part North America ; was a follower of Nana Sahib, and is not twenty years old.

Saturday, July 11th, anchor at four o'clock, having moved all night opposite Mrs. Fanars, at the town of St. Joseph ; called upon the ladies, who are in great distress, husbands and fathers being all under arrest at Alton . . . Comfort the poor women all I can, and here I may say to-night I have got an order from General Grant to release their poor devils of husbands—so that must be set to my credit, if I am a fiend and a “ damned Yank.” To-day meet more gunboats, more parolled prisoners in skiffs. Day cool and pleasant.

Abner Read was shot and mortally wounded the day I left Port Hudson ; he was badly shot, and could not possibly recover. He was commander and a good deal thought of by the navy. Wife will remember him ; he was a brother of the judge.

Well, we arrived at Vicksburg about four o'clock this afternoon ; reported to the Admiral and to General Grant ; both glad to see me back and hear my news, and on the strength of my report am ordered to take some transports and some troops and garrison Natchez. I shall set sail for that point in the morning at eight o'clock, and am writing for dear life to-night in order to get ready.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,  
NATCHEZ, MISS., July 19, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

To-day is Sunday, one week since I wrote you from Vicksburg. I had then just returned from Port Hudson, and a reconnoissance of the river, bringing with me the news of the reduction or rather surrender of Port Hudson, and despatches from General Banks. Having impressed upon General Grant the importance of occupying this point, I was sent back to take possession of Natchez, by aid of General Ransom and his brigade. This was accomplished without opposition, to the immense and mingled surprise, grief, and indignation of the people, as well as officers and soldiers whom we took as prisoners. We captured some five thousand head of fine cattle, three thousand of which we have shipped to Port Hudson and to Vicksburg. We captured and destroyed large quantities of ordnance and ordnance stores, and great numbers of small arms. We are in the process of taking large quantities of sugar, molasses, corn, and cotton, belonging to the so-called Confederate government ; also immense quantities of lumber, at this time of large value to our army. Our occupation has been most fertile in results. The plan of operations was suggested, and carried into effect by me. I shall never be known in it to the world at large, nor is it of vast moment, but it has been an expedition fraught with success, and I congratulate myself at least, so let it pass.

Natchez is a beautiful little city of about seven thousand or eight thousand inhabitants, a place for many years past of no great business significance, but rather a congregation

of wealthy planters and retired merchants and professional men, who have built magnificent villas, along the bluffs of the river and in the rear, covering for the city a large space of ground. Wealth and taste, a most genial climate and kindly soil have enabled them to adorn these in such manner as almost to give the Northerner his realization of a fairy tale. Tourists, who, in times past, have visited the South, have usually selected winter as the season for their journeyings, and for the most part, have confined themselves to the limits of city and steamboat. They have told us little of rural life amid the opulent of the South, their efforts give but faint ideas of the clime or country. The grand luxuriance of foliage and flower and fruit of which this sunny clime can boast, has been denied them, and is seen in its perfection now and where my footsteps lead me.

The house of . . . where I have been quartered for the past week, is one of the largest and most elegantly appointed mansions in all the South. Any description that I can give of its superb appointments will be but feeble. The proprietor counts his plantations by the dozens, his slaves by the thousands, those people, I mean, who were his slaves. He has travelled most extensively all over Europe ; his summers, for almost his lifetime, have been passed in Europe or at our Northern watering places. His family consists only of himself and wife, a lady of some thirty-five years, not beautiful, but thoroughbred, tall figure, fine eyes, good refined features, a gentle, musical voice, and a sweet smile. He, fifty. The mansion is very large, great rooms with high ceilings, long wide halls, ample piazzas, windows to the floor and opening upon grassy terrace. Walls hung with *chefs d'œuvre* of Europe's and America's best artists. Busts from Powers and Crawford, paintings from Landseer and Sully and Peal. Everything that ministers to refined taste almost is here. For the grounds, you must imagine a chain of very high and steep bluffs, bordering a wide river which winds in silvery sheen far below, and is so serpentine in its course, that miles and miles away, . . . you can see its waters glittering in the last sun rays, while intervening there are plain and forest, plantations highly cultivated, and

dotted with the whitewashed negro quarters, and the damp green swamp land. The river disappears amid waving, moss-grown trees, to reappear tortuously ribboned amid canebroke and plain, always on calm days a mirror of the bright blue skies, and fleecy clouds of ever-changing forms of beauty. As you approach upon the broad carriage way that gracefully sweeps past the high-columned portico, which is shaded by the cypress and magnolia and crape myrtle, gorgeous in its bloom and blooming always, your feet crackling the gravel and sea shells, you are almost lost in labyrinthine ways which pass over terrace and undulating sward, over rustic bridges, through cool and verdurous alleys of *gloria mundi*, Japan plum, the live and water oak, making literally a flowery pathway of exotics of gorgeous coloring and startling magnificence, and almost indigenous to the soil in which they grow, the river view bursts suddenly upon you, and in the beautiful summer house you sit down entranced, wondering if it is all real, or if the scene has not been suddenly conjured by an enchanted wand. Flowers and bloom and fruit are all around, and almost sick with perfume one can dream away the hours in ecstasy of enjoyment, the air so soft and balmy, all so still, so peaceful, apparently ; one must here awhile forget the lurking serpent.

You return to the house by the orchards and cultivated lands by the greenhouse, hothouse, and pineries. A house that cost a small fortune has been built to shelter a single banana tree that grows within its hot atmosphere, bears fruit and puts forth its great green leaves three feet or more in length. Unheard-of plants are clambering about the conservatories ; the more ordinary beauties of the greenhouse and of the parterre smile in boundless profusion and perfection of bloom. Pines and figs of three or four varieties, melons I should be afraid to tell you how large, for you would not credit me. Cantaloupes, peaches, pears, and the most delicious nectarines are brought fresh to the table every day. Shooting galleries and billiard rooms, elegantly fitted up for ladies as well as gentlemen, are placed in picturesque positions in the grounds and gardens. Stables and offices all concealed, nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. One

continually wonders that such a Paradise can be made on earth.

. . . My duties are very nominal. Indeed, I have nothing to do but represent General Grant . . . I ride a little way morning and evening for exercise. I take good care of myself, and do not suffer much from the heat. I should be very happy if you were with me, for amid all this almost voluptuous luxury, I have no one to love me ; they minister from fear, not affection. Amid the busiest throng I am very lonely. The " months that are passing slowly away into years " are hurrying us forward to the sea of eternity. The prime and vigor of my life is going oh, so fast ! And all these months I have laid in the saps, and trenches, and swamps, and by the roadside and in the forest. Sometimes like a stag at bay, ever ready to spring upon an assailant, a heart so longing for home and sweet home affections, yet so hardened to suffering, so strange to all that is homelike.

. . . . .

I sit me down in quiet and think. I have not the excitement of the battle and skirmish, bivouac and march, to drain all my physical energies and keep my heart from throbbing, at times anxiously throbbing with anguish unspeakable. I think of you all at home, of you and my dear little children, of my darling mother and sweetest sister. How I am blessed in all of you, how proud I am of all of you, and yet sweetest intercourse by hard sad fate is denied. I must work on in the storm of battle, borne forward on the wings of the whirlwind of the strife of the people, the tornado of political elements, far behind I leave you all in flowery meads and pastures green. The storm has passed you and all is serene, only on either side you see the wreck of those who have fallen. My mission is not yet done. I go to prepare you all a way, if not for you, for my children, if not for them, still for those who come after. God's hand is in all this, be of good cheer, and fear not. I complain a little to myself ; sometimes I could cry aloud in very agony of spirit ; I have been so desolate, but it is all wrong. I have been selected

for some purpose or I should not be here and hindered as I am from the heart's best affections ; it is meet that I should suffer. I propose to bear my cross gracefully and without murmur. As for you all, all who are dear, oh, how dear to me, sister, mother, children, wife, weld your affections, be all in all to one another, bear with each other, it will be but a little while ; in all your sufferings, there will be much joy, and soon, if not in this world, in another we shall be together and at peace.

How long I shall stay here, I am uncertain. I want to go to Mobile and shall try to get in with a flag of truce, if I cannot arrange it otherwise. We sent there yesterday, by steamboat *City of Madison*, a large number of wounded and sick rebel officers. I shall return to Vicksburg first, however, and perhaps before the close of this week. Simultaneously with the reception of this letter, if I am fortunate enough in getting it off, you will have heard of General Sherman's success at Jackson, where Johnson had fortified himself. The victory is complete. Now we have the Mississippi River open, we have the capital and two principal towns of his State, the control of the whole State, I wonder how Mr. Jefferson Davis feels. My plans may be altered upon my return to Vicksburg. I cannot tell yet.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
VICKSBURG, Aug. 8, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

You must not be disappointed at not seeing me. I could go up for a brief season ; but I dare not make what might be a sacrifice. My business is here, and here I must stay. I shall not return until my position is assured and until I have done my behest in an humble way to perpetuate the salvation of my country. My heart and soul is in this war, terrible as it is. It is a righteous war, forced upon us as it has been by a most unholy rebellion.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
VICKSBURG, Aug. 13, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I have brief time to write you, for I am just starting for New Orleans. The boat is now waiting for me. You must not be anxious if you do not hear from me for some days. My stay at New Orleans will be very brief, probably not more than a day.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,  
NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 16, 1863.

I believe I may be said literally to have fought my way to the Gulf. At all events, I find myself at New Orleans after many trials. The lower Mississippi is to me very beautiful scenery. You can have no conception of the nature of the grounds, the houses, improvements, general appearances of the country from anything you read. I was certainly interested and charmed. The city of New Orleans is familiar from description. I feel almost as if I had been here before. General Banks occupies one of the most beautiful residences in the most beautiful locality. I am sojourning with him. I left my horses and servants at Vicksburg, but the General has placed a carriage at my command. His establishment is elegant and thoroughly appointed. The St. Charles Hotel, the shell road to the lake, the levee, and the French portion are the most noticeable features. All these I have pretty thoroughly investigated. The streets are perfectly clean, the police system above compare, everybody here is on their best behavior. Two years in the woods among the toads and snakes has made me unfamiliar with city life and all sights and sounds are strange to me. Memphis is a mere village as compared to New Orleans, and Vicksburg and Natchez mere suburban towns. But I only weary you with vague recital of my own impressions. As new and strange scenes greet my eye, I long for the power to communicate with those I love and make them in some degree sharers in my own emotions. Upon the steamer's deck, in the whirl



of life, the rapid transition from the camp to what in democratic America may be called the court, in all the varied scenes of my stirring life, kaleidoscopic in its changes, I think of home, or the dear group that makes my home. Shall I ever see any of you again? I seem impelled by some strange destiny forward, always a little in advance of the army. There are important movements in contemplation. Soon you will hear of them.

Everybody here, out of the army, is "Secesh." This of course. We must conquer this people, wrest the power of the government from their grasp, prevent their ever regaining power, and meanwhile treat them kindly. Extermination, annihilation is out of the question. Oppression will react.

The women are strangely hostile. There is no difference among them. From the borders of Tennessee to the Gulf they are all alike—in country, town, or city, but one feeling, rebellious, coupled with an antipathy to Northern men inconceivable, indescribable. They are herded now within a narrow compass, driven, hedged in, almost girdled by a circle of fire. Georgia and Alabama are full of them. When Charleston and Mobile fall, I do not know where they will find refuge. As their men disappear, however, there will be a commingling of races and perhaps the nation regenerated. A long and bloody war is still before us. A united North would finish it in a month. Their strange, perverse insanity, their want of unity, prolongs the struggle. But God in his own good time. The nation is being bathed in fire and blood. Five years more of war will purge, the viler material will have passed away, then twenty-five years more and the people may again hope.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
VICKSBURG, Aug. 20, 1863.

I wrote you from New Orleans and am now probably in advance of my letter. Circumstances rendered it necessary

for me to return with despatch, and I am now on my way to Cairo, and probably Memphis. I have traversed the Mississippi, the lower Mississippi, so often that I am as familiar with its banks almost as a river pilot. I shall leave this afternoon. Write you again both from Memphis and Cairo.

General Grant has not gone to Mobile, he is now in Memphis or on his return to this point.

The health at New Orleans is remarkably good, and this may be ascribed in a great measure to extraordinary cleanliness of the city and the perfection of the quarantine. Natchez, too, is healthy, and I hear no complaint at Vicksburg. I do not believe there will be what is called a sickly season here, or in the Southern country generally, and regret to learn you anticipate one where you are. You speak of rest for our armies. There is, there will be, no rest for armed men while this rebellion lasts. We have sent one army corps to reinforce Banks. Our soldiers are not suffering ; they are well fed and well clothed. They want support and reinforcement from home, they want to see the conscript law rigidly enforced.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,

VICKSBURG, Aug. 26, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I attempted some description of these people in their homes and their luxurious mode of life. I mean the opulent of the South, generally, without reference to individuals ; and in return it strikes me, you give a little bit of a rub, evidently fearing that I should be seduced from my Spartan training, while treading their flowery paths of dalliance. You need not be alarmed. I have come back to my narrow cot and canvas roof without one pang of regret. I enjoy luxury for the brief season it is accorded me, but I know it only tends to enervate. On many accounts, I like the South, but its influences are baneful, its atmosphere, physi-

cal and moral, poisonous, except to those who have been purged and purified by misfortune and the stern necessity for exertion ; whose constitutions of iron have been hammered into steel. I remember the rockbound shores of New England perfectly. The icy crags over which, with iron spikes to my shoes, I have toiled and clambered on my way to and from school in midwinter. Do you quite remember, I was but six years old when I made those journeys of two miles to Master Manley's from the " Sanderson Beach," as I used to call them; that was before Walter was born.

I have been brought to a most abrupt stop in my proceedings and hardly know how to resume my thread. You must pardon my discursive epistles. I have this moment been handed your favor of 14th inst. Mrs. Sherman is on a visit to her husband. I went out there a day or two ago to make a call upon her. She spoke of you all with much interest, and regretted her previous inability to visit you ; hoped to be able to do so upon her return. She is a very charming person.

There are two brilliant examples now before the nation standing out in bold relief, in fact before the whole civilized world ; their history is good for little boys to know. Let my sons ponder upon it. One is General Grant and the other General Banks. Both were born of very poor parents, both had to labor hard for a livelihood in the country in their boyhood. General Grant's father lived in Brown County, Ohio, near Georgetown. The first money he ever earned or that was paid to him, was for a load of rags, that with great enterprise he gathered together in and about the town, drove to Cincinnati, a distance of forty miles, in a two-horse wagon, by himself, sold for fifteen dollars, and returned triumphant. He had his money in silver and he was the richest boy in all that section of country. This was before he was twelve years old, and as the enterprise originated with himself, and was carried out successfully, notwithstanding the difficulties of bad roads, the winter season, his diminutive stature, it perhaps gave as good evidence of great generalship as anything he has done

since. He went to West Point from the village school and graduated as the best rider of the academy—the best, because the boldest. After he had been brevetted three times for his gallantry in Mexico, he had to resign a captaincy because he was too poor to support his family ; went to farming near St. Louis, and there was not ashamed to drive his own team loaded with wood to the city. He came into the service again as captain of Volunteers. He has told me himself of these things, and that his best training was before he went to the military academy. I do not want my boys to be afraid to work. I want them to ride and shoot and fish and to know how to do it all well, and above all not to be afraid of anything or anybody but God, or afraid to do anything but tell a lie, and no matter what they do, they must not be afraid to tell of it. They must never take an insult from any boy or man. If a girl or woman insult them laugh at or kiss her. Never quarrel ; if there has to be a word or a blow, let the blow come first. But I was going to write a word about General Banks. His father was a woodsawyer ; . . . his boyhood was of toil, privation, and mortification, yet to-day he is one of the most courteous, gentle, kindly men in all the world. He has done for himself what no teachers could have done for him, however high their salary or brilliant their reputation. These are dazzling instances, but they are exponents of a fact. This war has brought out a latent talent, a hidden strength of character in the individual, that astounds the world, but we almost invariably find it exhibited among those who in their early years have been compelled to depend upon themselves for thought and action.

. . . . .

In my last to my wife, I said I should write next from Cairo or Memphis, but no sooner had I despatched that letter than I received intelligence which caused a change in my movements. I shall remain here till General Grant returns. The weather has been very pleasant for some time past, nights cool enough for two blankets. I am sitting now in a very wet tent, with my feet propped up to keep

them out of the water ; it is raining very hard and is quite cold. I am most agreeably disappointed in the summers of the South ; take them, if the two seasons I have experienced are a test, from end to end, they are more pleasant than our own.

I received three or four days ago, a notice from the Secretary of War that the President has appointed me brigadier-general, my rank to date from the 11th Aug. " for gallant conduct and service in the field." This I suppose applied to my assaults of the 19th and 22d May, upon the enemy's fortifications at Vicksburg. " Shiloh " and Russell's House, Corinth, Chickasas Bayou, Arkansas Post, all I suppose went for naught, or what is more probable, the President never saw my papers. I don't know how he could get over the petition of my command endorsed by my commanding generals. The assault of the 19th was the most murderous affair I was ever in, but I have led troops in battles that lasted much longer and where I have lost more men, and in which I have been as much exposed.

. . . . .

I have had congratulations and serenades and all that sort of thing galore, for, as is not unusual, I have found in my case that a prophet has honor save in his own country. I have some friends and pretty warm ones in the army. My old command is encamped about eighteen miles from here near Black River, and General Sherman is not far away from them. He got news of my appointment by telegraph and rode over to tell them the news, whereat there was a perfect yell. The old fellow was about as glad as the boys from all I hear, and together they had a love feast. I suppose you have heard of the appointment through the papers, though of course it is under a misnomer, and it will be old news to you.

General Grant has been away the last ten days and there is hardly anybody at headquarters but myself. I am looking for him every day, and upon his return shall be somewhat relieved.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
VICKSBURG, Aug. 29, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I wrote you yesterday and shortly after my letter was mailed, was gratified by the return of General Grant. He congratulated me warmly upon my appointment, at which he is evidently sincerely rejoiced and desired me to direct the enclosed letter to you. It is sealed, and I do not know its contents ; if complimentary, I hope it may be preserved for my children in future years. General Grant is destined to wield a powerful influence upon the nation. His name will be closely linked with the history of the age. I am proud of his friendship and of the great confidence he reposes in me.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
VICKSBURG, Sept. 1, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

. . . . .

I am about to accompany General Grant to New Orleans ; shall start this evening and be gone some eight or ten days, so that if you do not hear from me as regularly as usual you must not be anxious.

. . . . .

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 6, 1863.

. . . . .

My last was dated from Natchez, advising you of my intent to come here. Yours of 21st was received at this point day before yesterday. Our trip down the river was safe and pleasant, and we were fortunate in not being fired upon by the guerillas. The steamboat *Julia*, which preceded us, was fired upon and three men wounded. Our reception in New Orleans was very brilliant—serenades, calls, a magnificent evening reception or levee by General Banks, and yesterday a grand review. The parade grounds are some eight miles from the city. We rode out on horseback, and I am sorry to say our festivities were or are interrupted by a rather serious accident. The two generals and their staff made a large

cavalcade. General Grant was riding a fine but unbroken horse and on our return the animal shied upon a carriage and fell ; he was in advance and at rapid speed ; the officer following was out of place, and rode over him and the trampling of the horse bruised him severely. We took him in a state of insensibility into a roadside inn before which the accident occurred, and where he now lies in the room in which I write. His thigh is badly injured and he cannot move his leg, but he is better this morning and I think can be moved in a day or two ; with the residue of his staff, I remain to take care of him.

The weather here has been sultry until to-day ; a fine breeze is stirring and I think we shall soon have rain. It was intensely hot during the review, which was tedious, there being some fifteen thousand troops to be reviewed at once. My clothes were dripping wet with perspiration, as if I had been in a rainstorm,—but then I had motion, gladsome motion, and “ motion to an endless end is needful for man's heart.”

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7, 1863.

I open my letter to enclose a couple of cartes, one of General Grant, the other you will probably recognize. I will send the cartes of the residue of the staff to-morrow. They were all taken hurriedly, the weather intensely hot and the time noon, when we were all pretty tired, having had no sleep for two or three nights. . . . Some day, when I'm in a better humor, and get all my toggery together, I'll have one taken in full uniform for you. The Adjutant-General of the United States lent me his coat to be taken in, and his figure being smaller than mine, makes me look pinched in the breast ; it was as much as I could do to button it over.

General Grant is much improved this morning, and I think will be out soon again. Meanwhile, we are all very quiet and comfortably provided for. My diet being soft shell crabs and pompinot and nice fish that is brought me

from the Gulf. General Banks calls, and all the other generals, and we are at no loss for society.

P. S.—There is a group of the General and his staff finishing while I write. Send in a few days.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
VICKSBURG, Sept. 15, 1863.

My visit to New Orleans and the forts some one hundred miles further south has been fraught with much interest. I do not remember in all my life to have had so much hilarity and joy crowded into so brief a space of time.

It has literally been a triumphal march. The only alloy being the unfortunate accident to General Grant, who, I am happy to say, is safely at these headquarters, though I fear his accident will confine him to his bed for a good while.

The New Orleans papers have been filled with allusions to us in various terms of compliment. General Banks has been most assiduous in attention.

Of all this I will write you more at length the moment I find leisure. I have been assigned to active duty in the field and to command the Second Brigade, Sixth Division, Army of the Tennessee, reporting for duty to Major-Gen. J. B. McPherson, who, I am happy to say, is my personal friend. Of this matter I will write more anon. Suffice it now to say that the command is a very fine one, an eminently fighting brigade, and one that distinguished itself on my left in the assault on Vicksburg.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
VICKSBURG, Sept. 20, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I want now to impress upon you, and I think *you* at least, or at the last, will understand me and know I am in earnest, that General Grant is the man of the nation, that the eyes of the nation are turned upon him, that he has a world-wide



celebrity, I was going to write, but I should write, world-wide honest fame, and I should inform you further that he does not write much or say much, but whatever he writes or says is strictly to the point.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE TENN.,  
VICKSBURG, Sept. 20, 1863.

Mail of this morning brings your congratulations. I have been so long a brigadier that the mere rank added makes but little difference in my feelings.

I wrote you yesterday, urging you to write to General Grant ; a few minutes since he showed me your letter to him of even date with mine, eloquent and well expressed, but brief. You must write to him more at length. In my judgment he will be confined to his bed for a long time with his injury. Such letters as you could write would interest him more than you can well imagine.

I must tell you an incident which occurred to me the other day, before I went to New Orleans. The city of Natchez had sent up a delegation to wait upon General Grant, who turned them over to me. I was to escort them around the fortifications, and the General gave the principal man, the mayor, his war-horse to ride—a splendid cream-colored stallion, a little vicious. I was riding Bell, a horse you have never seen, but confessed the finest horse in the army, East or West ; all have said so who have seen him—a large powerful brown or mahogany bay, great in battle, one who will yield the right of way to none. Well, we were riding in a very narrow gorge, the mayor had dismounted to lead his horse over a bad place, being in advance of me, when all at once he turned and a terrific conflict took place between the two horses. I seized the bridle of the General's, endeavoring to manage both ; at the same moment mine reared straight upon his hind legs. I dismounted in the expectation that he would fall upon me, and as I touched the ground fell. Then these two great stallions, full of fire and fury, fought over my prostrate body, their hoofs struck together

and each trampled within an inch of my head all around and over me. I lay still as if I had been in bed ; I knew my hour had not yet come. My own horse was the first to perceive my danger ; he retired a little from regard to me. Those who were by were speechless and horror-stricken. I rose unharmed, mounted and rode forward. I have never been in greater peril of my life. God watches me in calm and in storm.

My old regiment wanted to make me a present of a saddle and bridle, and I am told raised in a few moments \$975 for that purpose, and the thing was to be extended to sword, sash, pistols, everything complete.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
SECOND DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
NATCHEZ, MISS., Sept. 27, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My reception at Natchez has been very brilliant, splendid dinners, suppers—all that sort of thing, with speeches, and songs, mirth and hilarity. My command is magnificent. I have six regiments, and a battery, one regiment cavalry, one of mounted infantry. My quarters are literally a palace, one of the most elegant houses in or about Natchez, situated in the most lovely grounds you can imagine, within about a mile from the city.

My troops are all camped close around me on the grounds of neighboring villas, which, combined, have heretofore given the name of " Dignity Hill " to my own general encampment. One of my regiments is in town on duty as provost guard. The residue keep close guard and watch upon their chief, and no baron in feudal hall ever had more loyal subjects. The rides and walks about are all most charming, especially at this season of the year, and I am in a constant state of regret that you cannot be here to enjoy it with me. If there was any indication as to how long I am to remain, I would send for you ; but I may be ordered away at a mo-

ment's notice. Indeed, I have no expectation of staying here more than eight or ten days at the furthest. I shall either be ordered back to Vicksburg or directed into the field. Meanwhile I shall take the good the gods provide me.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
FIRST DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
NATCHEZ, OCT. 7, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I knew you would write me on the 23d ; felt that even as I was writing you on the selfsame day, perhaps at the same hour, our spirits were in commune. What is there in all this world so sweet, so pure, so holy as a mother's love ? Darling mother, I love you with all my heart and all my mind, and all my strength, but my love for you is nothing in comparison with yours for me that has continued so constant, so unwavering, for all these years, these long, long years which yet are nothing to look back upon.

It is true as you remark, I have travelled much, very much in the past season—have traversed many, many miles by land and water ; ten times up and down the river when the banks were infested by guerrillas, never shot into once, other boats preceding and succeeding me constantly attacked. I seem to have borne nearly a charmed life. God has been very good to me. I see by the papers, as well as by your letter, that Bill Lytle has gone under at last ; poor fellow, his was a gallant spirit, and he has gone where the good soldiers go. The best death to die—"We tell his doom without a sigh, for he is freedom's now and fame's."

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
FIRST DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
VICKSBURG, MISS., OCT. 14, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My last advices to you have been from Natchez. Since then, I have hurriedly changed my base. How long I shall

remain here will depend upon other moves and circumstances. You must not suffer yourself to be worried for me if many days at a time elapse without intelligence from me ; of course, communication won't be continually interrupted. I left very pleasant and luxurious quarters at Natchez, and some good and kind friends, to come into the field and the bivouac, soldiers' fates, and we make the best of it.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
FIRST DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
VICKSBURG, MISS., Oct. 20, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

. . . . .

General Grant received your letter and of this I have written before. He is now gone, I don't know whither—flitted with his staff and surroundings before I had come back, as the swallows flit in the fall. I do not think you have got a right estimate of Sherman. You call him “ slow, cautious, almost to a fault.” On the contrary, he is as quick as lightning, the most rapid thinker, actor, writer, I ever came in contact with—proud and high-spirited as an Arab horse. Grant is slow and cautious, and sure and lucky. They are both good men. Men you would admire if you knew them, and men who upon first blush you would be marvellously deceived in.

. . . . .

You ask about the tribute from the old “ 54th.” I understand the boys have made arrangements to fit me out ; but have n't received the articles. Somebody said that they were sumptuous. I suppose they would get the best that money could buy, for they think a heap of “ *old Kilby* ”—the only name by which I am known in the Fifteenth Army Corps. Strangers used to come and ask for Kilby, and for a long time I rarely heard the name of Smith as applied to myself. I don't know but what their presents have been burnt up or sunk in the river. There has been a great deal of loss lately. When they come, I will let you know and tell you all about them.

. . . . .

Enclosed herewith find copy of a letter written by General Sherman to the 13th Regulars on the occasion of the death of his son at Memphis. I saw a copy by accident to-day, and together with the brief notice that his son had died, is the only intelligence I have. He had his boy with him, a bright, active little fellow, who rode with him wherever he went, and who was a great pet with his own old regiment, the 13th Regulars. You know General Sherman came into the service as colonel of this regiment at the outset of the war. The death must have been sudden, and you perceive by the tenor of the letter how deeply he feels it. I do assure you that we find every day in the service, that "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." I will forward your letter to him, and perhaps you had better address him again on the occasion of his bereavement. I am sure he is a dear friend of mine, and in the chances of this war, calculating upon his position and mine, it is hardly probable we shall meet again. Like him, "on, on, I must go, till I meet a soldier's fate, or see my country rise superior to all factions, till its flag is adored and respected by ourselves and all the powers on earth,"<sup>1</sup> and now our paths are slightly divergent. Can you imagine it, even as I write, the enclosed order is handed me, and received without one pang of regret. I copy verbatim. You may understand the chances and changes of a soldier's life. The darky says, "here to-morrow and gone to-day."

"Special Orders }  
"No. 236. }

"HEADQUARTERS SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
"DEPT. OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"VICKSBURG, MISS., Oct. 20, 1863.

"Brig.-Genl. E. S. Dennis, U. S. Vols., will report forthwith to Genl. McArthur, to be assigned to command of Second Brigade, First Division, and will relieve Brig.-Genl. T. K. Smith.

"Brig.-Genl. T. K. Smith, on being relieved from command of Second Brigade, First Division, will proceed forthwith to Natchez, Miss., and report to Brig.-Genl. M. M.

<sup>1</sup> General Sherman's letter to Capt. C. C. Smith 13th Regulars.

Crocker, commanding Fourth Division, for assignment to command of Brigade in Fourth Division.

“ By order of      Maj.-Genl. MCPHERSON,

“ W. T. CLARK,

“ A. A. General.

“ Brig.-Genl. T. K. SMITH,

“ Com'g Second Brigade, First Division.”

Thus you perceive, having licked the Second Brigade into shape, I am assigned elsewhere. Meanwhile, pray for me, and thank God that everything has transpired to take me out of the filthy God-forsaken hole on a hill. My next will be from Natchez and will contain full directions how to address me. Keep writing, and enclose my letters with request to forward to Major-Genl. James B. McPherson, commanding Seventeenth Army Corps, Department of the Tennessee, Vicksburg, Miss. He is my warm, intimate, personal friend, and will see that all come safe to hand. I enclose you his carte. He is very handsome, a thorough soldier, brave as Cæsar, young, a bachelor, and—engaged to be married.

Genl. M. M. Crocker, to whom I am about to report, is a most excellent gentleman and eke a soldier, thank God! graduate of the Military Academy of West Point, also an intimate of mine and friend. Somehow or other, the West Pointers all take to me, and by the grace of God I find my way among soldiers. You can't understand all this, but it is most delightful to have a soldier, a real soldier, for a commander and associate. Natchez, by this time is a second home to me. I know a heap of people and have some good friends even among the “Secesh.” I may be there a day, a month, a year, nobody knows and nobody cares. I can pack, and “get up and dust” as quickly as any of them.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
FIRST DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
VICKSBURG, MISS., Oct. 22, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I propose sending to you to-day, per Adams' Express Company, a box of pictures.

The group will be interesting to strangers, containing as



MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT AND OFFICERS,

NEW ORLEANS, 1863.

(See page 343.)

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it does, Generals Grant and Thomas ; the other gentlemen are members of General Grant's staff—Captain Jane, Colonel Duff, Colonel Riggins, and Captain Carncross, the latter aid to General Thomas.

I congratulate you upon the results of the late election, partial news of which has this night reached me. The soldiers of Ohio will begin to feel that they may yet find a home outside their camp. I think Mr. Pugh and his tool, Mr. Vallandigham, have gone to their political grave, from which there will be no resurrection.

. . . . .  
HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
Natchez, Oct 26, 1863.  
. . . . .

By former letters you will understand my heading and dates ; lest, however, they should not have been received, I will recapitulate, by the remark that I have been relieved from the command of the Second Brigade, First Division, now employed at garrison duty in Vicksburg, and have been assigned to the command of the First Brigade, Fourth Division. My headquarters at present at Natchez and the same quarters I formerly occupied. This change is entirely agreeable to me, the command equally good.

. . . . .  
HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FIFTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE, Nov. 19, 1863.  
. . . . .

Your wildest dreams never shadowed forth the life I lead. I retain my business headquarters at " Kenilworth," a most sumptuous and elegant house ; but for my private quarters I occupy " Auburn," a seat nearly adjacent, and the property of Dr. . . . the largest cotton planter and, probably, the richest man in the South. You may imagine my *ménage*. He is in New York ; but I am rarely permitted to dine at home. There are several families, at whose table a cover is always laid for me, and the stated entertainments are of almost daily occurrence. I have never seen in New

York or elsewhere anything approaching the style of living of the wealthy here. . . . I wish you could see my apartments this morning—perfect conservatories. My tables are covered with bouquets, camellias, and violets, and geraniums in lavish profusion. The air here now is soft and balmy, the weather like our Indian summer ; not quite so cool. The mercury, as I write, stands in the shade at seventy-eight degrees.

I wrote you that the beautiful sword, sash, belt, etc., that had been presented to me, was sunk. It was recovered, but very much spoiled. The agent would not receive it from the express company at Vicksburg, and I have never seen it. The saddle and bridle came safe enough and are very fine.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"CAMP KILBY," MISS., Dec. 15, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I am glad you were pleased with the pictures, though I think they were all wretched. I do assure you I was anything but sad when mine was taken ; indeed, we were all in a high frolic. I believe it is the general expression of my countenance when in repose. General Grant's was a very fine one till the painter ruined it with his daub. The group is worth keeping and will be historical.

Our weather here is most delightful ; until within a day or two perfectly pleasant without a fire. Yesterday a thunderstorm and to-day bright, clear, and bracing, something like your October weather. My camp is outpost in a very wild, broken, barren country. I am in front, and nearest to the enemy. We exchange compliments occasionally. Yesterday the caitiffs captured a couple of my men who had ventured beyond the guard line. So we are on the *qui vive*, and that keeps the blood stirred.

I have left a life of great luxury at Natchez—"fortune *la guerre*."

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"CAMP KILBY," MISS., Dec. 13, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My command has been ordered from Natchez and thrown to the front. I am encamped farthest to the front and close to the enemy's lines near Black River. In a future letter I will send you map upon which you can locate my position. The country is very wild and broken, and has always been sparsely inhabited. It is now wild and desolate in the extreme. I am upon a chain of bluffs cut up by the most extraordinary fissures. The subsoil has no tenacity, not sooner does the upper crust give way than the substratum dissolves like sugar, making the most hideous chasms and rents. The soil is bare and apparently barren save where the forest is undisturbed ; but this is only in appearance, for here the best cotton has been grown.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"CAMP KILBY" IN THE FIELD, Dec. 22, 1863.

I am glad to learn that you are all living comfortably and contented. You none of you have the most remote idea of the horrors of war, or the desolation and despair that is left in the track of large armies. I have known women whose husbands and brothers, and sons, have been forcibly conscripted, torn away from them at midnight by the rebels, left without food, fire, or clothes, sometimes sick in bed. I have known others who, two years ago, were of the most opulent in the land, who counted their yearly incomes by the hundreds of thousands, begging for food from our commissary. I don't know how it may be at the North. I am told by those who have returned from visits home, that the people they have met are callous and careless, and ignorant of the state of affairs here. This war has had its origin in lawless

and malignant passion, and is the severest calamity with which this land could be visited. Seas, rivers, and harbors are blocked up, cities are depopulated, fertile regions are condemned to eternal desolation. Mourning, tears, anguish, misery, in its worst form, is the lot of a vast number of our people. Those who have immunity are blessed, and should be grateful to God. I imagine, that, aside from the evanescent sensation that a vivid description of a battle-scene gives, few think of the soldier in the field, or of those who sorrow for him dead. Part of the country is dripping with the blood of heroes slain, part is given up to feasting and revelry, at Washington the glory of Babylon has come again.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"CAMP KILBY" IN THE FIELD, CHRISTMAS, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

. . . . .

You will understand that I am not at Vicksburg ; but at a point between the Yazoo and Black Rivers—a wilderness utterly desolate. My district and camps extend over a wide expanse of country. I am complimented by a large command, and have had accession of five regiments of cavalry and a battery of artillery, an increase of some four thousand men to report to me—quite an army by itself. You may be sure I have enough to do. I average my forty miles a day on horseback, and keep my three good horses thoroughly exercised. We, of course, do not know from day to day what our movements may be ; always waiting orders. But in all probability, I shall stay here or hereabouts all winter, varying with an occasional expedition and such brushes as I may be able to coax out of the enemy, the main body of whom is about sixty miles to my front, and who keep me amused by scouting parties. Meanwhile, the Senate may take it into their wise heads to reject my confirmation when the President sends my name in, and I may find myself relieved.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"CAMP KILBY" IN THE FIELD, January 1, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER HELEN :

The weather in this neck of woods has been most charming, warm and balmy, until night before last, when after a most terrific rainstorm, the full benefit of which your brother received, riding that day forty miles or more, the wind changed to the north, and suddenly there came a flurry of snow followed by freezing and most bitter high wind. I never felt more intense cold anywhere. I don't know the condition of the thermometer, but everything about me has been frozen up, ink, ale—everything that will freeze—and to-day, although the sun shone bright, there was no sign of thaw. It is by far the coldest weather I have experienced for more than two years. It is exactly a year ago to-day since we withdrew from "Chickasas Bayou," within six or eight miles from here after one of the severest contested battles I have been in. I little thought to be here, that day, now. It has been a year of remarkable events to our country and to me.

I send you a few old books that have been my solace in many a weary hour past ; don't scorn them because they are old. "Old wine, old books, old friends," you know—and each one of them I send you has a legend to me, associations that make it dear, and, therefore, for my sake, you will keep them as a little more precious, giving all of the family who wish a taste of their contents, for they all have intrinsic worth ; you will note a memorandum in some from whence they came, etc.

For a whole month past I have been in the wilderness, so I can write you no stirring story. I left a life in Natchez that almost realized a fairy tale ; this could not last long, and on some accounts I am glad it is over. I am again in the front, though it was pleasant, while it lasted, to sit in "fayre ladye's bower." I wonder how you all look at home.

I have hoped for cartes, but I suppose it would be expecting too much from the enterprise of the family. I wonder if I shall ever again see any of you. Almost every night I dream of the dead, of father, and Walter, and Charlie. One or two nights ago my dream was so vivid. I thought I woke with Walter's hand in mine. Can it be that the dead watch over the living, and come to us in dreams; I sometimes think that this is true, and that for every friend we lose on earth we gain a guardian angel. I hope our dear mother is well and happy. I can see by her letter that in my children she renews her youth. She has had many and sore afflictions, but bears a brave heart. You must all do everything in your power to smooth her pathway. I have met many women in my experience of life—many beautiful, witty, sweet and lovely, some who thought they loved me—but never any woman like our mother, never any one with so many graces of mind and body.

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HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
"CAMP KILBY" IN THE FIELD, January 9, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND WIFE :

. . . . .

I have just finished packing a box of books, old, some of them well-worn, and all of them, with one or two exceptions, have given me solace. You will find stories to interest the children at least, mayhap some that in revision will interest you. I quite envy the pleasure you will, I think, have about the fireside in the perusal of the old stories. John Randolph, in one of his letters, says, " Indeed, I have sometimes blamed myself for not cultivating your imagination, when you were young. It is a dangerous quality, however, for the possessor. But if from my life were to be taken the pleasure derived from that faculty, very little would remain. Shakspeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spencer, and Plutarch, and the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and *Don Quixote*, and *Gil Blas*, and *Tom Jones*, and *Gulliver*, and

*Robinson Crusoe*, and the tale of Troy divine, have made up more than half my worldly enjoyments." I sympathize and agree with what he says. Everyone of those books is dear to me now. I got the second volume of *Tom Jones* by accident the other day, and devoured the whole of it at a sitting. So I would *Robinson Crusoe*, and I have never ceased to regret the loss of my first copy of the *Arabian Nights*, which someone of the . . . family borrowed and forgot to return.

You remember Uncle Jones made me a Christmas present of it, the first copy I ever saw and I incontinently devoured it, lying on my belly in front of the chamber fire at the immortal "Saunders and Beaches," while they took turns reading French to you downstairs. The sensations produced upon me then by that book are vivid with me now. Still imagination "is a dangerous quality for the possessor." Certainly, there is no pleasure so lasting, none to which we can so frequently revert and with so little danger of satiety; but a fine mind may be given up entirely to the pleasures of fiction, and by too free indulgence be enervated for profitable labor. Upon retrospection, I am satisfied that this was the case with myself. I read hugely, enormously, for a boy; more before I had reached my teens than many tolerably educated men in their lives. My reading ruined me for everything else except *belles lettres* and the classics. "*Belles lettres* and the classics" will do for the amusement of the fortunate recipient of hereditary wealth, but will hardly answer to get a living out of. Therefore, be a little cautious with the novels and the tales; they are all alike. Is there any chance for the Latin? I hope reasonable effort will be made in this behalf. You will be surprised at the change it will effect, the facilities it will give the learners in whatever else they are striving to acquire.

In respect to my camp, I am in what may be called a howling wilderness, deserted by all save prowling guerillas and my own soldiers. My regiments are scattered along a chain of bluffs, desolate and cheerless—this winter unusually bleak and cold. They are in tents or rude log huts. Timber is

scarce, and water that is fit to drink, hard to get. The roads are so cut up as to be almost impassable. I am companionless, solitary; so far as interchange of sentiment is concerned, entirely alone. . . . I make raids to the front in search of guerillas, and for forage and cattle, riding far and returning fast to my stronghold, sometimes imagining myself a Scottish chief, and living very much as the Scottish chiefs are described to have lived. I wish I had a Scott beside me now and then, to sing my lay. Where, or when, this life will end, I cannot say; I have no prescience of orders. I think we wait the action of Congress. We can't soon move far on account of the roads. Still, my camp life does not, with me, contrast disagreeably with the life I led at Natchez. Sudden change, rapid transition, is familiar to the soldier, who must learn to accommodate himself to camp or court. So long as my health is spared, I can contrive to be happy after a fashion under almost any circumstances. "My mind to me a kingdom is."

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HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
IN THE FIELD, January 18, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

. . . . .

Here I find myself *isolé*, and until further orders must so remain. The government of the army is strictly monarchical, almost a pure despotism. An eminent English jurist asserts that there is no such thing as martial law, or in other words, that martial law may be defined to be the will of the general in command. A true soldier, the instant he enlists or accepts a commission, surrenders all freedom of action, almost all freedom of thought. Every personal feeling is superseded by the interests of the cause to which he devotes himself. He goes wherever ordered, he performs whatever he is commanded, he suffers whatever he is enjoined; he becomes a mere passive instrument for the most part incapable of resistance. The graduation of ranks is only a graduation in slavery. I desire to become a good and practical soldier



and strategist, one whose labor and conduct no enemy will ever laugh at in battle, no friend ever find insufficient, as such, to serve my country so long as she may need my services or until they cease to be valuable.

As for this country I am in, I feel perfectly incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the dreary lonely nakedness that surrounds me. The curse of Babylon has fallen upon it. It is "a desolation, a dry land and a wilderness." I have in former letters adverted to the peculiar geological formation of the chain of bluffs upon a portion of which I am now encamped. The chain is about three hundred miles in length, always on the east side of the Mississippi, and as some geologist asserts has been blown up, formed like snow-drifts by the action of the wind in former ages. Be this as it may, the face of the country upon them has very much the appearance of a succession of snow-drifts upon which a sudden thaw has begun to act. The top soil has no tenacity, although fertile, and when broken for cultivation, yields like sugar or salt to the action of the elements. The country is not undulating but broken in precipitous hills; deep ravines, gorges, and defiles mark the ways. Upon the hillsides not too steep for the passage of the plough, where have been the old cotton-fields, the land lies in hillocks, resembling newly-made graves. And as the area upon which the great staple could be produced is extensive, one may ride for many miles over what, with little stretch of imagination, may be considered an immense graveyard. To add to the gloom and desolation, are the charred remains of burned dwellings, cotton sheds and cotton-gin houses, gardens and peach orchards laid open and waste, negro quarters unroofed, long lines of earthworks and fortifications, trenches and rifle-pits, traversing roadways, cutting in their passage hamlet or dwelling, plantation and wilderness. Huge flocks of buzzards, ravens and carrion crows, continually wheel, circle, and hover over the war-worn land. The bleaching bones of many a mule and horse show where they have held high carnival, and for them much dainty picking still remains, as the spring rains wash off the scanty covering of the soldiers

who have gone to rest along the banks of the Yazoo. The patriot veteran who packs an "Enfield" is as a general rule superficially buried in his blanket, if he falls in battle, on the spot where he falls, unless, wounded, he crawls to a sheltered nook to find a grave—happy, then, if he's buried at all. Many a corpse I've seen swelled up and black, with its eyes picked out, which, while it was a man, had dragged itself for shelter and out of sight, and been overlooked by the burial fatigues. This, as father used to say, is a digression. Off from the cultivated lands are canebrakes, dense jungles of fishing poles of all sizes. The little reed of which they make pipe stems that grows as thick on the ground as wheat stalks in a field, and the great pole thirty feet high and as thick as your wrist. Occasional forests, and there some of the trees are majestic and beautiful; not a few of them evergreen, one, the name of which I cannot get, with a bright green spiked leaf bearing a beautiful bright red berry, grows large and branching and shows finely. The magnolia is evergreen. I send specimens of both in the box, though I fear they will wither before they will reach you; also some of the moss that attaches itself to every tree that grows, and some that don't, or rather, has done growing and are dead. Through this country I have penetrated in all directions where there are roadways and where there are none, and sometimes have had a high old time in finding my way. The better portion of the inhabitants have abandoned—some refugees at the North, some in the rebel army, some fled to Georgia and Alabama, the few that remain are the poorest sort of white trash. This element, as a general rule, is Union in sentiment. They possess strange characteristics common to the class wherever I have met them in Tennessee, Arkansas, or Mississippi, but not in Louisiana. They are ignorant, and rather dirty, I mean uncleanly, in their habits, always miserably poor and miserably clad, and yet, the women especially, possessed of a certain unaccountable refinement and gentleness almost approaching gentility. The children are pretty, even with the unkempt head and grimy features. Men and women always have delicate hands and feet, the high instep and Arab arch is the general

rule. There 's blood somewhere run to seed. There is great suffering among the people of all classes, and the end is not yet. I enclose you one or two intercepted letters.

In the jungles and canebreaks and the thickets of the forest there are many cattle and hogs running wild ; some are Texas cattle that have escaped from the droves of the rebels while they were in occupation ; some have escaped from our own droves ; some have belonged to the planters, and have been run off to prevent their falling into the hands of either party, and so long have they been neglected that at last they have become wild, almost like buffalo, or elk, and run like the devil at the sight of man on foot or horseback. These animals we sometimes circumvent, and I make up expeditions for that purpose, taking out wagon-trains, shooting and butchering the beef and pork, and hauling it in dead. The wildness of the animals gives these forays the excitement of grand battles and hunts. The meat is excellent, and my mess table since I have been here well supplied. Thrice since I have been here I have journeyed to headquarters at Vicksburg, and twice have been visited by the general commanding, McPherson ; with these intervals, I have been without companionship. In the evenings I sit quite alone, except I have a terrier puppy I brought with me from Natchez, who seems disposed to become social. Last winter at Young's Point, and indeed ever since I have been in the field till now, I have been most fortunate in social commune. General Sherman has been a host to me, and while he was within ten miles I was never at a loss for somebody to talk to. General Stuart was a very fascinating man, and I have never been very far away from General Grant and staff. But now I am quite alone, and for two months have hardly heard the sound of a woman's voice. My horses are a great comfort to me, and, thank God, are all well ; I am much blessed in horseflesh. Captain is gay as a lark ; no better little horse ever trod on iron. He 's as game to-day as a little peacock. My other horses you never saw. They are superb and sublime. Bell is confessedly the finest horse in the army, East or West. J. L. is well and

growing. He starts to-morrow morning at three o'clock upon an expedition to the Yazoo River to give battle to some wild ducks. I have no faith in the expedition.

My command of infantry will all re-enlist as veterans ; the major part of my cavalry. General Sherman, I learn to-day by telegraph from Vicksburg, was there for a short time. I did not see him. I have a telegraph office and operator for my own use, and am in communication with Vicksburg and the other headquarters over a considerable extent of country. I can tell you nothing further that I think would interest you concerning my inner life here, so far away for the time being, and for certain purposes I am an independent chieftain leading a wild enough life. " No one to love, none to caress."

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HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
HEBRON, MISS., Feb. 2, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE :

We broke camp yesterday and are now on the march.

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CAMP ON PEARL RIVER, TEN MILES S. W. OF  
CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, February 27, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I have opportunity to send a single line to assure you that I am safe and well. A glance at the map of Mississippi will give you our line of march and present location. The railway is marked from Vicksburg due east through Warren, Hinds, Rankin, Scott, Newton, Lauderdale, and Clark Counties, to the extreme western border of the State. My command has been to Enterprise and Quitman. I am now on Pearl River in Madison County, near Madisonville, within about seventy (70) miles of Vicksburg. Fire, havoc, desolation, and ruin have marked our course. The blow has been terrible, crushing. The enemy have fled before us like frightened deer. The whole railway system of the State is broken up. The railway I have indicated shows our path-

way through the State. We have not yet heard from our cavalry.

My health is excellent, my horses have stood the journey well and the troops of my command are all well and in fine spirits. To-day is the twenty-seventh of the march ; we have covered some three hundred and fifty miles.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FOURTH DIV., SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
CAMP HEBRON, MISS., March 5, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I have only time to write a single line giving the assurance of my personal safety and the crossing of my command over Black River, with but few casualties, after one of the most extraordinary marches known to modern warfare. The particulars I will give you as leisure serves hereafter.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIV., RED RIVER EXPEDITION,  
DETACHMENT SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
VICKSBURG, MISS., March 9, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

. . . . .

I have promised myself the pleasure of writing you a long letter, in which I should essay some attempt at description of the expedition from which we have just returned ; but scarcely have I taken a long breath ere I find myself ordered upon active and increasing service. I am highly complimented by my commanding generals, and promoted to the command of a division composed of picked men and the very flower of the Seventeenth Army Corps, with instant orders to embark for the Red River. I shall probably report to General Banks and my destination is still South. My trust is delicate and highly responsible, my command magnificent. No hope of home or furlough this summer. I had a vague and latent hope that having served so long and as I believe so faithfully, that opportunity might offer for at least the preferring of a request for leave ; but I never yet in this war

have seen the time that I could ask a furlough, being always on the march or in the presence of the enemy.

Enclosed please find the rough notes most hastily thrown together from which was blocked out the official report of the expedition. It is doubtful whether you can decipher or make sense of them—certainly more than I can do. It is all I have time to offer you, and with the aid of the map it may serve as some guide. We traversed the entire State of Mississippi from the river to the border due east, driving the enemy at all points. Completely destroyed the railway system of the State and returned leisurely, living for the most part upon the country. It may chance that I have opportunity to write you from the transports, in which case be sure you shall hear from me. Give your earnest prayers for the success of this expedition. It may be the turning-point of my military career. I am standing now on a dizzy height, lofty enough to make a cool head swim. I feel the power within me to rise to the occasion. Confidence is half the battle, but all is with God.

I have met General Sherman frequently upon the march, and to-day saw him for a little while. He is the man for the Southwest. The expression is trite, but he is the Napoleon of the war. In time to come you will revert to some of my former letters and believe that I have written with a prophetic pen.

My sword sash and belt have at last arrived, most costly and elegant. Said, aside from the jewels, to be more elegant than the one presented to General Grant. I wish it was at home to place among the archives. Much too valuable for field service. There are two sashes, Russia leather belt and gold sword-knot, all enclosed in rosewood box, lined with white satin and blue velvet.

There will be a General A. J. Smith in this command, with whom I will be confounded continually. He is my superior officer, an old man, and an old regular army soldier graduate of West Point. I have been with him in battle on three occasions. He is gallant.

HEADQUARTERS DIV. SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
RED RIVER EXPEDITION, FORT DE RUSSEY,  
AVOYELLES COUNTY, LOUISIANA, March 17, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My last hurried letter to you was dated from on board ship at Vicksburg. The fleet of transports under my command sailed from that point at seven o'clock, Thursday, 10th inst., arrived at mouth of Red River and reported to Admiral Porter on Friday at noon. At 10 A.M., Saturday, sailed up Red River and Atchafalaya under orders and signals from flagship *Black Hawk*, to Simmesport. Morning of Sunday debarked my troops for inspection, review and drill by regiments. At seven o'clock P.M., received marching orders, and at 8 P.M. marched, bringing up the rear of the column, repaired bridges through the night, roads for greater part of the way bad and swampy ; bivouacked at 4 A.M., Monday, eight miles from Simmesport. Meanwhile, Gen. A. J. Smith, with General Mower's command, had reconnoitred the front, driven four regiments of the enemy from a fortification, situate some five miles from Simmesport, and was making across country for Moreauville on Bayou L'Eglise. Gave my troops rest two hours ; at six o'clock took up the line of march, moving forward rapidly till eleven o'clock, when I halted, ordered coffee for the men and fed the animals. Meanwhile pioneers were reconstructing bridge destroyed by the enemy. At noon resumed march which till this time had led us for the most part through a rich and highly-cultivated country past extensive canefields and sugar-houses, now crossing a bayou and penetrating a swamp spreading some few miles before us. Ascending a slight elevation, we suddenly emerged in one of the most beautiful prairies imaginable. High table land, gently undulating, watered by exquisite lakes occasional groves, the landscape dotted with tasteful houses, gardens and shrubberies. This prairie, called Avoyelles, is settled exclusively by French *émigrés*, many of whom, as our army passed, sought shelter under the tricolor of France. Pushing forward rapidly, we gained Marksville at 4.30 P.M. Deserters had warned us that the enemy were on our left flank and rear as early as three o'clock. My troops were

well closed up. Two and a half miles beyond Marksville, I formed line of battle at 5.30, my right resting immediately on the left of the advanced forces. My transportation and ambulances parked far to the rear. As my command came to front, brisk musketry firing commenced at the fort. Some shells fell to the rear and right of my line. I was ordered by the general commanding to look well to my rear and left wing, that I might anticipate attack from General Walker with six thousand Texans. I stood to arms. At 6.30 news was brought me that the fort had surrendered. I threw out heavy pickets, stacked arms and went into bivouac, a piercing cold "Norther" sweeping over the plain. In summary, I remark that the command on the 14th inst., marched twenty-eight and a half miles, built a substantial bridge of sixty feet in length, repaired minor ones, and took a fort between sunrise and sunset. But one brigade, Colonel Ward, commanding, was actively engaged; their casualties nine killed, thirty-seven wounded. The substantial results I enclose in memorandum of ordnance and ordnance stores, to which may be added a large amount of commissary stores, flour, beef, sugar and molasses, and three hundred and thirty-four prisoners, thirty-four of whom were officers from lieutenant-colonel to third lieutenant.

Meanwhile, convoy and fleet had made slow and devious way through the tortuous windings of Red River, where navigation at present stage of water is difficult. Rapid current, frequent eddies, sharp bends and snags, are the natural obstacles; to these the enemy added rafts and spiles; nevertheless, as the fort surrendered, the *Black Hawk* rounded to land shortly afterwards the general commanding received the congratulations of the Admiral, whom he will compliment by present of the nine-inch Dahlgren, of the *Indianola*, and the two heavy guns of the *Harriet Lane*, recaptured. My command is in occupation of the fort, and will be engaged to-day and to-morrow in the demolition of the casemates, bridges, etc., etc., and finally the blowing-up of the magazines, in which we shall permit to be destroyed vast quantities of powder. The main body under command of General Mower, convoyed by Admiral Porter, sailed last night for



Alexandria, where I expect to join them in three days. Gen. A. J. Smith remains with me, and gunboats *Essex* and *Benton*, Captains Grier and Townsend.

A glance at the map will give you my present locality without the aid of sketch ; but I will enclose herewith draft and dimensions of fortifications that you may intelligently answer questions ; to which end, indeed, I have written you a sort of condensed report. If you have not "Colton's" maps, you had better buy first volume, North and South America ; meanwhile you can borrow and trace me down the Mississippi, up the Atchafalaya, pronounced "Chafalia," to Simmesport, across country to Marksville, from thence to Fort De Russy, on the Red, thence up the river to Alexandria.

Thursday, 18th March, on board steamer *Hastings*, Red River.

I resume, having no opportunity as yet to forward despatches. Having destroyed fort and blown up magazines, am now *en route* for Alexandria. Weather most charming, river winding through fertile, productive country. I find it impossible to write, however, with any comfort, the machinery going ; shall close at Alexandria.

Arrived at Alexandria at this 6 P.M., after a pleasant passage without incidents ; discover upon our arrival that the enemy, some fifteen thousand strong, have evacuated, leaving three field-pieces and an immense amount of commissary stores, cotton, sugar and molasses. My fleet is moored on the east side of the river, opposite the town, and I have debarked my troops, throwing out heavy pickets, my scouts informing me that two thousand of the enemy's cavalry are in my front, and propose to make a dash this night, a threat I don't believe, but am ready for their reception. Have received a despatch within a few moments, stating that General Lee, of General Banks's command, was at Opelousas, on the 16th, with five thousand cavalry, and that General Banks, with fifteen thousand infantry, was on the march. We are ahead of Banks some five days. I am jotting down incidents as a sort of diary ; hardly know whether it will ever reach your eye.

You must be careful to trace me properly on the map. The children will not be set back in their geography by following their father's footsteps in imagination. I wish I had you all here this night. I have just been ashore inspecting my troops, and rarely has the mellow moonlight fallen upon a more romantic scene. The plain is level, covered with grassy sod, and studded with clumps of underbrush, of a growth that at night I can not distinguish; there is ample room to move about and sufficient verge for line of battle. The bright arms glittering in the moonlight are stacked upon the color line, the soldiers lie, each covered with his blanket, behind their arms; there are no camp-fires; the videttes, far in advance, can be distinguished, dismounted, but each man at his horse's head and ready at the blast of the bugle to mount; the moon is clear and the stars all out, the atmosphere serene. The gunboats lie far above and below, the transports between. One can scarcely look without a yearning for the power of word-painting to convey a portion of his pleasure, as well as regret that all the world, at least his friends in it, cannot share his feelings. There is a peculiar fascination in this wild, dangerous life, a continued exaltation and exultation; mine have been the joys of victor, continuous and continued. I have never known defeat; onward and onward, victory after victory, casting behind me, as my horse throws dust, clouds of prisoners. Three hundred and thirty-four brave men I sent down under charge of one of my lieutenant-colonels yesterday. This must change, sometime, doubtless. I may be called to-morrow, to captivity in sackcloth and ashes. God give me strength to bear, if the evil day comes. I write wildly and hurriedly to-night. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall have leisure to give you something like a home letter. Did I say I wish you were here? God forbid, except that you might be translated straightway back.

Friday, March 19th. A messenger has just arrived with despatches from below, and a mail, but no letters for me. I have nothing of importance to add, hardly enough in what I have written to repay perusal; you must not permit yourself to suffer anxiety on my account; the good God whose arm

till now has shielded me will care for me to the end. It may be permitted us to meet again and again I may enjoy the pleasure of home. If not, let us all pray that we meet in Paradise.

I see by some newspapers that are brought with this mail that the expedition into Mississippi is misrepresented and misunderstood. I assure you it was entirely successful and all was accomplished that was intended or desired.

ALEXANDRIA, L.A., March 24, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

We have had some skirmishing in making reconnaissance, and have taken one entire battery, horses and harness. Some four hundred prisoners and some six hundred horses. General Banks has not yet arrived, but is momentarily expected. The country on the north side of the river is pine woods and for the most part barren, though rolling and beautiful on the south side—that upon which Alexandria is situated. It is exceedingly rich and very highly cultivated in cotton and sugar plantations. Corn, clover, and other grasses grow, the clover especially, with wonderful luxuriance. The perfectly flat nature of the country gives a sameness that is wearisome, but at first view the beauty of the plain, as one rides through the plantations, is enchanting. Hereabouts they are all well-watered by the bayous and these can be led by ditching in any direction. The planters, taking advantage of this, have beautified their grounds with lakes and wandering streams, upon the shores of which to the water's edge grows the white clover, carpeting the ground at this season with its rich green leaves, the sod cut away for parterres and flowerbeds, all shaded with beautiful pines, Japan plums, pride of China, and others, the names of which you would not recognize, of the beauty of which you can hardly form an idea. Their houses are not very elegant. The Southerner as a general rule does not care much about his house ; so that it has plenty of piazza (gallery, as they call it here), is painted white, with Venetian blinds at all

the openings, he is satisfied. Some of the wealthiest of them have spent their lives in log houses, and the wigwam at Mackacheek would be entirely *en regle* as the mansion house of a sugar estate. They find all their enjoyment in the open air, and shelter from the rain and night dew is all they ask.

The inhabitants hereabouts are pretty tolerably frightened ; our Western troops are tired of shilly shally, and this year will deal their blows very heavily. Past kindness and forbearance has not been appreciated or understood ; frequently ridiculed. The people now will be terribly scourged. Quick, sharp, decisive, or, if not decisive, staggering blows will soon show them that we mean business. I anticipate, however.

The State of Louisiana founded a Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, not long since, of which General Sherman, by election, was made superintendent, and which he abandoned to take up arms for his government. The building is a fine, large, very expensive one, situate some four miles from Alexandria, and was thoroughly provided with all the adjuncts of a large college. It has recently been used as a hospital by the rebels. The people cherish the name of General Sherman, and mourn his loss. He had great popularity here. My newspaper dates are to the 14th inst. My news very vague. I have the intelligence of the promotion of Lieutenant-General Grant, General Sherman and General McPherson. This is all right. With the old woman I may say to you, " I told you so." One year ago there was a fearful pressure made against all these officers, Grant and Sherman especially. Where are those, now, who villified them ? I do not know if you preserve them, but I must ask, if you do, to look at some of my letters written during last February and March.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG SHIP "CRICKET,"

ALEXANDRIA, April 29, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I am safe after a most severe campaign. I had three fights, battles, on my own hook, inasmuch as I had the honor of bringing up the rear of the army to this point. These three fights were exclusively my own, and in every

instance entirely victorious. I have only time to say that my opinion is, we (I mean A. J. Smith's command) will get through safely to the Mississippi; after that, there will be work enough for us. I will give you full details so soon as opportunity offers. Meanwhile, rest assured of my health and personal safety. Admiral Porter is safe and sitting by my side as I write. He is a noble fellow, game as a pheasant; so is old A. J. a perfect trump.

I hope you are all well. I am in first rate spirits, stiff upper lip, "never say die." Do not be discouraged about me in the slightest degree. We can whip these fellows whenever we get the chance.

STEAMER "SILVER MOON,"

MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR CAIRO, ILL. June 9, 1864.

I am on my way home and may reasonably be expected by you on Monday, 15th, by the morning up train, God willing and weather permitting. My retinue is small, as I am on brief furlough. You will only need to make preparations for *three* servants, two male, one female, four horses, a small dog and myself. You need not put yourself out, as the horses and servants are used to bivouac.

QUINCY, Sunday, Oct. 24, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

After strange, and what would be considered in any other age, romantic vicissitudes, I find myself once more in the land of my birth, with the same surroundings, changed so little as to be a marvel, that made my sum of childhood life. I have had for years an earnest longing to look again upon the everlasting hills, the eternal rocks, and changing seas of this New England coast, and being so near could not resist the temptation to gratify my desires. I am glad I came, and feel much benefited in health and spirits. I have met most of our kith and kinsfolk who, like their trees, are rooted in the soil.

To-day, thus far, I rest ; if you were with me to join in the calm enjoyment, the serenity of happiness, the sweet content of this glorious, autumnly sunny Sunday, that is mine, here so close to my birthplace, hallowed to you by so many recollections, I should be supremely blest, " to sit at good men's feasts, to hear the holy bell that knolls to church," far from war and war's alarms, the bracing breeze rustling the leaves all tinged with the hectic hues of autumn, just ready to fall, but lingering, clinging to the swinging bough, giving sweet music as to the wind they sing their parting lay ; to listen to the pattering of children's feet upon the bridge where my first footsteps ventured, the babbling of the same old brook, here confined between trim borders, there in its freedom merrily dancing in the sunlight ; to wander through the same old rooms, sit in the same old chairs, eat from the same old spoons, hear the familiar household words from the same lips that well-nigh half a century ago gave greeting. Ah, well-a-day, you and I are growing old, dear mother, and as we drift by rapidly upon the stream of time we clutch convulsively at these old landmarks and for a while would fain stay our progress onward to the boundless gulf that is beyond. We cheat ourselves in thought, that in good sooth *we do* linger, while even all else is passing away, that while inanimate objects, that from associations seem self-identified, remain apparently unchanged, we, by mere contact, rejuvenate our stay, or receive the virtues of the waters of Lethe. Yet, when the real comes back, it is good to know that in imagination we have triumphed over time, that in mere enjoyment of imagination, we have caught some glimpse of the glorious immortality yet to come.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
CITY POINT, VA., Nov. 16, 1864.

I write not to give interesting intelligence, but simply to advise you that I am in the land of the living, at City Point, on James River, that waters the sacred soil, and that I am about as far to the front on my way to Richmond as it is this day safe to go.

The James reminds me a good deal of the lower Mississippi, and so far as I have come, its banks are studded with points of interest, and historical in the war. At Fort Monroe, I saw the finest fleet that, perhaps, has ever been collected in the American waters. Leaving Washington in a steamer for this place, I passed Alexandria, Point Lookout, Harrison's Landing, Newport News, Fort Powhatan, Wilson's Landing, Jamestown Island. If the children will look at the map, they will discover that we descend the Potomac, scud along Chesapeake Bay, and at Fort Monroe ascend the James, so that they can get upon my track. There is no news here proper for me to write. General Grant is in good health and spirits and I hear as late as last Wednesday from Sherman, who also is well.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
CITY POINT, Va., Nov. 18, 1864.

. . . . .

I wrote a hurried note to wife a day or two ago upon my first arrival at General Grant's headquarters, simply to advise you all of my health and well-being. I was received here with open arms, unfeigned, and bounteous hospitality. I proposed returning with the General the day after my arrival, as he was about paying a visit to his wife at Burlington, but he pressed me to remain and inspect the lines, for that purpose mounting me on his own best horse with his own equipments, and assigning his chief aide-de-camp as my escort. The day before yesterday I rode the lines of the "Army of the James." For this purpose a steamboat was detailed which took me up the river to a point just above the famous "Dutch gap" canal, where the extreme left of the army now under command of General Butler rests. Mounting our horses, we struck the field works at this point, and rode the whole circuit, visiting each fort *en route*, not forgetting the famous "Fort Harrison," which cost us so dearly to wrest from the enemy; we were frequently in sight and within rifle range of the enemy's pickets, indeed at points within an hundred and fifty yards, and almost with

the naked eye the lineaments of their countenances could be discerned ; but we were not fired upon, for both armies on these lines decried the abominable practice of picket shooting, which for the most part is assassination, save when works are to be attempted by assault, and, relying on each other's honor, observe a sort of truce. I was so often within gunshot of them this day, and they so well observed the tacit understanding, that I did not dismount as is usual in exposed places, but always from the saddle made careful survey of their works. I rode as close as three miles from Richmond, whose spires could be discerned glittering in the hazy distance. General Butler had not then returned, but I was glad to be able to renew with my old friend General Weitzel then in command, an acquaintance formed at Port Hudson, which ripened into intimacy at New Orleans. He is an elegant fellow, and well worthy of the honors he enjoys. You may be sure he was glad to see me, and that he did all one soldier can do to make another happy, giving me his personal escort through the whole day. I also called upon General Terry, also in command of a corps, and two or three brigadiers. Their lines of fortifications display splendid engineering, their army in good condition and spirits, and the soldiers in first rate fighting trim. The enemy lies at short distance like a couchant tiger watching for the expected spring. There will be desperate fighting when we close. At night I re-embarked and returned to these headquarters. Yesterday our horses were placed upon a special railroad train provided for the purpose, and after breakfast we started for the headquarters of General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac. At " Meade's Station " our horses were unshipped and we mounted, riding a short distance to the general's tent. He received me with profound respect and consideration, excused himself upon the plea of urgent business from giving me personal escort over the lines, but assigned his chief aide-de-camp, Colonel Riddle, who gave me guidance. I rode through his entire army of sixty thousand infantry, and surveyed their lines of fortifications, in close view of the lines of the enemy, and of the town of Petersburg. It would be neither proper for me, nor interesting to you, to give close



description of all I saw ; suffice it to say, that I found a splendidly appointed army in tip-top condition, behind works that, well-manned, are impregnable, close to an enemy who are watching with argus eyes and making defences with the arms of Briareus. I called in the course of the day upon Major-Generals Parke and Warren. Parke I knew at Vicksburg, and should have called upon Hancock, who had made preparation to entertain me, but the night was closing in murky with promise of storm, and I felt compelled to hasten to the depot. Thus in these two days I have made very extensive reconnaissance, inspection and survey of these two great armies upon the movements of which the destiny of a nation, if not of a world, seems to rest. An incident occurred yesterday that may serve to interest the children. We often were, as on the day previous, very close to the picket lines and fortifications of the enemy, and upon one occasion, as we halted to make close observation of a certain point, the enemy sent over a dog with a tag of paper attached to his collar, upon which was written, "Lincoln's majority 36,000." We detached the paper, offered the dog something to eat, which he refused, turned him loose, when he forthwith returned to his master. Surely this is one of the "dogs of war."

I have been called off from writing, a moment, to be introduced to General Butler, who has called, and who invites me to dine with him to-morrow. If the day is not very stormy I shall go to his headquarters.

. . . . .

At Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, I have been really oppressed, overwhelmed, with polite attentions. In the War Department, every officer I met, the Secretary, the Adjutant-General, the Assistant, were eager to give facilities. So at the Treasury, where I had occasion to transact some business. The Postmaster-General, our Mr. Dennison, promptly offered me every politeness, and here at these headquarters, from the General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States down, all have done me, and all have seemed eager to do me honor.

I am informed that none others save the General, since he has come into his possession, has ridden or been offered his favorite horse, a magnificent animal, which, caparisoned with his own splendid housings, he ordered for me, and has left subject to my order while I remain. His Chief of Staff offered me the General's tent and bed during his absence ; this I refused. I am the honored guest at the long mess-table. Well these are trifles in themselves, but taken together are gratifying to me and will doubtless be to you. I am very proud to have the good opinion of my commanding generals. I believe I mentioned to you in a former letter that I had introduced myself to the President, who was pleased to say he had heard of me, and who, in our interview, was exceedingly polite. Of course, I take all this just for what it is worth, and nothing more, and should be mean to attempt self-glorification upon the reception of courtesy that costs so little. But I am writing to my mother, and to her I cannot refrain some hints of my position towards those who are now most prominent in the world's history, and who give countenance and support to me, because I have cheerfully given my humble efforts to uphold the glory of a nation, the sustaining of a wise and beneficent government, the crushing of an unholy rebellion, the exposition of a devilish heresy, the elevation of truth as opposed to error. Those efforts for a while have been paralyzed and even now I am warned that the flesh is weak. I am not as I have been. This poor abused body fails me when the spirit is most strong, and truly with me is the conviction forced, that just as I am learning to live I must prepare to die. And the world and its glories to me are so pleasant. No day, no night, is long, "every moment, lightly shaken, runs itself in golden sands." My comrades are fast passing away. You have noted, of course, the death of poor Ransom, my comrade in battle, my bosom friend, whom I dearly loved. After being four times wounded in battle, he went back to the field to die like a dog of this disease, this scourge of the soldier, dysentery. I saw his physician a day or two ago, who told me his bowels were literally perforated. He retained his mind clear to the last moment, said he was dying, and called

in his staff as he lay in his tent to take a final leave, and issue a final order. How much better to die as McPherson, with the bullet in the breast. I sometimes think my health is improving, and I run along for several days feeling pretty well, but I have had recent evidence that at this time I am unfit for active service in the field. A Major-General's commission is just within my grasp, but a week's march and bivouac, I fear, would give me my final discharge. Still, it is all as God wills. The God of Heaven has watched over all my steps, and with that careful eye which never sleeps, has guarded me from death and shielded me from danger. Through the hours, the restless hours of youth, a hand unseen has guarded all my footsteps in the wild and thorny battles of life, and led me on in safety through them all. In later days still the same hand has ever been my guard from dangers seen and unseen. Clouds have lowered, and tempests oft have burst above my head, but that projected hand has warded off the thunder-strokes of death, and still I stand a monument of mercy. Years have passed of varied dangers and of varied guilt, but still the sheltering wings of love have been outspread in mercy over me; and when the allotted task is done, when the course marked out by that same good God is run, then, and not till then, shall I, in mercy, pass away. Meanwhile, give me your prayers, dear mother, for in your prayers, and in those of the dear good women who remember me in their closets, alone with their God, do I place all faith. Pray for me that I be not led into temptation, that I may be delivered from evil.

We do not hear from General Sherman, but we have the fullest faith that all will be well with him, and that he will accomplish his great undertaking. My own command is by this time with Thomas at Paducah. Say to Joe and Margaret, that the same servants are about General Grant's headquarters, each man remaining true at his post, that they all inquired after Joe and Margaret and old Uncle Jeff, and that all of them were very much mortified when I felt compelled to tell them that Uncle Jeff had abandoned me. They were all glad to hear that Joe and Margaret were married, and all sent kind messages to them. General Rawlins's

little black boy Jerry has got to be a first rate servant, and so has Colonel Duff's boy Henry ; Douglass, and General Grant's William, are all on hand. Colonel Duff's sorrel horse, John, that great walking horse he was afraid of, the one that used to run away and that he got me to ride (Joe will remember him), was captured by the enemy. The General's little bay stallion, he thought so much of, is dead. He sent the cream-colored stallion home. I write this to interest Joe. Tell him to keep quiet, that I shall soon be home, and don't want him to leave me till the war is over, and then I will make provision for him.

Just as I am writing now, I am being complimented by a serenade from a splendid brass band. I would give a good deal if you were all here on the banks of the James, to hear the thrilling music, though I should want you away as soon as it was over. My best and dearest love to all my dear ones.

Blessings rest upon you all, forgive my haste and crude expressions. It is always hard to write in camp, but impossible almost to me with music in my ear.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

Nov. 27, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My last was dated from headquarters at camp. I am now sojourning for a day or two in the city of Washington, arranging my business with some of the departments. I shall head towards the West before long, and have the pleasure of greeting you all on my way to the field. It is a good while, weeks, since I have had a line or intimation of any kind from home, but I steel my heart to anything approaching anxiety, maintain a firm faith that Providence will order all things as is best for us all and bide with confidence his decree. My health is better a good deal than when I left home, and though from time to time I am caught up by the old trouble, I think, on the whole, I am steadily on the mend. There is no doubt as to the chronic nature of the

disease that will remain with me during the rest of my life, but some years of usefulness may yet be spared me. My visit to the headquarters of General Grant was very agreeable and of very considerable advantage to me.

I have no lack of courtesy wherever I go, and here in Washington feel compelled to lie *perdu* and preserve a strict incognito, lest I suffer from the kindness of my friends.

I enclose a rosebud gathered on the banks of the James, in the close vicinity of the contending armies ; it was literally the last rose of the summer then, for that night a heavy frost fell, and my plucking saved it from a black death ; it still maintains its hues, though I have carried it in my pocket for a week, and I hope will not be quite withered ere it reach your hand.

LOUISVILLE, KY., ON BOARD STR. "HUNTSMAN,"  
Thursday, Dec. 22, 1864.

Arriving yesterday morning at Louisville, I found myself too late for the morning train to Nashville, and of course was compelled to lie over. The circumstance was fortunate, inasmuch as the train was thrown from the track and the passengers who started were compelled to return. Discovering that the road was not in first rate working order, I determined to go round by water, and am now about taking my departure on the steamboat *Huntsman*, that, if we have good wind and meet with no guerillas, will put me in Nashville on Monday next. I expect to spend Christmas on the Cumberland River.

ON BOARD STR. "HUNTSMAN,"  
CUMBERLAND RIVER, Christmas, 1864.

We left Louisville Thursday evening last and, just as the boat was shoving off, I indicted you a brief note. We have progressed thus far, having a few moments since left Fort Donaldson without accident. Fort Donaldson, as

you are aware, was the scene of General Grant's first great victory, and the starting-point to his present greatness. I caught but a bird's-eye view of the fortifications ; from the river side they seem almost impregnable. It is now garrisoned by some twelve hundred troops. All the way to this point we have been warned to keep a bright lookout for guerillas, this boat being the pioneer from Louisville. I have apprehended no danger and feel satisfied that so far as these gentry are concerned we shall reach our destination unobstructed. The anniversary, as usual, brings no joy to me, save that, to-day, I have leisure in quiet to make a retrospect of the past. Last Christmas I passed on the banks of the Yazoo, reviewing the field of battle on which I had fought just a year prior to this time. How fraught with events to me these years have been, and now I wonder where my next Christmas will find me.

I thought when I started to keep something like a log or diary of my wanderings, but so thorough a nomad have I become, so used to the current events of everyday travel, especially by steamboat, that something of a really startling nature must transpire to make me think it worth while to note. I would renew a former injunction to follow my course on the map. Trace me down the Ohio to the mouth of the Cumberland, and up. It will be a good way for the children to learn something of the geography of the country by following in imagination their father's wanderings, in thousands of miles through various States from the Gulf of Mexico to the extreme New England coast. It will seem incredible to you, until after careful study, how much I have passed over within the past year, and all without the slightest accident from the perils of navigation or travel by land. I lay me down at night to sleep with the same confidence with which I share your pillow ; I wake in the morning to find myself hundreds of miles from where I had my last waking dream or dreaming thought. The bird of passage is hardly fleet enough of wing to outstrip me in my wandering. The weather was very cold the day we left Louisville, the next still colder but clear and beautiful and the morning sun

rose and glittered upon one of the strangest scenes I have ever witnessed in nature. A very heavy fog rose from the river about one o'clock, and settling upon the trees and shrubs imperceptibly froze and gathered until everything that had a spray was clothed with the lightest feathery texture that can be imagined, lighter, purer, whiter than the softest driven snow, and each little flake looking like a small plume, all nodding and waving to the passing air ; all this the sun shone upon from a cloudless horizon through rosy tints and such a sunrise has rarely been witnessed. The captain of our boat, an old man, who has been upon the river thirty years, saw no sight like it, and the commonest deckhand looked on with rapture at the beauty. All day under a bright sun, but with a freezing atmosphere we glided through the drift of a full and rising river, and, by starlight, kept on through the night coursing the bends and running the chutes bank full ; the next day was warm, and yesterday, as we struck the mouth of the Cumberland, the air was soft and balmy as a day in May. We are running now nearly due south, but a light rain is falling ; it is a soft, green Christmas here. No passengers on the boat ; Joe and the horses, and officers and the crew, all. We are freighted with iron and lumber, oats and corn. I tread the deck sole monarch of the steamboat. The Cumberland winds through high banks of limestone rock, rich with iron and coal, occasional bottoms fertile for corn, but the rolling land back thin and sterile.

26th.—Detained at Clarkesville by the unwarrantable interference of the officer in charge of the gunboat fleet who deemed it necessary to give us convoy against guerillas, lay there all night and until 9 A.M. of the 27th, which passes without event. Scenery on the river beautiful, high rocky cliffs of limestone, iron in abundance in these hills. Arrived at Nashville about two o'clock in the morning of the 28th. City dirty and disagreeable ; has been the abode of wealth, as evidenced in the splendid architecture of the private dwellings, but everything now shows the brunt of war and war's desolation.

I find many friends and am hospitably entertained at the

quarters of General Sawyer, General Sherman's Adjutant-General. The military are all agog at the good news from Sherman, but everybody here is as ignorant as I am of Hood's movements, of Thomas's intent. I have telegraphed to Gen. A. J. Smith, who is far to the front, but as yet receive no response. Railroad communication will be opened soon, we hope, to near the front, when I shall progress as soon as possible.

P. S.—You may have noticed in the papers that the train from Louisville to this point was attacked and captured, and that thus travel by rail was interrupted. With my usual good fortune, I have escaped this calamity, and it is doubly well with me that I came by boat.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,  
NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 30, 1864.

I was inexpressibly gratified by the reception your affectionate letter of 26th inst., handed me to-day. It came just in time, for I have my orders, and am about leaving for Eastport, Mississippi, via Paducah, and a steamboat is in waiting to carry me down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee. I shall debark close to the old battle-ground of Shiloh.

I shall probably take command of a division made up from my old division and another in Smith's corps. After a little there will be a new organization entire of the army here, and I shall hope to be recognized.

STR. "CLARA POE," CUMBERLAND RIVER,  
NEAR PADUCAH, January 1, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

I am waiting to coal and for a convoy and soon shall be with my command, I hope. I am mortified to learn here, within a few moments, that Hood has succeeded with the



remnant of his army in crossing the Tennessee upon the shoals ; we disabled two of his guns and captured a portion of his pontoons, but for a while he has escaped, and this may materially disarrange the plan of our campaign.

The weather continues very pleasant, and we are well provided with food.

: . . . . .

ON BOARD FLAG SHIP " FAIRY,"  
UP TENNESSEE RIVER ON THE ALABAMA SIDE, THREE  
MILES ABOVE EASTPORT, January 6, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My heading will show you my position, that you can the better learn from the map. I am now, in point of fact, within the Alabama lines. I reported the day before yesterday to Major-Gen. A. J. Smith, at Clifton, Tennessee, in person, and immediately received the following order :

"Special Orders } Extract II.  
"No. 3.

" Brig.-Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith, U. S. V., having reported at these headquarters for duty, is hereby assigned to, and will at once assume command of, the Third Division, Detachment Army of the Tennessee.

" Col. J. B. Moore, now commanding the Third Division, is hereby relieved from such command, and will report to Brig.-Gen. T. K. Smith for assignment.

" In relieving Colonel Moore, the Major-General commanding desires to express his high appreciation of the able, thorough, and soldierly manner with which he has executed the trust confided to him in the command.

" By order of Major-Gen. A. J. Smith,

" J. HOUGH, Asst. Adjt.-Gen."

I have transcribed the order in full because it contains a well-deserved compliment to a soldier of my own making, and who received all his training from me, and who has done full justice to his preceptor in the important responsibilities thrust upon him in my absence. I have not yet

assumed command, because I am reconnoitring the river with Gen. A. J. Smith, upon Admiral Lee's ship, with a view to position and the debarkation of our troops. Admiral Lee, who is in command of the Mississippi Squadron, has been immensely polite to me, and has made me quite at home with him. All my officers, and those at General Smith's headquarters, have expressed much joy at my return, which I assure you is mutual ; on my part I am gratified beyond expression in being once more restored to my command and associated with my comrades in arms. I write under some difficulty, for the boat is shaking excessively, and I can hardly keep my pen to the paper, but as a despatch boat will be sent down this evening, I avail myself of the opportunity, as I do of each that presents itself, to advise you of my movements and physical condition. My health is tolerably good ; I am not as well as when on the Cumberland, and from two causes—the weather is murky and the Tennessee water unwholesome, added to which my food has not for two or three days been as good as usual, and I suffer from the confined air of the boats. Heretofore I have had the boat exclusively to myself, but since arriving at Clifton, there has been a necessity for transportation of troops and the boats are all crowded with soldiers. However, I am every way better than I expected to be at this time, and certainly have no right to complain. Joe and the horses are in good care, and when we get to some place I will write you a long letter.

Since writing the above, our boat has stopped at Eastport, and I have been ashore on horseback with General Smith, reconnoitring the country, and such a desolate, cursed, God-forgotten, man-forsaken, vile, wretched place I have never yet seen in all my campaigning. If I shall have to stay here long, I shall well-nigh go crazy. We hear Hood is moving south ; his pickets disappeared from this place night before last, and there is what has been for them a strong fortification. There are but two or three families left, and they in the last stages of destitution ; whenever you offer a prayer, petition that you or yours may never be

in the war-path. You read of horrors of war, but you can form no conception of those horrors until you are an eye-witness of its results upon the inhabitants of the country where it has raged, where they have been, as they usually are, the prey of both contending parties. I shall probably go down the river as far as Clifton, where my own command is, to-morrow, to be governed by circumstances that may transpire after my arrival. As the case now stands, in all probability, I shall go into winter quarters somewhere hereabouts, and General Thomas's orders are "Eastport." My third winter in the South does not promise more comfort than the two that have preceded it. Four winters ago it was Camp Dennison and Paducah, the next Young's Point, before Vicksburg, in the swamps, the next between the Black and Yazoo Rivers, the worst country, save this, I ever saw, and this winter, here, up the Tennessee. I think I have had my share of the dark side of the war, but my motto is, a stiff upper lip, and never say die. If health, the great desideratum, is spared, the rest will come. General Garrard, one of Mrs. McLean's sons, is here. His head is as bald as an egg, and he looks to be a thousand years old. War adds age fast.

You must address your letters to me as General commanding *Third Division Detachment Army of the Tennessee, via Cairo*. I suppose I shall stand a chance of getting them sometime within a month or less.

. . . . .

EASTPORT, MISS., January 10, 1865.

. . . . .

Our fleet arrived here this morning, and I am just debarking troops in the muddiest, worst country I ever saw. For some days past, as I wrote you in a former letter, I have been upon the flag ship of Admiral Lee, commanding the Mississippi Squadron, and have been very comfortable ; the almost entire rest has been favorable to my health. I shall now be compelled to rough it ashore, but I think I shall get through.

. . . . .

General Thomas, I this moment learn, is expected here to-day.

The weather is warm, raining, muggy, and intensely disagreeable, a warm Southern winter such as we had at Young's Point.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION,  
DETACHMENT ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,  
IN THE FIELD, Sunday, Jan. 15, 1865.

. . . . .

I am now once more fairly in the field, and at the head of my command. My tent is pitched upon a pleasant knoll in a very hilly, almost mountainous country, from whence I have a view of the Tennessee river, and parts of three States, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. The ground is gravelly and the forests pine, so that I keep comparatively dry ; the floor of my tent is carpeted with pine boughs that make a pleasant smell. For some days past the weather has been delightful, clear, bright and warm, yet bracing. Already the rose and briar are putting forth green leaves and bulbous roots are springing from the ground. The atmosphere is about as it would be in your latitude, say the 1st of May, or thereabouts. My health improves, bowels decidedly better, appetite pretty good, and the most that troubles me now is a tendency to take cold, cold with an irritation of the throat. This is to be expected, for I could hardly go from careful nursing directly into the field without some shock to the system.

My command is not yet thoroughly organized, and I have some new appointments of staff officers to make ; in the course of a day or two I shall publish my staff, and will send you a copy. . . . I have three brigades ; our detachments are about being organized into a corps of three divisions, each division of three brigades. The division commanders are General McArthur, General Garrard (Kenna Garrard of West Point, oldest son of Mrs. McLean), and myself, all under command of Gen. A. J. Smith.

A large mail has come to-day with the fleet that brought



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS KILBY SMITH,  
WASHINGTON, 1864.

Figure 1 consists of two line graphs. The top graph shows the growth rate (log CFU/h) of *E. coli* in a 10% NaCl solution as a function of temperature (°C). The growth rate starts at approximately 0.5 at 15°C, rises to a peak of about 1.5 at 37°C, and then drops sharply to near zero at 45°C. The bottom graph shows the growth rate (log CFU/h) of *E. coli* in a 10% NaCl solution with 0.1% glucose as a function of temperature (°C). The growth rate starts at approximately 0.5 at 15°C, rises to a peak of about 1.5 at 37°C, and then drops sharply to near zero at 45°C. Both graphs show a sharp decline in growth rate at 45°C.

up General Thomas and troops, but I am disappointed in finding nothing for me.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 25, 1865.

You will doubtless be surprised at the heading of this note. On the 17th inst. I received from the Secretary of War a telegram ordering me to repair without delay to the Adjutant-General of the United States. The same day General Thomas ordered a steamboat to transport me to Paducah, from thence I came hither almost on the wings of the wind, staying neither for fog, flood, nor mountain pass, though I was befogged near Louisville, and snowed up one night in the Alleghenies. Still, considering the distance, I made marvellously good time, and arrived here last night. I discover that I have been summoned to appear before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (of Congress), probably to testify in reference to the Red River expedition.

I shall know to-morrow. My stay here will be only temporary, and I shall probably from here be ordered back to Eastport or wherever my command is. You may think it strange that I could not stop for at least a day, but I dared not. I had been pretty well up to the time I was ordered here, but that very day my old complaint came back upon me with great violence and lasted every day of my journey, and I feared to make a halt lest I should be detained as I was before. To-day I am a good deal better. I have not heard one word from home since the letters that reached me at Nashville.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 7, 1865.

If I can get permission, I shall stop for a day to see you, as I return to the field, unless, indeed, as there is some reason to suppose, I be transferred to another command. I am offered a splendid division in the cavalry service. . . . But if I take it I am brought right into the Army of the Po-

tomac, and I can't bear to lose my Western boys, or the broad Savannahs in the South, where I hope glory yet awaits me. I have been to some parties and some receptions, have paid my respects to most of the Secretaries and to the President and his wife, and altogether have been having a pretty good time here in Washington. My mind has been relaxed and relieved, and it has done me good.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., March 23, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

. . . . .

A glance at the map will show you the locality of "Dauphine Island" and Fort Gaines, my headquarters for the present. It is just beyond Grant's Pass, at the entrance of Mobile Bay, about twenty-eight miles from the city of Mobile, and about one hundred and eighty miles from New Orleans. The island is not many miles in circumference, and, save on one side, the view from it is only bounded by the horizon, it has little vegetation but pine trees, and the surface is covered with fine, white perfectly clean sand, almost as free from impurities as snow. The beaches are fine, and the music of the surf is always in my ear. Oysters and fish of the finest varieties abound and I have every facility for taking them. I have never seen oysters so fat or of so delicate flavor, and I am told that they are good and wholesome every month in the year. I am fortunate in having secured a most excellent cook, whose specialty seems to be the preparation of oysters, and really I have eaten no other food except bread since I have been here. During present operations, and until I move to headquarters, I shall be in daily communication with New Orleans, newspapers from whence reach me within twenty-four hours of publication. The air here is most delicious, and is said to be highly salubrious. From time immemorial the citizens of New Orleans and Southern Louisiana have resorted here for the benefit of health, and these islands, and the coast near by have been ever free from the ravages of yellow fever. I



look southward over the open sea towards Havana, and it is from the West Indies that the pleasant south wind comes. My health improves, my bowels have not troubled me for a good while, and under God I am blessed with the most favorable opportunity possible to recuperate my well-nigh exhausted energies.

My anxiety will be great until I hear of the return in safety of my dear wife. I left her in what to her was an embarrassing situation, and I am proud to say she governed herself like a true heroine, and though left entirely alone in a strange hotel, in a strange city, and among entire strangers, she bore herself at my sudden departure like a true soldier's wife, without a whimper. I left Walter on the street without a good-bye. I pray to God they have got home safe.

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HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., March 21, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I cannot express the sorrow and chagrin I felt at being compelled to leave you and our dear little boy so abruptly. I know it must be many days, that it may be many weeks, before I can with reason hope to receive assurance of your safety, and you may judge my present anxiety. Were it not for the fact that I have schooled my mind to dismiss apprehensions for the future, I should be heartsick indeed, and whatever philosophy I bring to my aid, I shall not be happy till I learn of your safe arrival at home. I could not foresee so rapid a movement of troops or so urgent a necessity for my instant departure from New Orleans, or I should not have assumed the responsibility of bringing you down. And if anything untoward happens, my conscience will never cease to reprove me for an act selfish, if not unjustified, though apart from the pleasure of your society I hoped benefit to your health.

The enclosed orders will show my command and present address. The latter I have reason to hope will very shortly, with my headquarters, be at " Mobile." Meanwhile, letters

addressed to me as commanding District Southern Alabama, will reach me via New Orleans.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., March 26, 1865.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

Shall my letter to you, my sweet daughter, "rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea?" The ocean waters are in my ears continually, chafing and fretting, never by day or night one moment still. My house is close to the beach, so close, that the spray of the wave sometimes wets my window pane. The deep water is nearer to me, as I sit to write, than the little grass plat before the front door to you as you stand in the threshold. The last sound that I hear, as I turn to sleep, is the wave on the shore; the first object that greets my eye as I wake in the morning, is the wave dimpling in the calm dawn or throwing up its white caps in the freshening breeze. And all about me tells of the great deep and all its wonders. You have never yet seen the ocean, my dear child; nor much of those who go down to the sea. When its vast expanse meets your eye, you will be wonderstruck. All the day you can watch by its shore and never weary. I wish you, with your sister and brothers, could be with me to wander on the beach and gather some of the beautiful shells that are washed on the sands, and watch the breakers and the roll of the surf, and stand at evening and see the sun go down, plunging with his last dip, apparently, into the sea itself, and then throwing up his long rays like arms in agony. Sunsets at sea are very beautiful, and very suggestive of beautiful thoughts. I have got a nice little island here about ten miles long, and in the widest part about two miles. I wrote to grandma the other day that it was all covered with white sand, and that there was no vegetation save pine trees; but I was mistaken, for I have found one or two pretty garden plots, and in one of them peach trees, and lemon and orange trees, were in bloom. I have found some very old orange trees a good deal thicker at the trunk than your body, and as high and branching as any apple tree you

ever saw. There used to be several families on the island, but the commandant sent them all away to New Orleans. They made a little livelihood by catching oysters and fishing for the Mobile market, and some of them burned the oyster shells into lime. You would be astonished at the great banks of oyster shells there are here, showing what a prodigious quantity of the creature is raked up from the beds, which are yet apparently inexhaustible.

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HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., April 4, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

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As to Mobile, in my judgment, it is going to be a long siege. The general impression was that there would be a speedy evacuation, but the attack has been so long delayed, that the enemy have had full opportunity to fortify and are making a most obstinate resistance. They have filled all the approaches by land and water, with torpedoes ingeniously contrived, and concealed in every channel and avenue ; so thickly strewn, that though we have picked up a large number, three fine gunboats and many lives have already been lost by them. The torpedo is made of wood, thickly coated on the outside with pitch and tar so as to be quite water-proof, is somewhat in the shape of a cigar, and eighteen inches thick, tapering at both ends, in which there is a vacuum, the middle portion being filled with from fifty to one hundred pounds of gunpowder, which is ignited through brass tubes with copper ends, by means of friction and percussion powder. They are anchored just below the surface of the water, and sometimes several are attached by strings or wire. A vessel in passing over them produces the necessary friction, and the explosion, if immediately underneath the vessel is generally sufficient to blow a hole through the bottom and sink her. These I have described, are the water torpedoes ; those used upon the land are generally an eight-inch shell, that is, a cannon ball, hollow, eight inches in diameter, filled with powder and the fuse so arranged that a

pressure of ten pounds will explode them. They are concealed in the sand just below the surface, and the tread of a horse's foot, or the passage of a wheel, is sufficient to explode them, or even the pressure of a man's foot if put down hard. A staff officer, riding the other day, woke up from a state of insensibility to discover himself fifteen feet from the roadway, and the mangled remains of his horse that had been blown to atoms, he, by strange chance, escaping with the temporary loss of his senses and the bruises of his fall. The immense number of these shells and torpedoes scattered in every possible place on land or in water, renders the approaches to Spanish Fort, that at present is the key to the position, most difficult, and has made the navy timid and wary in the management of their ships, while our troops on shore have found a secret foe hard to combat. Every man feels that he is literally walking on the thin crust of a volcano. We have, however, thoroughly invested the fort, the garrison of which now is supposed to number some six or seven thousand men, and will soon be able to cut it off entirely from Mobile. We shall then, I think, resort to sapping and mining, and it will become a question of time as at Vicksburg. Meanwhile, our forces under Wilson, will attack from the other side, and the result, in my mind, though far off, is not doubtful. Still, we may have trouble from another quarter. As you know, I am not one of those who have been sanguine as to the speedy termination of the war, and have doubtless, by free expression of opinion in that regard, sacrificed a reputation I might have had for a wiseacre. I think before long we shall have something from Kirby Smith, and that when Richmond is evacuated, the war will have to be begun anew. The obstinate resistance they are making at Mobile, fortifies my preconceived opinions, that are of no great value, for all is in the hands of God, who will bring these troubles to a close in His own good time. Still, you must be patient, and not expect an early raising of the siege.

I am comfortably situated at this time. I have a great deal of responsibility and a highly honorable position, if I

have rank enough to hold it. All the time, or nearly all the time I was a colonel, in fact, I may say all the time I was a lieutenant-colonel, I exercised the rank of colonel ; all the time, or nearly all the time I was colonel, I exercised the rank, duties, and responsibilities of a brigadier-general. And all the time I have been brigadier-general, the duties of a major-general have been thrust upon me. I have recently, as you perceive by the copies of orders I sent you, relieved Major-General Granger, and the labor, expense, and responsibility devolved upon him, now rests with me, with this difference—he had more staff and \$1,200 per annum more pay. But I shall never get any more rank because I am a volunteer officer. The brevet I would not give a fig for ; they are so common that they do not confer honor, and they do not, under any circumstance, the old rule in that regard being changed, give more pay.

Although in April, the weather is not yet unpleasantly warm, except in the sun ; indeed, I make it a point to keep a little fire, that is a good guard against malaria. The birds, among them my old friend the mocking-bird, have come and I send you blossoms that will fade before they reach you, but will carry some fragrance from the little island by the sea that is now my home.

I have just been called from writing to receive a visit from Capt. J. R. Madison Mullany, an old officer of the navy now commanding the U. S. S. *Bienville*, and commanding the squadron here. He is a very gallant officer and lost an arm, amputated close at the shoulder, in the capture of these forts. A recommendation of him to you will be the fact of his being a sincere and devout Catholic, and I was pleased to find him a courteous and finished gentleman, as most officers of the old navy were.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., April 9, 1865.

I have this moment received news that Petersburg has fallen, Richmond evacuated, and Grant in hot pursuit of

Lee's retreating army. It comes to me vaguely; still, there are good grounds for the rumor. Our own siege drags slowly. I miss Sherman and Grant and my lamented friend McPherson. I don't find the old spirit down here; still we shall succeed; that is beyond all peradventure, our troops are in good spirits and there is no possibility of the enemy's escaping us.

The weather has been cool here and generally pleasant. My health is not very good, and I have not been able to enjoy it. I think the malarial influence of my last summer's campaign is still upon me, and I doubt whether the sea air agrees with me; but I keep about and attend to business. I am taking quinine in pretty large and frequent doses. I shall take all possible care of myself; but I fear my old powers will never return to me. I ought not to complain, and strive to be contented; but I am made conscious that the days are drawing near when the "grasshopper will be a burthen."

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HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., April 11, 1865.  
. . . . .

I wrote you the day before yesterday, since which time the glorious news from Richmond I alluded to has been corroborated; and meanwhile we have had great success before Mobile. Spanish Fort has been reduced; carried by assault; five hundred prisoners and an equal number of the enemy killed and wounded. "Blakely" has also been carried, and two thousand five hundred prisoners captured. It is now with us only a question of time, though the garrison at Mobile and the fortifications are still making an obstinate defence. The enemy fights with great gallantry, but must ultimately succumb. Our navy, in this siege, has not displayed much enterprise or great gallantry. An excuse may be found in the demoralizing effect of the torpedoes that sunk three of their best ships. The particulars of the news you will get through the public prints before my letter reaches you. I hope my letters do reach you. I write often two or

three or four times a week. No letters to me from anybody yet save the three from you dated at Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, and Cairo. I am really heartsick for letters from home.

I sailed up Mobile Bay yesterday through the fleet and close in sight of the city, whose spires and housetops, wharfs and boats, reminded me of the distant views I used to have of Vicksburg during the siege.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., April 19, 1865.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER BETTIE :

I have just returned from Mobile, where I have been sojourning for three or four days past, and you will want some description of the city and what I saw there. You must know that Mobile, the principal city and only seaport of Alabama, was the original seat of French colonization in the southwest, and for many years the capital of the colony of Louisiana. I shall transcribe for you a little bit of history, while for its geographical position you must go to the map. In 1702, Lemoine de Bienville, acting under the instructions of his brother Iberville, transferred the principal seat of the colony from Biloxi, where it had been established three years previously, to a point on the river Mobile, supposed to be about twenty miles above the present site of the city, where he established a post to which he gave the name of "St. Louis de la Mobile." At the same time he built a fort and warehouse on "Isle Dauphine," at the entrance of Mobile Bay (where my headquarters now are).

The settlement at Biloxi was soon afterwards broken up. In 1704, there was an arrival of twenty young girls from France, and the next year of twenty-three others, selected and sent out under the auspices of the Bishop of Quebec, as wives for the colonists. Many of the original settlers were Canadians, like Iberville and Bienville. In 1705, occurred a severe epidemic, supposed to be the first recorded visitation of yellow fever, by which thirty-five persons were carried off.

The year 1706 is noted for the "petticoat insurrection,"

which was a threatened rebellion of females in consequence of the dissatisfaction with the diet of Indian corn, to which they were reduced. The colony meanwhile frequently suffered from famine as well as from the attacks of Indians although relieved by occasional supplies sent from the mother country. In 1711 the settlement was nearly destroyed by a hurricane and flood in consequence of which it was removed to its present situation. In 1712 the King of France made a grant of the whole colony to Antoine Crozat, a wealthy French merchant, and in the following year Bienville was superseded as governor by M. de la Motte Cadillac. In 1717 Crozat relinquished his grant to the French government, and Bienville was reinstated. In 1723, the seat of the colonial government was transferred to New Orleans. In 1763, by the treaty of Paris, Mobile with all that portion of Louisiana lying east of the Mississippi and north of Bayou Iberville, Lake Maurepas, and Pontchartrain, passed into the possession of Great Britain. In 1780, the Fort, the name of which had been changed into Fort Condé, and subsequently by the British to Fort Charlotte, was captured by the Spanish General, Don Galvez, Governor of Louisiana, and in 1783, its occupancy was confirmed to Spain by the cession to that power of all the British possession on the Gulf of Mexico. On the 13th of April, 1813, just fifty-two years before the time it had been taken possession of by General Canby, the Spanish Commandant Gayatama Perez surrendered the fort and town to General Wilkinson. At that period, the population, which in 1785 had amounted to eight hundred and forty-six, was estimated at only five hundred, half of whom were blacks. In December, 1819, Mobile was incorporated as a city. Mobile is now a city of moderate size, a population of probably forty thousand inhabitants and before the war was opulent and characterized as the most aristocratic city of the South, though I suppose Charleston would dispute, or rather would have disputed, this point. There has evidently been a lavish display of money and many of the houses and public buildings are elegant and tasteful in their style and adornment. The luxuriance of vegetation in this climate gives great advantages in the adornment of the



streets and grounds with shade trees and beautiful shrubs, vines and flowers. The present season corresponds with June with you, and to me it was a rare and beautiful sight yesterday to look down the long vista of "Government" street, their principal avenue through the aisle of magnolia in full leaf and bloom, the pride of China, the crape myrtle and many other trees, the names of which I do not know, but all laden with bud and leaf and flower ; while in relief, the houses were wreathed with ivy, climbing roses, while the sweet-scented double violet added delicious perfume to the fragrance of countless varieties of standard roses. The people have great taste and wonderful love for flowers in the South ; even the ragged urchins and barefooted little girls carry bouquets that would be the envy of a ball-room belle in Cincinnati. The streets are very broad, and have been paved with shells, but the sandy nature of the soil has caused them to disappear beneath the surface. The sidewalks are brick, as in Cincinnati. The city was like a city of the dead. The principal men being in the army, were either prisoners or had fled. The ladies secluded themselves from the public gaze. A semi-official notice from the headquarters of the rebel General Maury had warned them that General Canby had promised his soldiers three days' pillage ; consequently, the people, when our troops took possession, were frightened and anticipated all sorts of enormities. Since, they have been in a constant state of profound astonishment. The drinking houses were all closed, and a rigid system of discipline has been enforced, quiet and order prevails.

While in Mobile, I was the guest of General Canby, who has taken quarters at one of the best houses. I met there in the family of the owner a fair sample of the young and middle-aged ladies of the place, and the schoolgirls.

Everything is as old-fashioned as four years non-intercourse with the "outside barbarians," as they would style us, would be apt to induce. This in dress, literature, and conversation. You will hear that there is Union sentiment

in Mobile, perhaps that not more than ten per cent. of its people are secessionists ; but my word for it, that not a man, woman, or child, who has lived in Mobile the last four years, but who prays death and destruction to the "damned Yankees."

Well, I have given you a birdseye view of the city. If there is anything more you want to know, you must ask. In case anybody should ask the question, you may say, that there were taken with Mobile upwards of thirty-five thousand bales of cotton, over a million bushels of corn, twenty thousand bushels of wheat, and large stores of tobacco. I don't think that mother, for some time hereafter, will be compelled to give a dollar a yard for domestics and double the price for calico. You must all have new dresses. I am glad to get back from Mobile to my little island. There the weather was warm and the air close and heavy, here I have always a delicious sea breeze. It is very cool and pleasant. I have a fine hard beach as level as your parlor floor, upon which I can ride for twenty miles and see the great ocean with its mighty pulses break at my feet. I have a little fleet of boats; one, a beautiful steamer called the *Laura*, that had been built by the rebels as a blockade runner, as quick as lightning and elegantly fitted up, was sunk a day or two since by running on to a pile. I am now having her raised again. I have also a beautiful little yacht, a light sailboat rigged as a sloop with one mast bowsprit and jib. She sails beautifully on the wind ; is large enough to carry half a dozen very well. I have just had her elegantly painted, and one of my officers is to-day manufacturing a streamer for her. She has been called the *Vivian*, but I am going to change her name and rechristen her the *Bessie and Belle*. When I get a little more leisure I shall sail in her down to the coral reefs and fish for pompino, sheepsheads and *poissons rouge*. Oysters now are going out of season. I am told they eat them here all the year round, but to my notion they are becoming milky. I shall now take to crabs and fish. I have been keeping Lent admirably.

You say you hope "peace will be declared." I should be glad, my dear daughter, to see your hopes fulfilled; but peace will be long coming to our country and papa; it would do to dream and talk of, but the snake is only scotched, not killed. Our hope may rest on a foreign war, and to-day I could unite many of our enemies to march with us under the folds of our own starry banner to fight the swarthy Mexicans or the dull, cold Englishman, but without this event we must fight on among ourselves for many a year to come. God grant our jubilee may not have rung out too soon. How long will it take the North to learn the South? But these are questions, my dear daughter, not for your consideration, yet, at least. Study your books, my child, and learn to love God and keep his commandments, and when you pray, pray first for wisdom and then for strength, and if you want your prayers answered, study your books and go about much in the open air.

. . . . .

I send you some lines you may put away in your scrap-book and when you get to be an old lady like grandma, and have your own grandchildren on your knee, one day you may get out the old battered book and read to them what your father sent you from the war.

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HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., April 24, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

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You must not feel vexed, as you say you are, in reference to Carr's getting my command.

The rough and tumble of an active campaign in this climate at this season of the year, with my shattered constitution, would be fatal. The wear and tear of the last four years has told upon me, and I am constantly warned to guard against exposure. Here I am comparatively comfortable, and though I cannot hope while exposed to the baleful influence of malaria to be well, I may ward off prostrating sickness. So that, take the matter in all its bearings, it is

probably for the best that I should have been disposed of as I am for the present.

You say in reference to the fall of Richmond that you "cannot but feel the key is reached and rebellion unsealed." It may be that it is unsealed ; but it is not yet crushed, and you need not lay the flattering unction to your soul that peace is at hand, or that the rebellion is crushed. I notice by the Northern papers that the people are drunk with joy and jubilee. Instead of maintaining a quiet dignity, tumultuous pressure has been made to grasp the enemy by the hand and to kill the fatted calf and welcome the prodigal back. The rebels laugh in their sleeves. The North has not yet learned how to make war upon its adversary. But I don't intend to croak or play the bird of ill omen ; the signs of the times are pregnant ; millions of people in this nation are going up and down smarting with a sense of personal injury, mourning brothers, sons, husbands, fathers, sweathearts slain, homesteads burned, altars desecrated, property destroyed. There is no peace with these in this generation. In my judgment, there is just one hope for us now, and that is a war with a foreign power that would have the effect of uniting the beligerents. I have now prisoners with me, three generals and their staffs, Liddell, Cockrel, and Thomas. I guarantee that I can enlist all or the major part of them to go with me to Mexico or Canada to fight under the stars and stripes. But they won't go home to be contented. Neither men nor women will consent to go back to ruined plantations, depopulated cities, abandoned villages, and, without the aid of the peculiar institution, essay to rebuild, reconquer the wilderness, recreate a fortune without grumbling, and the bitterness of spirit will soon find occasion for fresh outbreak.

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HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, April 29, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

Your very interesting and affectionate letter of 23d March, apprising me of your safe arrival at home and of your adventures by the way, was received.

. . . . .

Truly, you passed through great peril and vicissitude, and are now prepared to somewhat appreciate my life upon the road for the past four years. We feel called upon to thank God whenever we graze a great danger, that is visible and tangible, forgetful that the same care is constantly over us, in the unseen and impalpable peril in which we always move. But it is well with us occasionally to look danger in the face, that we may form the proper estimate of our weakness and frailty, eliminated from God's care, while we learn that without danger there is no greatness, that in the hazardous conflicts where life is ventured, high qualities only are developed.

What canting nonsense do we occasionally hear in certain quarters to disparage mere personal courage, "mere personal courage!" We are reminded that the ignoble quality is held in common with the bulldog, and that in this essential he is our master; we are reminded that it is a low and vulgar attribute, that neither elevates nor enlightens, that the meanest creatures are often gifted with it, and the noblest natures void of it. But we may be sure that without it, there is neither truth nor manliness. The self-reliance that makes a man maintain his word, be faithful to his friendship, and honorable in his dealings, has no root in a heart that shakes with craven fear. The life of a coward is the voyage of a ship with a leak, eternal contrivance, never-ceasing emergency. All thoughts dashed with a perpetual fear of death, what room is there for one generous emotion, one great or high-hearted ambition. I congratulate you that in the presence of danger, you were not frightened, that you did not lose your presence of mind, but felt able to put forth your best powers for the emergency that might have been near.

. . . . .

There is very little in my life here now, that is of sufficient importance to entertain you in detail. It is five days since I have had news from the outside world, and I hardly know whether we have war or peace in the land. My health is pretty good and I am perfectly comfortable, so far as shelter, food and raiment can make me comfortable. I have abun-

dance of fish, flesh, and fowl, and plenty of whiskey, brandy, wine and ale, though I am making very sparing use of any kind of stimulants. I have had some fine birds, snipe, peep, plover, and a splendid shore bird, the "sickle billed curlew," as large as a barnyard fowl. Mother will remember father's often speaking of them. I miss my family, and continually regret that I had not kept you and Walter with me, for up to this time I could have made life here for you very agreeable. Here I find myself using the word "regret" again, when I well know, humanly speaking, it is better as it is. Yet, philosophize as I will, comes that increasing, unwearied desire, that is with us in joy or sadness, that journeys with us and lives with us mingling with every action, blending with every thought, and presenting to our minds a constant picture of ourselves, under some wished-for aspect, different from all we have ever known, when we are surrounded by other impulses and swayed by other passions. "Man never is but always to be blessed."

The weather has been delightfully pleasant, an occasional storm and one or two sultry days, but I have not been called upon to dispense with winter garments and sleep comfortably under two blankets. The sea breeze is always fresh, and it is charming in the evening to ride upon the hard and perfectly level beach and see the breakers dash in surf and foam on the shore. The air then becomes perfectly pure from the ocean and is wonderfully exhilarating. The horses become so much excited as to be difficult of control, and the Captain, the best broken horse of the times, has frequently become with me wholly unmanageable. You would be amused to see him capriole and play with the waves, dashing close to the brink as they recede and advance, and rejoicing in the cool spray. But everything about me is constantly damp. My arms always rusty, my buttons dimmed and black, and the paper on which I write almost as wet as if it had passed through the water. I believe this climate would be favorable to persons with pulmonary complaints. I have been a good deal exposed, but never take cold, or if I do, it does not make itself apparent by sore throat, cough, sneezing, or anything of that kind. At the same time I

must say that the atmosphere is undoubtedly malarial and no science or skill can guard against malaria.

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Intelligence now comes that the rebel General Dick Taylor has asked terms of surrender, and that General Canby has this day gone to arrange, also that General Hurlbut has gone on a mission to Kirby Smith. So that this department is fast winding up the rebellion in this quarter.

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HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., April 26, 1865.

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I had somewhat of an adventure yesterday, and came near imitating the wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl. I have a pretty little sailboat with capacity for four or five people, and the day being fair and the sea smooth, I concluded to go over to Sand Island, distant four or five miles from here, just at the mouth of the bay. With my adjutant and a crew of two sailors, I set sail about nine o'clock in the morning, and with a favoring breeze soon made my point of destination. Anchoring my little ship, I went ashore, made examination of the lighthouse, and after a stroll upon the beach, it being near noon, made preparations to return ; but no sooner had I weighed anchor than I discovered the wind was dead ahead and a strong tide was beating out to sea. Nevertheless, I spread my sail, and by tacking to and fro, sought to beat up against wind and tide ; in this endeavor we rounded the point of the island, and, to the dismay of my crew, soon discovered we were drifting out to sea ; fortunately, we at this time had not got quite into the channel, and by bending on all the spare rope to our anchor cable, were able to touch bottom and ride in safety. It was now three o'clock, and I determined to lie down and get a nap, hoping that in the course of an hour or two, the tide, which was rushing past us at the rate of six miles an hour, would turn, and that, by the help of a breeze, we would be able to turn the point. I slept a couple of hours, pleasantly rocked by the swell of the waves, but woke to find my hopes disap-

pointed. The tide was rushing by more furiously than ever, the wind had died away, and to make matters worse, our anchor was dragging, and we were rapidly going to sea. We had had no food or water since breakfast, and there was nothing to eat or drink on board. We had no compass, and as the lighthouse began to sink below the horizon, and the pine trees grow dim in the rays of the declining sun, the prospect was anything but encouraging. But hope came to us in the shape of a tug, that was towing a large schooner out through the channel. We watched her with anxious eyes, till she had taken the ship to the offing, and then turned to go back to the bay. She passed within some three miles of us, and we made signal with our white handkerchiefs displayed from the top of our little mast, but in vain. She steamed along regardless of our motions and went back to the bay. That hope was gone, and remembering the story of the Irish pilot, who followed the big ship night and day, till he had crossed the ocean, I determined to keep the schooner in sight as long as I could, and to that end spread sail and endeavored to get into her wake. But in vain ; the wind would not blow, and the sail flapped limp. We got just headway enough to throw us into the channel and sped along towards the Atlantic Ocean about as fast as a horse could trot. Our situation was not enviable ; we were out of the bay, fairly in the gulf, and the heavy rollers of the ocean tossed our frail little bark like an egg shell. We had to sit steady to keep her trimmed, and feared that if the wind we had prayed for an hour before came, we should be capsized, for she was flat-bottomed, and not in ballast. However, I kept a stiff upper lip, and directly, when hope had almost fled, discovered the tug again steaming down, towing a large ship. We now made every effort to throw ourselves across her forefoot, and not caring so much about drifting to sea, as to so change our course that we might get within signal distance, succeeded in making some way towards the approaching vessels, but again the tug cast off and returned as before. Now was really an anxious moment ; one handkerchief was displayed at the masthead, the other I made the adjutant wave, standing in the prow. The pilot of the tug



saw us, rounded to, and in a few moments I was aboard and my little vessel towed astern. We were picked up ten miles below Sand Island, and fairly out to sea, and, as we have been informed since, in a channel that has hurried more than one little craft to destruction. Not long since two professional pilots were drawn into and carried out to perish. But as we say, "a miss is as good as a mile," only that the next time I go to sea I shall take some grub and some water and a compass, and "if the court know herself, as she think she do," I shall hardly venture in a craft not much bigger than a washing tub. One is never out of danger in this world. The other day I was riding the colt, who was fractious, and cavorting around with me, jumped into a well ; he succeeded in struggling out before he had reached the bottom, and fell heavily on his side with my right leg under him ; of course, people thought my leg was broken, and that the beast would roll over upon me, but he did n't, and the leg was only bruised.

So I have had two more warnings that man is mortal, that as to circumstances and events he is like a thistledown wafted upon the autumn breeze, that a day, an hour, nay, the passing moment, may terminate his earthly existence ; that, without note or warning, he may be summoned to the presence of his Maker, to the report of the deeds done in the body.

. . . . .

MOBILE, ALA., May 17, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

. . . . .

We have news this morning that Jeff Davis has been arrested and sent to Washington under guard. It remains to be seen if Johnson has the grit to put him through, or if he is not made a lion and a martyr of, and permitted to go scot free.

. . . . .

I have been for a few days past, and still am, a very favored guest of Madame Octavia Walton LeVert, who has

been more kind to me than words can tell. She has been friend, mother, most delightful companion to me. A very noble woman, she fully deserves the splendid encomiums that have been so freely lavished upon her at home and abroad. I have forgotten if before I have alluded to her history, that, perhaps, you are familiar with ; even if such is the case, it will do no harm to again advert more particularly to your husband's friend. I have been somewhat of an invalid, and she has nursed me, and been so sweetly kind to me, that I can hardly write too much about her. So I shall make no excuse for quoting very freely from a graceful biographical sketch of her history by Mary Forrest, who edited the *Women of the South*, among whom she ranks her as *prima donna*. Frederica Bremer calls her the "sweet rose of Florida," and she certainly is a rose that all are praising. George Walton, her grandfather, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was wounded at the head of his regiment at the siege of Savannah, was a member of Congress (the first convened at Philadelphia), and afterwards held successively the offices of Governor of Georgia and Judge of the Supreme Court. He married Miss Camber, the daughter of an English nobleman, a short time before the Revolution. Madame LeVert has now in her possession many letters addressed to Colonel Walton by General Washington, Lafayette, the elder Adams, Jefferson, and other noted men of those days, expressive of their high confidence and regard.

George Walton, the second, married Miss Sally Walker, the daughter of an eminent lawyer of Georgia. In 1812, he became a member of the legislature of Georgia. In 1821, he was appointed Secretary of State under General Jackson, then Governor of Florida, and, when the old chief retired to the "Hermitage," succeeded him in office. He was himself succeeded by our old friend of Washington memory, Governor Duval . . . whom you doubtless remember. Here I may be permitted to say, *par parenthese*, that as a high compliment and one accorded to but few guests, I have been assigned to what was the private chamber of Mrs. Walton, and have been sleeping upon a bed and bedstead upon which

General Jackson slept for years, and which, as a precious relic, was presented to Mrs. Walton by General Jackson while he was President.

Octavia Walton was born at Bellevue, near Augusta, Georgia, but her parents, moving soon after to Florida, her first memories are of the sunshine and flowers of Pensacola, in her own vivid words "of the orange and live-oak trees, shading the broad veranda ; of the fragrant acacia, oleander, and Cape jasmine trees, which filled the parterre sloping down to the sea beach ; of merry races with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke over my feet and the delicious breeze from the gulf played in my hair, and of the pet mocking-birds in the giant old oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dreamland."

I quote now from my authoress. Pensacola, situated on a noble bay, was the rendezvous of the United States vessels of the Gulf Station. It was a gala time when they returned from their cruises ; balls and parties at the governor's house ; splendid entertainments on board the ships ; moonlight excursions upon the bay, and pic-nics in the magnolia groves. The well-educated and chivalric officers were a large element in the society to which our author was thus early accustomed ; and while yet a child she had little to learn in the way of drawing-room ease and elegance.

Amid such scenes her receptive nature seems to have absorbed that tropical exuberance of thought, feeling, language, and presence, which has made her name famous ; while at the same time, an early and close relation with nature, in one of her most tender and bounteous aspects, preserved intact amid all precocious tendencies, the *naïve* simplicity of the child, which is to this day her crowning grace.

Before the age of twelve years, she could write and converse in three languages with facility. So unusual was her talent as a linguist, that it was the custom of her father to take her to his office to translate from the French or Spanish the most important letters connected with affairs of state. There, perched upon a high stool, (she was too tiny in stature to be made available otherwise), she would interpret with

the greatest ease and correctness, the tenor and spirit of foreign despatches, proving herself thus early, quite worthy of her illustrious descent.

During her father's administration as Governor of Florida, he located the seat of government, and, at the request of his little daughter Octavia, called it by the Indian name of "Tallahassee." Its signification, "beautiful land," fell musically upon the ear of the imaginative child; she was greatly interested, too, in the old Seminole King Mamashla, who, in the days of his power, struck his tent-pole in that ground, made it his resting-place, and called it first by this sweet name. The chief grew fond of her, and she was known in his tribe as "the White Dove of Peace."

Octavia was never placed within the walls of a schoolroom. Her mother and grandmother, both women of intellect and cultivation, vied with each other in developing her earlier mental life, and private tutors were provided to meet the needs of her advance.

When she first was presented to General Lafayette, a long and interesting interview ensued; the young Octavia, seated upon the knee of the old hero, holding him spellbound with her piquant and fluent use of his native tongue. He then folded her to his heart, and blessed her fervently, remarking to one of the committee, as she left the room, a "truly wonderful child, she has been conversing all this while, with intellect and tact, in the purest French. I predict for her a brilliant career." Oracular words, which the record of years have more than confirmed. But Octavia Walton did not sit passively down to await the fulfillment of Lafayette's prophecy. One great secret of her life lies in her indefatigable industry. Only by close application has she taken the true gauge of herself; brought into view every resource; into play every faculty; only thus has she become acquainted with classical and scientific studies, made herself mistress of many languages, a proficient in music, an eloquent conversationalist, and a ready writer; and by a no less fine and careful culture, has she been able in every phase of her life to evolve only light and warmth from her large human heart; to bring to the surface the best qualities of all who

come within her influence ; to charm away distraction, and to preserve, apart from her world woman aspect a child nature as pure and undimmed as a pearl in the sea.

. . . In 1836 she married Dr. Henry Le Vert of Mobile, a man noted equally for his professional skill and high moral worth. His father was a native of France, and came to America with Lafayette. . . . Frederica Bremer says of her :

“ It is so strange that that little worldly lady, whom I have heard spoken of as a belle, and as a most splendid ornament of society, wherever she went, has yet become almost as dear to me as a young sister. But she has become so from being so excellent, because she has suffered much, and because, under a worldly exterior, there is an unusually sound and pure intellect, and a heart full of affection, which can cast aside all the vanities of the world for the power of gratifying those whom she loves. This fair daughter of Florida, is surrounded by a circle of relatives who seem to regard her as the apple of their eye,” etc.

What I have hastily written and more hastily selected, may serve to give you some faint idea of this most charming lady. It is a good thing to have a sensible, well-educated sweet woman for one's friend, and I thank God, who has vouchsafed to me one or two such in the course of my pilgrimage.

I enclose a sketch of my friend Ransom, of whom I have written and spoken to you. I fear I weary you with long letters. I shall return to Fort Gaines to-morrow or next day. I am not very well. That terrible diarrhoea hangs on and will not give me rest. I shall never recover from that disease, which will only be temporarily palliated or relieved, and I shall pray to God to let me die at home.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH ALABAMA,  
FORT GAINES, ALA., May 26, 1865.

You had received my recountal of our narrow escape from perishing at sea. The varied experience of the past few years has showed me the uncertainty of human life. “ We

are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." I often wish you were with me here, that you might have leisure for reflection, and opportunity to study the wonders of the deep, the great sea, fitting emblem of eternity. To watch with me the changes on its surface, now dimpled and glittering in the sunlight, then glassy as a mirror, reflecting the bright moon, or by starlight lambent with phosphorescent glare; and again maddened by the wind, tossing and roaring and foaming with rage. To see the sun rise from the ocean in the morning and set beneath its waters at eve; to see the sweet sight of "sunset sailing ships," to wander by the shore and watch the graceful seabirds dip their wings. Nothing that poet has written or traveller described, can give to the mind an idea of the heart emotions awakened by the ocean, whether in repose or agitated by storm. I am never weary of it, or the southern gales that sweep its bosom. You remember old Governor Duval's description of the breeze at Pensacola. How its influence made one dream of "bathing in a sea of peacock's plumes." Here you can realize how graphic was his description. The weather is perfectly delicious; you never saw so blue a sky. In the early morning it is hot, but about ten o'clock the sea breeze springs up and sitting in the shade you have nothing in the way of atmosphere to desire. My house is favorably situated close to the beach, or rather on the beach, close to the water's edge, so close that the spray of the waves sometimes falls in light mist on my brow, as I sit on the long and wide piazza, facing due east. Here I linger far into the night, sometimes till the early morning, watching the stars and chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, with nothing to break the silence but the tread of the sentry and the splash of the waves, drinking in deep draughts of night air that give no cold. They tell me the coming months are hot, and the mosquitoes troublesome. I know not how that may be; the present is the perfection of climate, and I wish you could enjoy it with me. My health is improving. I am taking iron and quinine, and within a few days my disease seems brought under subjection.

. . . . .

It is strange that as I have been writing and endeavoring to moralize upon the uncertainty of human life and the futility of human plans, another and terrible lesson has been read to me. Yesterday, while writing to Walter my house was shaken by a tremendous explosion, that I supposed to be a clap of thunder, though the sky was clear. I called to "J. L."<sup>1</sup> to know if any of the guns at the fort had been discharged; he said no, but thought one of the "men-of-war" in the offing had fired a gun. I thought it rather strange, it being about two o'clock in the afternoon. At night, I discovered a bright light in the north and feared for a while that a steamboat was on fire; but just at this moment the mystery has been solved by the intelligence brought me that the magazines at Mobile have been blown up, half the city destroyed, thousands of lives lost, and a scene of misery and destruction terrible to imagine. I shall cease writing now and close my letter by giving you full particulars, as they will be brought me by the next boat. Truly in life we are in death. Thousands of soldiers and refugees, women and children, have been hurried to eternity without warning, and many hundreds of mangled and wounded are craving death to relieve them from misery.

Saturday, May 27th.

Enclosed herewith I hand you the only copy of Mobile paper I can procure; the details therein will be sufficient without further comment from me. To-day is deliciously cool, too cool for comfort without woollen clothes. My little boat has just arrived, bringing me cargo of chickens, green peas, string beans, cucumbers, blackberries, sweet potatoes, and peanuts, with beautiful bouquets sent to me from Mount Louis Island, a blossom or two you will find pressed.

. . . . .

I cannot say what my future will be, a resignation would not be accepted, inasmuch as I have a full major-general's command, and I am in uncertainty as to the day or hour when I may be mustered out, or ordered hence to another

<sup>1</sup> His orderly.

field. It is only left to me to be patient to the bitter end. There is a growing disposition through many parts of the country to pay more honor to the base rebels who have been conquered in their efforts to overthrow the best government in the world than to the brave defenders of their flag. It will not be long before the United States uniforms will cease to be a badge of honor. How base the treatment of Sherman, how nobly he has emerged from the fiery furnace. I dare not trust myself in speculation upon passing events, or anticipation of the future.

I rejoice to note by the price current that most of the staples of life are largely reduced in value ; corn, oats, flour, etc. You will now be able to make your dollar purchase pretty nearly a dollar's worth, and thus your income be virtually increased.

I am not much in the habit of telling dreams, and there is no Joseph to interpret ; but three that have been lately dreamed, are so peculiar in connection with passing events, that, without giving them in full detail, I will let you have the outline. The first dream I dreamed myself about the time of the assassination of the President, and it was to this effect ; that General Canby sent for me to be the bearer of despatches to President Lincoln, and that I went to heaven to deliver the despatches. You will naturally ask how heaven appeared to me in my dream. I can only give you a vague idea of my impressions. The scene was a spacious apartment something like the East Room of the White House ; but vast with shadowy pillars and recesses and one end opening into space skyward, and by fleecy clouds made dim and obscure, just visible, with a shining radiance far away in the perspective, farther away than the sun or stars appear to us. I have no remembrance of my interview, but a clear recollection of my sensations that were those of perfect happiness, such as I have never had waking or dreaming. I would not tell this dream to anyone, till some weeks afterwards the Provost Marshal of my staff told me of a strange dream in which he had awakened the night before, and that had made a serious impression on his mind. The scene of



his vision was laid at Carrollton, near New Orleans. I was standing surrounded by my staff, Jemmy Sherer and Joe, when a man approached and asked me to retire to the back yard on plea of private and important business. I walked out with him and a moment after a rebel officer followed us, with his hand upon a pistol, partially concealed in his breast. Mrs. Stone, the wife of my Inspector-General, called the attention of the dreamer to this fact, with a solemn warning that I was about to be assassinated. He at once sprang to the door for the guard, and perceiving an officer in command of an escort approaching, called halt, that from him he might procure the guard, but as he neared, discovered he was escorting a long funeral procession of mourners clad in white, in the centre of which was a hearse with towering white plumes. A colloquy and quarrel ensued, and pending the denouement he awoke. He told his dream to me, and on the instant, my own being recalled to mind, I told him mine, but neither of us mentioned the matter to others. Lastly, the Adjutant, Captain Wetmore, had his dream. The march and the battle, and all the vicissitudes of the campaign, in the rapid kaleidoscope of thought, had passed through his brain, when at last Jeff Davis appeared, a captured prisoner, then he was indicted, tried, and convicted, all in due course, and finally the sentence, that he be banished to "Australia" for twenty years, provided the consent of the British government could be obtained thereto.

These dreams were all vivid and interesting in detail, the last the most sensible of the three, and certainly as easy of interpretation as those of the butler and the baker of the King of Egypt. Yet they only serve to remind us of the words of him, who wrote as never man wrote, who knew the human heart, and springs to human action, and the world, and all its contents, better than anyone on earth,

"All Spirits,  
And are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made of, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep. . . ."

My next letter will be dated from New Orleans, events transpiring, foreshadow my early departure from my headquarters at Dauphine Island, to which I have become a good deal attached. I have had some lonely hours on its shores, but the waves have made sweet music in my ears.

I have some fresh accounts of the horrid accident at Mobile; language fails to do justice to the terrors of the scene. The professional sensation writers will fill the columns of the daily press with details, and I will not attempt to harrow up your soul with my tame pen.

MOBILE, ALA., June 7, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

My time is much occupied. Judge Chase has just left us, and to-day we have the famous Phil. Sheridan. I have been going about with him all day, and entertained General Price of his suite at dinner. The weather is intensely hot, but my health is at least as good as usual, that is not saying much for me.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF MOBILE,  
 June 15, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

A very handsome position and one of the most powerful, in the event of foreign war, that is probable, has been tendered me, that of Provost Marshal General, for the whole Western Department, including Texas and New Mexico, has been offered and urged upon me, but General Canby has been anxious to place me in command of this, the most important district of the South. I have yielded to him, for two considerations, first, I shall be nearer my family, some members of whom I shall be able to see in the autumn, if

my life is spared, and secondly, because I have some political aspirations that may be rendered tangible, perhaps better from this point than any other, this, of course, depends upon the future aspect of our foreign relations. These two considerations are selfish ; after these I feel I can, perhaps, do my duty to my Government as well, or perhaps better, in my present position than the other, which would involve great labor.

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS POST AND DISTRICT OF MOBILE,  
MOBILE, June 30, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I send packages of papers from day to day, from which you may have some account of my goings on.

I am living at a tremendous rate, and between my business and my pleasures, or what passes for pleasure, and is part of my business, have but little leisure to write ; though I do far more than my share, considering that there are so many at home. My house is full to overflowing with guests. I am now entertaining three brigadier-generals and their several staffs. A night or two ago I gave entertainment to the whole of Mobile, and you may be sure I gave them a good time. There is some account of the occasion in the papers of the day, and I enclose a slip.

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HEADQUARTERS POST AND DISTRICT OF MOBILE,  
MOBILE, ALA., Aug. 1. 1865.

. . . . .

I know it will make you sad, but for the sake of their exceeding beauty, I must transcribe some original lines I run my eye over to-day and saved for you :

GONE HOME.

No sickness there, nor any care, nor grief  
Nor any night ;  
There, we shall clasp our long lost friends again,  
With new delight.

No cold neglect, ingratitude, nor guile,  
 Will there distress ;  
 No heavy hours, no lonely days and nights,  
 No weariness ;  
 No longing for sweet peace, that never comes ;  
 No scalding tears,  
 That, falling, wash away the life and strength  
 More than do years ;  
 Oh, home ! sweet home ! when shall these weary feet  
 Press thy dear soil ?  
 When shall I rest from all my pain and grief,  
 My care and toil ?

. . . . .

HEADQUARTERS POST OF MOBILE,  
 MOBILE, ALA., Aug. 11, 1865.

. . . . .

The chronic complaint with which my system is poisoned, will never be eradicated ; the diarrhoea at times is beyond anything you ever saw or dreamed of, and from day to day I look at myself in the glass with wonder and amazement that I am still alive. Change, radical change of air, may possibly alleviate ; it is worth the trial. Under the most favorable circumstances, I should die in two weeks in Ohio, and will not come back in warm weather to make the experiment.

. . . . .

The weather here is very warm. We have no epidemic as yet, but I hear of yellow fever in New Orleans. I will do what I can to keep it out ; as long as the nights remain warm there is no danger. A little strange, is it not, that in a Southern climate warm weather is a guarantee against infection ?

. . . . .

MOBILE, ALA., Sept. 5, 1865.

. . . . .

I write in great haste, and expect to be home in the course of two or three weeks.

. . . . .

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 12, 1865.

I shall be detained here some days on business. As soon as I can get away, I shall come home, and hope my coming will not be deferred long after the reception of this letter. I cannot now write you at length ; my plans are not matured. My health is much the same, no worse.

UNION CLUB, NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1866.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

New York has been quite agog the last few days with gayeties growing out of Washington's anniversary and the advent of General Grant. The latter we entertained at our club the day before yesterday with one of the most magnificent dinners ever given in America, at which there were present one hundred and fifty guests. The banqueting hall was magnificently draped with flags, the tables covered with exquisite exotics, glittering plate, and the most sumptuous viands and richest wines were there in profusion ; added to all this, two large bands discoursed most eloquent music, and the feast was enlivened with speeches, wit, song, and sentiment. To all present, it will have been an event long to be remembered.

Yesterday was a lovely, balmy, springlike day, and I was taken a long drive by Mr. Jerome, behind a fleet and splendid team of four horses, said to be the most stylish " four-in-hand " in New York. I quite longed to have you by my side, for you would have enjoyed it to the utmost. I hope, however, and at no very future day, to have the pleasure of driving you through the park myself, and also riding with you there on horseback.

WASHINGTON, April 11, 1866.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I have not yet been introduced to the President, because I have waited for the proper person to perform the office.

The matter of my brevet is all right. My name, with a number of others, was sent to the Senate on the 26th of February, and since then, there has been no executive session and no opportunity to make confirmations. I am assured there will be no trouble about it, but before I leave I shall see the Military Committee. I do not think it worth while to seek a private interview with General Grant ; if he wants to see me, he will send for me, and being out of service I have no business with him. It seems to be generally understood that he possesses no real power with the President, or that if he does, he will not exercise it in civil appointments. As to the new Army Bill, the Congress have determined to control the appointments from civil life themselves—to permit no interference from the President or from General Grant. It is also said that the President is determined, in his civil appointments, to recognize the services of distinguished officers. Gen. A. J. Smith told me yesterday, what has been reiterated to me very many times, that my record was one of the most distinguished on the list. How it will end, I cannot tell.

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 AMONG THE GRANITE HILLS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,  
 NEAR DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER,  
 Thursday, July 19, 1866.  
 . . . . .

I wrote mother from Boston last Sunday ; at the time of writing I was interrupted by the entrance of Judge Bigelow and Mr. Miller, who paid me a call. In the evening I left our party, that had been invited to a reception at the house of Mr. Lincoln, the Mayor of Boston, and having been provided with a carriage and pair of fast horses, I drove my friend, Wash. McLean (in Boston, to superintend his son, who enters Harvard) out to Quincy.

On Thursday morning early, after most sumptuous and princely entertainment by the citizens of Boston, we left for Portsmouth, passing through Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Ipswich, etc., and arriving at Portsmouth were greeted by the mayor and civil authorities, and taken charge of by

Admiral Bailey, who entertained us at the Navy Yard. Here we had a reception, and more pretty girls than I ever saw together in my life came to see us. We stayed a day and night at Portsmouth, then in a special car, most luxuriously fitted up, came forward through Manchester and other small villages to Concord, where the Chief-Justice, Chase, joined us. We were breakfasted by Mr. Stearns, the Superintendent of the road, who has taken charge of our travelling facilities from Boston and who had invited to meet us the Governor of the State, the Mayors of Portsmouth and Concord, and other dignitaries, who escorted the distinguished party to Hanover. Here we scattered a little, to accept the hospitality of divers people. General Sherman is at Dr. Crosby's, Judge Chase at Senator Patterson's and myself here at Colonel Berdan's, who, with his lovely and accomplished wife, possess an old country seat some three miles from Hanover, where we are being most hospitably entertained. The lady's uncle was, in '61, our Minister to Portugal, and for three years she was sojourning with him at Lisbon, or Paris, or travelling in England or France. Of course, we knew many friends and soon were directly *en rapport*. She is very beautiful and young. Judge Sherman and wife staid with their son in Hanover. The young man graduated yesterday and delivered an address to-day. To-night, after the college exercises are over, we shall proceed to Burlington, Vermont, and from thence to Montreal, Quebec, back to Montreal, then to Niagara Falls, where I shall abandon and from thence make my way home, as I do not care to go West. I have met in my tour many old friends, some officers who served with me, and all the people seem to be acquainted with my military career, though the . . . reporters will insist upon calling me "Kirby."

I am now upon the ground, made sacred to his admirers, as the birth-place and the haunt of the early youth of Daniel Webster. In the house where I am at present writing he has often slept. We yesterday ate from his dining-table, have passed the lake where he fished, the coverts where he shot, have wandered through his schoolhouses and over the ground where he played, the whole atmosphere is fragrant

with his memories. Here, too, Salmon P. Chase was born and educated, that is to say, he was born some eighteen miles from this point, and is one of the alumni of Dartmouth. The air here among the hills and not far from the foot of the White Mountains, is delightfully pure. I feel much benefit from its effects, and though my disease is still upon me, my spirits are lighter. I am writing in the early morning before the family are up, the only opportunity I have.

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QUEBEC, CANADA, July 22, 1866.

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I wrote you last from Hanover, in New Hampshire, and during the commencement of Dartmouth College. I met thereat many of the savans of New England, the alumni of the college and their friends. The papers of the day have doubtless given you accounts of the manner in which General Sherman was received by them and of his speech to the students and at the alumni dinner. I came in for my full share of the honors and the college paid me the distinguished and delicate compliment of conferring upon me the degree of Master of Arts, to which they were pleased to say I was entitled by virtue of my distinguished services to the country. I was most kindly and hospitably entertained by the people. . . . From Hanover we passed rapidly through the State of Vermont, through the gorges of the Green Mountains, to Montpelier and to Burlington. We were escorted to Rouse Point on Lake Champlain, by the Governor of the State, from thence we crossed the lake, stopping a brief season at Plattsburg and directly found ourselves upon the Canada border. Arriving at Montreal in the night, we were received by a deputation of American citizens, and escorted to the St. Lawrence Hotel. The next day we received calls from the citizens and the British officers, rode to the heights to view the city, went to partake of hospitality at the house of one or two of the most prominent citizens. Witnessed a review of the British regulars stationed at Montreal, who paid the General the distinguished honor of a military salute, the first instance I know of in which the



same has been done to an American General. We left Montreal by steamer last evening and having a delightful sail down the River Saint Lawrence, arrived here this Sunday morning. I have just parted from the officers of the "Fusileers," stationed here, who came to invite the General and myself to a mess dinner at eight o'clock to-night. These mess dinners among the English officers are grand affairs, and I only regret that my health is so wretched as to preclude any enjoyment save what a looker-on at a feast may gather. I will not pretend to do the part of a gazetteer, and attempt the description of places or scenery. I have been very much charmed with the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, the beautiful Lake Champlain, and find a vast deal that is interesting in Montreal and Quebec; all that I have seen of the St. Lawrence River serves to remind me of the Mississippi; the same flat shore, the same country stretching back. We have not done Quebec yet; the ladies went to church while I staid home to write, but to-morrow shall go over the fortifications that to the eye seem impregnable. We shall stay here a day, then return to Montreal for two days, that will be devoted to public receptions and entertainments already in preparation for us by the military and the clubs. From Montreal we shall go to Lake Ontario and Niagara Falls, where I shall feel compelled to abandon the party, for the state of my health demands repose. I cannot control my bowels. I have sent you some newspapers that will give an account of a march almost as remarkable as that other march to the sea. New England, compelled to recognize the grandeur and magnificence of the greatest military chieftain of the age, opened her arms wide to receive him, and though tardy in her homage, has now, with profound reverence, paid it in full. It was a beautiful and refreshing sight to me to behold the East, effete and tottering with age and sin, kneeling to pay tribute to the representative man of the young and glowing West; to see her orators and statesmen, her governors and rulers, and, above all, her wise men, whom she most delights to honor within her own borders, pressing forward to touch the hem of the garment of him who had delivered their land

from a great evil, and who now marched through with the firm and even tread that indicates superiority in intellect, in statesmanship, in patriotism.

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WASHINGTON, January 17, 1867.

MY DEAR SON WALTER :

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Politics run very high. The radicals, in my opinion, will impeach the President, but I do not think they will attempt to depose him. The consequence of this movement will be depression in trade and commerce, and a disturbance of the finances. Gold will rise and fluctuate. I do not think there will be an outbreak or appeal to arms, but I do think we are in a condition of war and revolution. My hope is that there will be a division in the radical party that will lead to its breaking up. That party will not admit the Southern States to representation, nor are they willing to define their relations to the government, or legislate to make them either States or territories, but they will hold them in abeyance till after the next Presidential election. The Senate will pass a bill to-day or to-morrow declaring the acts of the President in making removals from office illegal and this will have the effect of displacing all his appointments. Those who have gone abroad will have to return. All postmasters, marshals, revenue officers and custom-house officers, everything of the kind that has been given by the President, will have to abdicate and be set aside. The Senate, at all hazards, is determined to guard its prerogative.

You had better read carefully the proceedings of Congress, and in this way keep yourself advised of the history of your country, now passing through a strange and fearful epoch that will be remarkable for events of great subsequent influence in which you will probably have to bear a part. I need not counsel you to strain every nerve, now that you have an opportunity, to perfect yourself in all the studies that, now mastered, will fit you for a life of future usefulness to your country, your friends and yourself. I want you to harden your body by exercise in the open air and improve

your mind by reading and research. You seem to have a difficulty in lengthening your letters, so I will thank you, in addition to your ordinary letter, to send me the daily translation of your *Cæsar*.

AT SEA, ON BOARD SHIP "RISING STAR,"

OFF POINT MAYSI, CUBA, July 25, 1867.

MY DEAR WIFE :

There is just a possibility of our meeting a return ship and exchanging mails to-day, so I prepare a little line that you may possibly hear that up to this time we have had prosperous voyage with favoring gales, the sea, as a general thing, smooth with light squalls of rain. The ship is commanded by Captain Leebury, whom mother will remember as an old shipmate and friend of Walter's. He has been very polite, and I have had the run of his cabin. He speaks most affectionately of Walter. Thus far, I think the voyage has been of benefit to my health, my appetite has been good, and I have not suffered in the least from seasickness, although at times the ship was pitched and tossed a good deal. We have eight hundred and sixty-one passengers, including some five hundred soldiers bound for California. The ship is well found and healthy. We have run about two hundred and fifty miles a day, have accomplished upwards of twelve hundred miles, and expect to make port next Sunday, the whole distance being about nineteen hundred and fifty miles. We are just now running through the islands and about entering the Caribbean Sea. The weather is now clear and very hot, especially at night ; the motion of the ship gives a fine breeze in the day. Of course, I find a number of acquaintances on board. There are some ladies, but they are all seasick. Nothing of moment has transpired on the voyage.

PANAMA, July 28, 1867.

Our ship reached port at Aspinwall after a prosperous voyage with favoring gales, at 9.30 this (Sunday) morning.

I wrote while on shipboard, in the hope of meeting a return steamer, but was disappointed, so you will have two letters by this mail. The strangest sights at once meet my eye on landing, the most ludicrous of which were the half-naked native soldiers on guard, half Indian and half deteriorated Spaniard ; I think with an hundred Western boys I could whip two thousand of them. Then the city, a collection of adobe houses, every one of which was occupied for the sale of everything under the sun to eat, to drink, to smoke, and to wear, while women sat at the outer doors, before little tables, covered with silver dollars and halves and quarters to exchange for U. S. currency. The exceptions to their buildings were the stone edifices for warehouses and other purposes, erected by the Panama Railroad Company. The street was infested with peddlers of fruit and wine and lemonade, cakes, pies, and ale, pedlars of all ages, both sexes and every hue, all of them, men, women and children, very nearly naked, some of the children quite so. They offered every description of tropical fruits, bananas, plantains, cocoanuts, limes, the celebrated Avocado pear, with queer-looking cakes and loaves of bread and bits of fresh pork cooked and served on plantain leaves. The streets were shaded with the cocoa-bearing palm, now in full bearing, and for the first time I had an opportunity of seeing this wonderful tree with its long feathery branches eight feet and upwards, that are in fact leaves, while far to the top were growing the nuts in huge clusters. The weather was hot and rainy, and I was glad to avail myself of the hospitality tendered by Mr. Parker, the Superintendent of the railroad, who was prepared to receive me, and treated me with profound politeness as indeed did all the officials at Aspinwall. At eleven o'clock I was ushered to a special train, and whirled off on my way to Panama, over one of the most romantic roads in the world, a road connecting the two great oceans that it is well worth while to traverse either to see. For a while it winds along the borders of the Chagres River, through lagoons and the most dense vegetation you can conceive of ; then threading intricate passes and circling round the mountain bases, ascends to the summit level, two hun-

dred and sixty-three feet above the ocean line, then descending sweeps to the shore of the Pacific on the border of one of the most beautiful bays that ever gave harbor. At another time I will give you a more particular description of this wonderful effort of ingenuity and engineering skill. I reached Panama at 3.30 P.M., and found my Secretary, General Hough, in waiting for me.

Monday, 29.—Rose at seven, bathed and wrote, breakfasted, at eleven o'clock ; . . . assumed duties of Consulate, and called in state, full regimentals, sword and sash, upon General Vincent Olarte, the President of the State of Panama, who received me most courteously and acknowledged my authority ; as he speaks Spanish and no other language, and I speak English and no Spanish, the interview, except so far as formalities were concerned, was not specially interesting ; all that was necessary to be communicated, however, were transmitted through an interpreter, his Secretary, a gentleman of the half blood, I imagine, his mother having been a first class negress. I was sadly put to it for uniform, my tailor having omitted to send me the coat till the very last moment, when the steamer left the dock, and when nobody could be found to receipt for it. I managed to make a shift, however, with the coat of my Secretary, that I borrowed for the occasion, that, fortunately, I was able to buckle round me. I found the President ready to receive me in full state at the Executive Mansion, a very old, but very substantial building, erected as are most of the first-class houses here, on the hollow square and courtyard in the centre principle, like Mr. Kirby's, at Cincinnati. He is a handsome, and I should think accomplished man, and has won distinction as a soldier. He is bitterly opposed to Mosquero, who is now a prisoner at Bogota, and awaits the coming of what he calls the Constitutional President, who is now abroad, but expected here in the course of two or three weeks. The most noticeable things about the man, that I could discover, physically, were his beautiful long and silky beard, black as jet and soft as down, and his hands and finger nails, the former small, white and delicate, like a young girl's, the latter cultivated to a pro-

digious length. I am constantly reminded of the stories my father used to tell me of the manners and customs of the people here and I remember this matter of the nails was a peculiarity he mentioned as among the wealthy and a certain class who in that way advertised that they never performed any manual labor. Another thing (to digress, as he used to say) was the stories he told about their racing horses and the gait and style of their going with the manner of bit and harness and seat of rider, all of which is to the letter true to-day. He was a wonderful man and the older I grow and the more I see, the better able I am to appreciate him. Well, I got through with the President, and having eased myself of my own harness, must attempt some vague description of this old, old town as it strikes me and nothing I ever read or heard of can appear more antiquated, not primitive, but antiquated, carrying your mind back to the centuries that are gone. The site for a city is peculiarly well located, in a military and civil sense, and I doubt not a city has been here far beyond the memory of the traditions of man. As you approach it from the railroad depot, you are unfavorably impressed, the long covered way that composes the depot occupying nearly all the available ground and shutting out all view ; the passengers are shoved out from the cars at one end and hurried through to a little tugboat that lies at the wharf at the other end, like wheat through a mill hopper. Hustled and crowded and jostled and jammed, hot and oppressed, with children, sick women and small parcels, their visions of Panama are like horrid dreams of the night, and it lingers in their memory as the nightmare of an evil conscience : hence Panama fever. Escaping from these damned spirits, he who proposes to sojourn here, after taking seat in a New York omnibus, propelled by force of mule meat which gets terribly thrashed *in transitu*, finds himself meandering up steep and crooked ways, till inside a wall erected centuries ago, he realizes he is in Panama. All sorts of queer-looking tenements greet his sight, roofed with corrugated tiles, that is to say, a succession of earthen cylinders, the convex side up, each about two feet in length, and laid parallel end to end, these never decay, and having been ex

posed to the weather for years have assumed all sorts of colors. The most of these tenements are used both for mercantile and social purposes, the store or shop being below the family, or place of pleasure, where billiards, cards, music, or what not above ; many of the signs were in English, a few in French, the bulk in the Spanish language. Mingled with these tenements are the market stalls, where again I had confirmation of my father's stories, that I used to set down as traveller's tales. The meat is cut from the bone in long strings, and sold by the yard, and these strings hung from the crossbars in strange festoons, while the bare bones grin at their base, offer no alluring or appetizing appearance. Passing through narrow but well paved streets, at last you emerge into the grand plaza, a hollow square about double the size of our garden, surrounded on the one side by stores, over one of which is my consulate, on the other by the State House of Panama, on the third by one of the strangest, most weird looking citadels, and on the fourth by the "Grand Hotel," that commands a view of the bay from the upper windows of the front rooms, one of which I occupy. This bay is small, securely landlocked, and very, very beautiful in its aspect at all times. Here and there between the islands that loom up with lofty peaks, covered with most vivid green, you catch a glimpse of the wide Pacific rolling eternally, and as I see it at this moment, serene, calm, as if no storm ever ruffled its bosom. Passing out from the Plaza oceanward, you come again to the city walls and the mole. This is a charming promenade, and when the tide is up and the waves dash on the rocks beneath, while the fresh sea breeze comes in, exhilarating. The cathedral deserves more than passing notice. I have not yet been inside of it ; the outside seems to have been formed out of a sort of concrete. So far as the tower is concerned (I have since by peeping round the corner discovered there are two of them) that looms up lofty and white, the glare is relieved by all sorts of wild weeds and flowers that have rooted themselves among the battlements; on the top of the tower is a belfry containing certain cracked bells, that they employ a multitude of boys to beat and bruise and hammer with all sorts of stones

and other weapons, till they howl and jingle with a horrid agony, piercing the ears of men and making them think that for a time hell has broken loose. A large number are deaf in consequence, but the most part of the population have gone crazy from the effects of the dreadful tintinnabulum. The more the bells are cracked, the louder they are made to bellow, and the more vigorously they are pounded ; and the population being cracked, the symphony is more complete. The main part of the building is composed of stone, green with the moss of ages, and with many a niche left here and there for a graven image to stand in. The whole concern looks like an exaggerated witch of Endor, turned into a church, and if Samuel or Saul, on whomever the man was that she appeared to, was to come again on earth and see this ecclesiastical architecture " he would lay all along on the ground," as he did when he called the witch up. It is the abode of many priests, all of whom have families. The number of the bells alluded to that suffer in these towers are ten, in fact, but those who do not know this have supposed them to be ten thousand. The people subsist principally on water brought from a distance by boys in casks fitted to pack saddles on the backs of mules, and it is a beautiful and refreshing sight to see a small mule with two of these barrels strung on each side and a youth, without any hat, or stockings, or shoes, or coat, or vest, or suspenders, or pantaloons, bearing in short nothing but a whip, perched on top. The water they bring is supposed to be wholesome. Some other people drink rain water, judging from the roofs. I have come to the solemn conclusion to drink none at all. Panama affords a fine field for the study of anatomy, the human frame, after the most approved style of the model artist, being presented in strong relief. The entire absence of covering, to the uninstructed eye, produces effects that are rather startling at first, but warm and brilliant coloring soon relieves the shock. Perhaps the less said about the matter the better, but the populace of Panama are not celebrated for carrying out in all respects the law Moses laid down for sanitary purposes.

I am told society is rather pleasant here than otherwise.



As yet I have seen but very few gentlemen and no ladies. Some of the Spanish women are represented as being beautiful, and all extravagantly fond of dancing. The daughters of the priests mingle freely in society ; one of them is said to be very beautiful. They go by their fathers' names. I have not heard of their sons as yet, though inasmuch as they have daughters, it is supposed to be possible for them to have sons. Before the close of a lengthy but rather dreary letter, I shall hope to be able to give you a larger experience than the sojourn of but a day makes me deficient in.

Quite an exciting little whaling adventure occurred in this bay on the afternoon of 26th inst., resulting in the capture of a large whale off Taboga, a beautiful island a few miles from the shore. It appears that an officer of the American whaling bark, *Sea Ranger*, which arrived here the day before, whilst on board the vessel at her anchorage, sighted a young whale or calf, and, knowing the mother or cow could not be far off, immediately sent a couple of boats in pursuit. The crew soon succeeded in harpooning the calf, which immediately afterwards joined the cow, and both started seawards, followed by the boats and bark. Off Taboga the old whale was captured, and turned out to be a fine one for this region. It measured sixty feet long, fifteen and a half feet across the flukes, with fins twenty-two feet in length, and produced thirty-seven barrels of oil. It is something very unusual for a large whale to be captured in this bay so near the shore. Lieutenant Livingstone, of man-of-war, *Dakota*, stationed at this point, witnessed the whole affair, and gave me an animated account of it. Captain Spicer, in command, sent him ashore to offer courtesies, etc., and to place the ship's boats at my disposal. As one of them is a steam launch, I shall avail myself of his politeness, and from time to time explore the islands of the bay.

A ship (this is Tuesday, the 30th, I am writing) has just arrived from Peru, and the hotel is filled with passengers. I forgot to tell you that a French ship came in yesterday, and brought six nuns, I think, in all, with three or four priests also. They are sisters of charity, or sisters of mercy, and you will be glad to know they are in the house, for when I

get the fever they will take care of me. . . . It is one of the South and Central American customs to have men chambermaids, there are no women employed for any purpose about this large hotel ; men cooks, men waiters, men housekeepers and men chambermaids. With the exception of Mrs. Hough and the aforesaid nuns, I have not seen a female about the house, and I believe men do the laundry work. It is, in fact, throughout the tropics, as father used to say, " a heaven for women, a purgatory for men, and a hell for jackasses." Those poor beasts, with the mules and ponies, are most scandalously treated. There is a wide field here for the efforts of Mr. Berg and those humanitarians who desire to relieve the sufferings of beasts. The creatures are unmercifully overladen. They put great packs upon them, more than they can well stagger under, and then a great oaf gets up on top of the pack. The answer to it all is, I suppose, that they have no business to be jackasses. There are strange birds, something between a crow and a buzzard, flying about quite tame, a species of vulture, that are encouraged and act, I suppose, the part of scavengers. The hotel accommodations are about as good here as anywhere else, the prices high, a little higher than in New York. Three or four steamers have arrived since my advent, and the San Francisco ship is expected to-morrow. There is a population here of about ten thousand, six thousand of which claims pure Spanish origin,—doubtful. Thus I have given you in a hurried, desultory way my impressions of Panama as far as I have got.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
AT PANAMA, Aug. 9, 1867.

MY DEAR MOTHER :

You ask how I am, and naturally want to know how I live. I think there is but little change in my feelings, save the languor, lassitude, engendered by a tropical climate. I take but little exercise, to do which, indeed, there is no temptation ; have more disposition to sleep during the day, for the rest it is about the same. There is yellow fever here

within the last two or three days. I have heard of cases of black vomit, but it is not epidemic. The malarial fever of the country obtains at all times, and is similar to what I suffered with in the South. The atmosphere is decidedly malarial. The temperature is very different from what you would suppose in a locality so near the Equator. The city is built upon a little promontory that juts out into the bay, and from three sides there is an opportunity for sea breeze that from one or the other quarter plays nearly the whole day long, consequently by keeping in the shade and changing positions one can keep cool, and since my arrival I have felt it necessary to lay aside my linen garments and resume the woollens suitable for spring or fall in the States. The nights are invariably cool ; but this is so from the night winds; the bed on which I lie becomes heated to an intolerable degree ; fortunately, I have two in my chamber, and I change from one to the other two or three times in the night. The danger here is from exposure to the sun, to drafts, and to rain. Everybody, of both sexes, and ages, and all colors carries umbrellas, and is very careful of currents of air. In a healthy condition, one perspires freely and continuously in copious streams ; if from any cause this perspiration is checked, fever must ensue. Were it not for the winds, the heat would be insufferable, yet it is of the last importance to guard yourself from the winds or their direct action, and to keep the pores open. Daily bathing all decent people regard as indispensable ; also they avoid the fruits of the country, bananas, pineapples, etc., excepting limes, that are used freely. I am living at a hotel, but in a day or two, as soon as I have purchased some furniture, shall remove to the Consulate, where I have four rooms, one of which will be for office purposes, one for a parlor, one for my secretary and his wife, and the fourth I shall use as my chamber. My predecessor in office, Dr. Little, died in the room a few months since of yellow fever, and therefore I have had it well scrubbed and whitewashed. Furniture here is enormously dear, and it will cost me many hundreds of dollars to furnish the Consulate. For the present I shall buy only sufficient for the chamber, but even that at second or third

hand is offered me at three hundred and fifty dollars, only enough for one room ; and without carpet, that indeed, would only be a nuisance here. What I say of furniture applies to everything else. All the means and appliances of living cost more here in gold and silver than in New York in paper. The food is bad, very bad ; the material is bad, the cooking worse. The bread is execrable, sour, made of damaged Chili flour. Butter is never put upon the table. Ice plenty enough, but costs fifteen cents a pound. I have not found a single palatable dish since I have been here. There is some society here, some intelligent men. I have seen very few of the women. There are the families of the French and English consuls, and other foreign consuls, some eight or ten altogether, the officers of the man-of-war *Dakota* that lies off in the bay, and the gentlemen connected with the steamship company and the railroad, and there are a number of respectable merchants, native and foreign. With society here, however, whatever may be its material, I imagine I shall have little to do. I shall be compelled to look in upon myself for society and occupation, which till now have been supplied from many a pleasant circle at divers places, by which it has been my happiness to be surrounded,—a conjuncture which must be felt to be understood. My way in this part of the journey of life must be dark and solitary. Whether substantial reward will follow the sacrifice remains to be proved. If it is accorded, in whatever shape it comes, so that it is revealed in the added prosperity and happiness of the home circle, I shall feel that no sacrifice of self will have been too great, and that I shall not have lived wholly in vain. Of course, it will be my ambition to illustrate my office that has been sadly neglected, and events likely to transpire may give me an opportunity of doing this, while adding to my fame and the glory of my country. No one can foresee who may be the agents of the Most High in shaping the destinies of nations. I pray for wisdom with His grace, wisdom that is better worth than wealth or power or glory.

The turkey buzzards are encouraged here to act as scaven-

gers, and hop about the streets and roost on the housetops as tame pigeons about our cities, and just now at this moment, suddenly and without noise, an ugly bird, long-legged, lean, mangy, foul, has lit upon the gable end of an adjoining house, and with one leg hid under his wing, is peering at me with a speculative eye, wondering when he will have the pleasure of disputing with the worms the right of way to my heart and bowels. If the latter give him as much trouble as they have me, he 'll wish he had n't found it. I turn from the contemplation of that vulture to the sad sea-wave, that I can just see from where I sit breaking on the beach, and far beyond, between the islands of Toboga and Flamingo, rolls the Pacific, its dimpled waves glittering in the first rays of sunlight that has broken the cloudy day. This, you know, is the wet season, and the rain it raineth every day. All things are damp, and woollens that have hung a day are covered with blue mould that hangs thick on gloves and books. The paper on which I write is wet as if soaked. This will in some measure account for the blotted appearance that is unavoidable.

It would be gratifying to me to see some of the theoretical amalgamationists of the States, those at least who pretend to virtue and intelligence, thrust into and compelled to form part of the society of Panama, in which there is no distinction as to color or race. Practical miscegenation is the order of the day. My servant is a full-blooded negro from the island of Jamaica ; he is married to a pure blonde Englishwoman, who came out here as a governess to an English family. The other day there came and sat down by me at table a couple, one of whom was white, the other black. The white women seem to prefer the black men, as a general rule, the black men rather prefer their own color. Slavery was abolished here some thirty years ago. The blacks now demand and receive social equality. There are two very respectable tri-weekly newspapers published here, one of which appears each alternate day. The editor of one of these is a mulatto. The habits of the people, particularly the mixed breeds, are filthy in the extreme. The children

go about perfectly naked. The women wear but one garment, a good many of the men nothing but a breech clout. The scenery about Panama is very beautiful, the bay especially, with its delightful group of islands, and enlivened by ships, steamers, and small craft, offers a water view unsurpassed ; while the grandeur of the forests, with their rich tropical verdure clothing the mountains that loom up from the plains which stretch on every side, with their groves of gay, flowering trees and shrubs fills with wonder the stranger to the tropics. The exquisite flower called "E Spiritu Santo," the flower of the Holy Ghost, was brought to me this morning, having just come into bloom. Truly a wonder and curiosity in the floral kingdom. It is purely white and like wax, excepting just under the wings of the dove, that seems brooding upon the nest, there is a tinge of pink. I suppose it has been described to you before. It grows from a bulb ; the flowers open along the top of a stalk somewhat after the manner of lilies ; the bud before opening is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and as the leaves unfold, you see in the centre this exquisitely beautiful image of a dove, body, head, neck, wings outstretched, pure white and perfect. There are many beautiful flowers, the wax plant prettier than any ; fine roses.

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UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
PANAMA, Aug. 21, 1867.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

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To my surprise, I have not found the insects here as numerous or so annoying as at home, though there are creatures I have not seen that infest the houses, whose bite is almost deadly, a kind of scorpion, that crawls to the ceiling and drops upon the bed. They are as large as a small crawfish, and sometimes one is covered with fifty others, for the young ones cling to and cover the mother, whom they ultimately eat up. Fortunately, they will not bite unless disturbed ; they may crawl over you in your sleep and leave you unhurt, but if you accidentally touch them, they use

the sting at the end of their tail with instant and terrible effect. The pain is excessive, sometimes the victim is seized with lockjaw, always to a certain extent paralyzed. The country is infested with many kinds of serpents not described in natural history ; some of them are very venomous, others of the boa-constrictor tribe attain to a very large size. One of these was killed a short time since within a brief distance from the Consulate in the city that weighed fifty-six pounds, and was eighteen feet in length. There is a kind of snake here, very long, of a bright green color, but not larger round than a quill ; these hang and twine upon the trees resembling the trailing vines and parasitical plants, and are deadly in their bite. There is another smaller kind of a vivid green and gold color, dazzlingly beautiful, whose venom is incurable. The vampire obtains here in great numbers. An acquaintance of mine, who last night related to me the circumstance, killed one of them in the church last Sunday, that measured twelve inches ; but this was considered a small specimen. The stories you have heard of this bat are not exaggerated, on the contrary, scarcely come up to the truth. They are exceedingly troublesome in this part of the country. They attack chickens and turkeys on the roost at night, and suck their blood under their feet till they fall lifeless. They bleed horses and cattle to death in a single night. If a native falls asleep, leaving his toe out of the blanket, they will suck blood from it, till their victim is almost exhausted and blood continues to flow from the wound that is difficult to heal for days after the puncture has been made. They do not bite, but by means of warts or excrescences that grow about their mouths, suck a hole through the skin, near a vein that their instinct teaches them to discover, and while the process of suction is going on, and that is not painful, they keep up a constant and noiseless vibration of their wings, that in the hot night lulls their prey to sweetest slumber. I believe they do not attack man or poultry near the head or breast, but always at the toe. Horses they always seize on the neck, near the withers. They are an exceedingly ugly creature, somewhat like our common bat very much exaggerated, and with a crooked

horn on their head. They look exactly like the devil. The fauna of the Isthmus, likewise, has been very much neglected in description by all naturalists whose works I have read. I have been told of many strange animals that roam the woods, of which I cannot pretend to give you an idea. Among them is a sort of tapir, with an immense snout more than a yard in length; these are frequently seen larger than a Durham cow. There are several kinds of ant-eaters, great animals with mouths not larger than a rat's, and with tongues from three to four feet long. These are amphibious animals; also a sort of fresh-water sea-cow, that comes out from the rivers and feeds on the shore; these are often fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds weight, and of these no historian speaks. I have myself seen here in the city many small animals that are kept for pets, a sort of marmot or marmoset, and a creature quite black and resembling our mink; many other creatures I never heard of. I have also seen many monkeys, and think that last Sunday I ate of one, but of this am not sure. Some of them are very small, others so large that yesterday I mistook one that had laid down in the plaza for a boy, and wondered what the man was pulling him along by a string for, till the creature erected himself on his hind legs and stood almost as high as the man's shoulder. Of the lizard kind there are many varieties, among them the iguana, that is eaten and highly esteemed by some for food, though it is said if one indulges too freely in the luxury, his skin becomes covered with a sort of scaly eruption. Their eggs are also deemed a delicacy, and sometimes they catch the creature, cut it open, take from it its eggs and let it go, to recover for further operations. These iguanas grow to a great size, some of them measuring five or six feet. To the ornithologist, no more interesting field is open. Rare birds of every hue in plumage, and some with the clearest, richest, purest note you can imagine, abound. Parrots and parroquets are very numerous, and easily tamed. They offer them for half a dollar and upwards. The humming-birds are exquisite. Quail abound, and the guinea-fowl in two sizes are wild here. There is one song bird, whose whistle is louder, clearer, far more musical



than that of any bird I ever listened to, that is often caged. They are about the size of a robin, but of variegated plumage of a rich gold and jet black, something like a goldfinch. They perform almost one entire bar. The insect world is rich in butterflies, and these I have no language to describe, so glittering is their color, so large is their size. Some specimens have been sold for an ounce, or what would be worth with you twenty-five dollars. For fish, there are many varieties, some of which are very good eating, while the gold and silver fish abound. Sharks are very plentiful, and large schools of the black whale are often seen spouting in the harbor. I wrote in my last letter that one had been taken, and yesterday another was caught by the crew of a whaler that had just come to anchor. The pearl oysters abound near the Pearl Islands of Panama, some forty miles distant. I have not visited them as yet, but expect to shortly. There are now employed upon these islands an average of four hundred and fifty native divers. A boat, or submarine explorer as it is called, has been invented, and is now here, by means of which it is expected that larger and finer pearls and shells than have ever before been brought to light, will be fished up. The usual method of fishing is attended with many disadvantages and dangers. The divers cannot go beyond a certain depth, about seven fathoms. They are at all times in danger of an attack from the Tinteros ground sharks and Macugos. They can only work three hours per day, just before and after low slack water, on account of the heavy currents. These difficulties, it is expected, by the use of new and improved machinery, will be overcome. I have as yet been very little distance into the country, so that I cannot very well describe the forests or the flora. The latter I imagine from what specimens I have seen must be inexpressibly beautiful. In former times there were nunneries here, and as relics many a rose now blooms from scions of bushes planted by the sisterhood, of a size, beauty, and fragrance almost indescribable; some of these, with dahlias and other flowers of our own, I have seen and recognized with pleasant memories; but the strange and wonderfully beautiful flowers and shrubs indigenous to the soil are seen only here.

The funeral of a young girl passed my door not long since, the first funeral I have witnessed here. First in procession was borne a table covered with a white silk cloth, and on this was strewn a profusion of flowers ; then came a very handsome coffin slung in white silken bands, one end of each being carried by a bearer and two small boys holding ribbons attached, marching a little in front ; after this a crowd of well dressed men, not in marching order, but in groups, many of them smoking, and the cortege brought up by a priest well dressed, who for this occasion was not smoking, although many of them do as they walk along the streets in their long black cloaks. You would be amused to see them carry their babies here ; the imps are generally quite naked, and they all ride, straddled, on the mother's or nurses' hips, clinging like little monkeys. I took one of them in my hands the other day, it felt queer and cold like a fish. You ask if I was seasick during my voyage. Not in the least, nor can I say I made either friends or many acquaintances. It was a week of rest to me, and upon the whole I enjoyed it, though I think life at sea rather a humdrum affair after the first day or two. There is very little romance about it, and I dare say Miss Eliza Cook, who wrote *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, had never been to sea.

This morning I saw a lady standing in the balcony of the hotel with her hair down and combed back, and though she was tall or taller than you, it came within two or three inches of touching the ground. It is very common for ladies to wear their hair in this way, even in the evening, but always in the morning at home. They are passionately fond of dancing, and dance well. Their dances, for the most part, are like ours, the round dances being the favorites, except the Spanish dance, which is peculiar and very fascinating. They have card-tables, at which high play goes on, and the dancers leave the floor to take a chance, and having played a while resume the dance. The Bishop goes to all the balls and parties attended by his chaplain, and joins in the festivities, except that he don't dance. He seems

to be a very clever man, and I have become acquainted with him. The ladies dress very expensively and in very good taste, many of the dresses being imported from Paris. They marry very young. I know a lady who has been married twelve years, who has buried two children, and who has now seven living, the youngest being about two months, who is only twenty-six years old, and is very handsome. She danced at all the balls. A young lady was pointed out to me the other day as being not quite fourteen, and she will be married soon. I thought she was twenty. They are mostly very brunette, though I have seen some nearly blonde. All have been very polite to me, though, as but few of them talk French and none of them English, it does not cost much, as we have little to say to each other. There are no schools here, and I imagine they are not very cultivated. At Lima and Valparaiso, you find the most fascinating Spanish women. The wife of my servant was an English governess, and is said to be accomplished, speaking French, Spanish, etc., and expected to keep a school, but fell into bad health and was compelled to marry my servant. He is a colored man from Jamaica, and thus far makes me a tolerably good servant. I have recently had a visit from Admiral Palmer of our navy. . . . There is a pretty fair society of navy men. Captain Spicer of the *Dakota* is a clever fellow and a fine musician. We have no lack of music, and of first rate quality, piano, guitar, flute, and vocal music. An Italian troop passed through to Guatemala the other day and gave a concert. Indeed, I had concert from them all the while they were here, three or four days, as they occupied the next room to me. I enclose you a ticket. Panama is an expensive place, and all live as if to-day was the last day.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
PANAMA, Sept. 17, 1867.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I write a few lines in anticipation of the arrival of the coming mail due 17th inst. I shall sail for San Francisco in

the steamer *Montana* that leaves this port that day, unless I am withheld by some unanticipated intelligence from the States. It is my intention to remain in California some six or seven days; therefore, if I start on the 19th, the voyage requiring thirteen days, I shall arrive, barring accident, on the 3d October, remaining in San Francisco till the 9th October. I shall return to this point on or about the 23d October. So that you will not receive intelligence of me again till the arrival of the *Montana* steamer. I will write immediately on my arrival at San Francisco, though I shall be the bearer of my own letters part of the way home. My despatches per this steamer will not be of a very interesting character. No events of importance have transpired, and I have not felt particularly like writing. On Saturday last I made a voyage to Taboga, one of the islands of the bay, and was handsomely entertained by a British man-of-war, lying there, that gave me a salute of nine guns, and a fine dinner. I was also entertained on board a large Australian steamer, the *Rakaiva*, Captain Millet, with lunch, and on shore at dinners, breakfasts, etc., by the Superintendent of the works, a highly accomplished Scotchman, by the name of Nuss. He has a large force, several hundred men, under him, workers in iron, brass, and the machinery for ships. I returned on the fine Guatemala steamer, *Talca*, well pleased with my voyage and visit, that did me good in the change of air. Last night was the occasion of the largest and most elegant ball ever given in Panama. It was got up by the foreigners and given to the Panameros. The whole hotel was appropriated to the purpose, a flooring laid in the large court for dancing, and the balconies festooned with the flags of all nations. I am frank to say that I never saw so fine a ball given anywhere. The ladies were richly dressed; the supper, wines, etc., were most superb and bountiful, and the dancing and gambling was kept up till six o'clock this morning, I know. How much longer I cannot say, for at that hour I left. You would have been amused to see me take charge . . . of the very Reverend Bishop of Panama, with whom I am apparently a favorite. I took the old gentleman . . . out to the wine room and regaled him

on champagne punch to his heart's content. He always mingles with the festivities here. . . . The passion for these amusements pervades all classes and conditions of men and women in these countries. I cannot complain of any lack of civility or politest courtesy on the part of all public functionaries and private citizens towards myself ; indeed, I have been overwhelmed with attention, and my flag has had all the honors. I delivered a speech last night, and was the author of some toasts and sentiments.

I believe I have written you that the Bay of Panama is so called from the immense number of fish that swarm in the waters. The word in the vernacular signifying " fishy." I never had an opportunity till my visit to Taboga to have ocular demonstration of the aptness of the designation. The water is perfectly clear, so clear that you can look many, many feet, more than thirty, beneath the surface, and for hours I stood watching fish of the most brilliant and beautiful colors you can imagine, disporting themselves, or seeking their prey. No word painting can convey an idea of the brilliancy of the hue or the variety of coloring that these fish present. Their appearance darting through the bright and perfectly clear water, reminds you of an Arabian tale. Indeed, I have never read anything in the wildest romance that ever came before my eye to equal what nature and the everyday occurrences of life present. The most vivid and ingenious imagination sinks into insignificance before the great Creator and the works of Nature.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP " MONTANA,"  
PACIFIC OCEAN, Sept. 21, 1867.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER BETTIE:

We have a right staunch ship, and a clever captain and good crew. We are bowling along over a summer sea, through the soft air of the tropics, at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles a day, our course is N. W. and  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. We have passed out of the Gulf of Panama, and are now

hauling up north, and after a while when we have taken an observation, before closing this letter I will give you our latitude and longitude, so that by reference to your map, you can indicate our position. We have upwards of five hundred passengers, among them a party of ladies and gentlemen who have started on a pleasure excursion to make a voyage quite around the world. From San Francisco they will take passage on this company's splendid steamer *China* for China and the East Indies ; after traversing that wonderful country, they will sail for Europe, and expect to be back in New York within nine months from the time of starting. They are pleasant and companionable people of New York, though one of the gentlemen, I think, is dying of consumption. I helped his wife to minister to him to-day, and fear he will not live to his journey's end. We have also a lively and musical set of bright colored passengers from Germany in the shape of one thousand canary birds, who are emigrating to California, each in his own tiny wicker cage in company with some blackbirds, thrushes, bob-o'links and guinea-pigs, not forgetting some Poland chickens with top-knots, all in charge of their owner, a stout, florid-looking fellow, who makes three or four of these trips every year, and who is wonderfully expeditious in cleaning, feeding, and watering his flock. Such a chirping, chattering and warbling as a thousand canaries make at feeding time you never heard. We have on board one hundred and sixty-two children. One of these last interesting specimens strolled into my state-room yesterday, and gobbled up two of my shoes, leaving me quite in despair, as they were odd shoes, and the two left were for the same foot. I had the ship searched to no end, and had quite given them up as the prey of the spoiler, when my cabin boy returned with the boots triumphantly, having discovered them stowed away with a tin trumpet among the mother's clothes. I receive a great deal of consideration on board ship, having been given my choice of state-rooms, and seated at the right hand of the captain at dinner, a distinction much sought after. The captain is profoundly polite, has given me the run of his own cabin, presented me with a case of wine, and turned

over his own steward as my special body servant. If the ship was my own private yacht, I could not have more care and attention or more luxury. Ex-Senator Gwin, or Duke Gwin as he is sometimes called, . . . is aboard, and I cannot but contrast our relative positions now and what they were ten years ago, when he was the proud Senator from California.

All day yesterday, that was bright and pleasant, we coasted along the shores of the Gulf of Panama and Parida, land and islands almost constantly in sight, the shores clothed with densest forest to the water's edge, except here and there where lofty rocks would rear their gaunt forms against the sky. With the naked eye we could observe the graceful palms throwing their long branches over the waves that rippled at their feet, and with the aid of the glass, we could discern the fruit hanging in ripe clusters. The view and voyage were enchanting, and only needed companionship of the loved to make it Paradise. The temperature is invariable, about 85°; the air humid, and the rushing motion of the ship cleaving her way through the billows gives always on the deck an inspiring breeze. I am taking back my health with every inspiration, and as I pass through the Golden Gate shall be a new man. Now as I write we are quite out to sea, and far out of sight of land. At 12.45 P.M. passed and exchanged signals with steamer *Golden City* from San Francisco, bound to Panama, 427 miles. At 3 P.M. our course was N. W. Cape Blanco abeam. Passed Point Gilones at 6.30 P.M. distant 7 miles. You will perceive we are running along the coast, passing Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala. From 7 P.M. to midnight, constant heavy rains, frequent vivid lightning, and terrific thunder.

Sunday, September 22d. This day comes in variable winds and dark raining weather; at midnight course N. W. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N., at 6 A.M. moderate breeze from the South. Nothing in sight this forenoon. Rose very early, took, as is my habit, a cold salt bath. As I sat astern reading, a

sweet little bird, about the size of a Java sparrow, with beautiful plumage, flew on board and lit at my very feet. The little wanderer was very tired, almost exhausted, but he would not permit me to catch him. Still he would not fly away from the ship, and after I had driven him into the main saloon I gave up the pursuit. The captain and a delegation of the passengers came to me to ask that I would conduct Divine service, attracted, I suppose, by my position and perhaps uniform. I am all unused to making sacrifice before the Lord, but "the cause that needs assistance, the wrong that needs resistance, the future in the distance, and the good that I can do," is my motto. So I possessed myself of prayer-book and Bible, studied out the lessons of the day, and at the appointed hour, took my stand in the large saloon, behind a table spread with an American flag, myself arrayed in full regimentals, and surrounded by the Captain, as many of the ship's company as were off duty, and all of the passengers who could crowd in, making a congregation of four or five hundred souls. I gave them the Church Service, with the proper lessons of the day from Jeremiah and Luke, a couple of psalms and hymns, an exhortation and dismissal, and the most of them went off with opinion I had been bred to the Church.

And now, my dear daughter, in the presence of a mighty storm, gradually growing worse, I bid you adieu. May God bless and preserve you and take the place of your earthly father in giving that protection you so much need now.

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA, October 9, 1867.

MY DEAR WIFE :

The weather, however, is gloriously beautiful, and would seem to be perfectly healthy for all. I cannot now give my impressions of California. It is impossible for me to write now as I would, ideas throng so fast that expression is lost to me. Suffice it to say, that all I ever thought or dreamed



of this wonderful, glorious land is more than realized. The whole earth is fecund with animal and vegetable life. The choicest blessings have been showered with the most lavish hand of a merciful and bountiful Providence upon a chosen people. To descend to particulars I cannot ; all I might say would serve to give but the faintest idea. I have been particularly favored in the facilities offered me for coming in contact with the leading men of San Francisco ; indeed I may say of the State at large, and all of my time since my arrival has been fully occupied. The people have welcomed me with a warm welcome, such as one might expect in returning to his home. I have been taken to their houses and hearts as a brother. At this time I am a sojourner and guest with Col. Hayward of San Mateo, at his country seat in that town and county, about twenty miles from San Francisco. He discovered and worked successfully a gold mine, and his energy, integrity, perseverance, courage, and indomitable will are as marked and as boundless as the wealth of the mine which has made his name famous throughout the world. This gentleman has turned his house, grounds, stables, all they contain over to me to use as my own. Indeed, has left me in full occupancy, and would be well pleased if I could enjoy for a much longer time than I can spare part of the blessings poured out upon him. It would take pages to describe this earthly paradise. The grounds, fruits, flowers, trees, birds, poultry, horses, cows, and all that go to make up a splendid seat on the shore of the most beautiful bay in the world, in the most perfect climate in the world, enriched with all that taste, and genius and art and wealth could suggest and procure. He has two race tracks of a mile in extent each, and among his other trainers has Hiram Woodruff's right hand man, who studied the art of horses under that genius for fourteen years. Mr. Hayward owns and trains a number of racehorses both for the turf and trotting course, but never permits one to appear in a public race, or make a trial of speed for money. He keeps up a racing stud of over a hundred horses only for his own amusement. Everything else with him is upon the same scale. The wealth and manner of life of these men is

incredible. Mr. Ralston, the brother of<sup>1</sup> Walter's friend, is another of the successful ones. He has a place a few miles above this, say twenty-five miles from the city, and drives in and out every day on wheels, driving himself four-in-hand with relays, and accomplishing the distance invariably, morning and evening, in two hours.

. . . . .

CISCO, CALIFORNIA, Oct. 16, 1867.

I cannot say this time thus far have I penetrated the bowels of the land, but I may say thus far have I ascended to its highest peaks. At the present writing I am at the end of the great Pacific Railroad, as far as they have been able up to this time to lay the track on this side of the mountains. I am in Placer County, on the confines of Nevada County, in the State of California, five thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and within a few hundred feet of the summit level of the Nevada Mountains that is only fifteen miles distant. I am two hundred and twenty miles from San Francisco, six hundred and eighty miles from Salt Lake. So much for position. My health is better, but I have a terrible cough and cold, the result of change, nothing of any consequence, except the temporary inconvenience. I have only a single moment to write ere the train starts back. I shall go no farther up as the atmosphere is intensely rarified and the weather is bitterly cold ; moreover I am pushed for time, as I want to start back for Panama on the 19th, though I may possibly be detained. I wish you could see me as I write and the rugged face of nature grimly frowns upon me. Every mountainside and valley hereabouts is teased and torn for the precious ore. Miners, Chinese, hardy men of all sorts are about me.

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ON BOARD STEAMER "GOLDEN CITY,"  
IN THE GULF OF PANAMA, October 31, 1867.

. . . . .

I shall probably be too busy on my arrival at Panama, which we expect to make to-morrow morning, to be able to

<sup>1</sup> His brother, Walter G. Smith of the SS. *Cortes*, b. 1828, d. 1859.

write, and I have had a strange indisposition, that I have been unable all the voyage to overcome, to write to anybody. Notwithstanding I had determined to take advantage of the leisure to give you full detail of my travels and adventures ; coming down from a bracing climate to the tropics relaxes my nerves and unfits me for fatigue. I think my health considerably improved, and for many accounts am glad I made the voyage, my only regret being that I could not remain longer in California. Our trip down has been so exceedingly pleasant, there having been good company of ladies and gentlemen, among the latter Senators Stewart and Conness, friends of mine, and some army officers. Hilarity and much mirth has prevailed, and a most pleasant voyage secured.

PANAMA, Oct. 12, 1868.

I arrived here Saturday last safe and without accident from my voyage that was devoid of interest or incident other than would arise from a most uncomfortably crowded ship. An opposition line has had the effect of reducing fares, that results in many persons whose proper place is in the steerage finding their way into the first-class cabin. Moreover, emigration is stimulated, and a ship calculated to carry three or four hundred comfortably, brought eight hundred passengers and a hundred soldiers, to say nothing of the multitude of children that are not counted. Nevertheless, sandwiched as I was between a Jew and a young midshipman, in a narrow and contracted stateroom, sleeping on a wet mattress, in a berth not long enough or large enough for a liberal coffin, sitting all the day in wet shoes, and harassed with a multitude of children in all stages of disease, of which hives, smallpox, and measles were most prevalent, and dieted on foul and ill-cooked food, I managed to get through in better health than when I left home, and at present writing am stronger than when I took my sad farewell from you. I find Panama in a state of revolution that is pregnant with battle and murder by the dagger and the bowl ; assassination by

poison is frequent. An expedition is being fitted out for "Chiriqui," soldiers are being conscripted, leading citizens incarcerated to force loans, and all the excitement, panics, outrage, incident to the preliminaries of war among a semi-savage and infuriated people obtain in this theatre, of which my flag forms the drop curtain. My advent was hailed with great joy and acclaim, particularly by those who represent the interest of the transit, and indeed all foreigners. The self-styled President of Panama, and he who represents the party in power (and that considers itself the Government), is named Correoso, a half-blooded negro, upon whom I propose to call in person to-day. This Government admits that it is revolutionary, and is opposed by a party of about equal numbers, headed by a prefect of department called Santiago Agnero, who, with a force well equipped and armed, is waiting the conflict about to be forced. The problems of these Governments, *de facto* and *de jure*, in a constant convulsion and frequent revolution, are not only difficult to solve, but well nigh impossible to state to the correct understanding of those unfamiliar with language and customs of a race depraved by miscegenation. These revolutionists, this Government is to-day a government of negroes or their representatives. These are the Radicals of Panama, self-styled Radicals, and answer to the Radical Party of the States. It is shocking to see the excesses committed and the vast and varied interests jeopardized by the recognition of what those now in power consider their political rights, but until they are suppressed by an armed and stronger force I am bound to recognize them. I see here to-day what will be apparent ere long in the fairest portion of our own fair land. In that day and hour God help the weak.

Aside from these internal convulsions, upon which I will not longer dwell, Panama is increasing in importance as a commercial centre, while its isthmus is the great highway of the nations for the entire world. There are now arriving and departing from this port and Aspinwall (the same thing and identical in interest) twenty-eight steamers per month, foreign steamers, nearly every day a larger number of foreign regular liners than leaves any other port in the

world. These connect with New York, San Francisco, Australia, Liverpool, Saint Nazaire, France, Lima, Central America, China, Japan, the British possessions in India, the South Pacific, New Zealand, Southampton, Valparaiso, Greytown, Carthagená, and ports along the Caribbean Sea, Havana and West India Islands, connecting with all lines of steamers running from thence. It is not easy to take in without considerable reflection the vast idea of travel that all this suggests, or of the vast and varied interests that are directly here at stake, and that are at this moment trifled with and trenched upon by a parcel of marauding savages.

PANAMA, Oct. 28, 1868.

The last steamer brought me no letters. . . . The papers advise you of the political troubles of this country that is now in an active state of revolution. The seat of war is at a distance, and we hear of battles and their results from time to time. The conservation of American interests and the protection of its citizens resident here is the most onerous of my duties.

By last advices I see the Radicals are carrying the State elections, whereby the success of Grant is assured. The suicidal policy of Seymour, Vallandigham, and their selfish policy is at once expected and its results not unexpected by me.

PANAMA, Nov. 16, 1868.

MY DEAR SON DEHON :

I have just received a present of grapes and pears grown in California. One of these last, placed by myself upon accurate letter scales, weighed one and a half pounds. Now, allowing for shrinkage in a voyage of fifteen days, and for the fact that the fruit must have been plucked green to insure its transportation through the tropics without rot, there can be little doubt it would have weighed in its full ripeness

and size at least two pounds, if not more. You may judge of its magnitude when I tell you it was fifteen inches in the larger circumference, and fourteen inches measuring from the stem round, being a little broader than long, larger than a pint cup. The flavor was not very good because pulled unripe.

I have no doubt that many pears larger than the one described came down with the lot. They bring immense apples, and beets, and other roots from San Francisco, most of their flavor lost before arrival.

You would laugh to see three monkeys we have here, or rather one monkey and two marmosets, little fellows about the size and something the appearance of a gray squirrel, save that the tail is longer, not so bushy, and that their face resembles the human countenance. These creatures are very interesting in their antics. We keep the larger monkey tied, the two smaller in a box from which they are occasionally let out. They might run about all the while if it were not for their mischievous propensities, for they will not leave the premises. The monkey that is tied is very fond of one of these little fellows, that he holds in his arms, kisses, fondles, and nurses just as a mother would her child, often places it on his back, where the little creature goes to sleep clinging closely as he hops about, and swings on his tether. The companion marmoset he does not seem to affect, but if his pet is taken notice of he makes jealous outcry. The rascal has become very fond of me, and always peers into my pocket when I give him the chance. He will eat almost anything, and latterly is becoming addicted to stimulants, not hesitating much at raw brandy. He will take toddy till he becomes quite tipsy, and it would convulse you with laughter to see the varying expressions of his countenance, as mobile as a man's, and his quaint attitudes as he passes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." As for his little favorite, while he is in the flush of his libations his affection knows no bounds, and the small one, being equally pleased, surrenders at discretion. Then he takes it in his nervous hands, holds it out at arm's-length, turns it round and looks in its face, chatters and coos to it, and finally laying it down

before him, proceeds to search it all over, fingering its fur, peering and peeking just as close as ever good dame did into bairnie's head. The *protégé* never stirs in the operation till concluded, when he is lifted up to his perch on his guardian's back, when he puts his little arms round his neck and gently falls fast asleep. I have tried to teach the larger libel on humanity to smoke cigars, but with indifferent success ; he will sit quietly while I puff in his face and wriggle his nose and turn up his eyes after the most orthodox style ; likewise he will be inspired by the usual effect and become sick and stupid, but if I give him the lighted cigar, he burns himself all over and then pulls it to pieces. The funniest exhibition you can imagine, as he claps the lighted end first to one place then to another, and hopping from the burn, and deliberately squatting, seizes the end of his tail and sets fire to that, and as it smokes up, looks first at it and then in my face as if to ask what does it all mean. These creatures have all the passions—anger, fear, love, and revenge—that attaches to man ; they never forget or forgive. I saw one of the larger kind, as tall, if not taller, than Grace, march down the street, hand in hand with a British sailor, who was taking him off aboard ship, and he looked like a little black man walking. I am told of one much larger than this, down the coast, that is left unchained during the day, and that performs many of a servant's offices, waiting on table, bringing water when he is told, etc. Well, I've written you a long letter on monkeys. What do you find to amuse yourself with nowadays ? Have you finished up all the novels in Mr. Brotherhead's library ? or are you a mighty hunter ? I should like to have you improve your horsemanship a little bit, for one of these days it may stand you in stead. . . . You know how anxious I am that you should excel in all your scholastic exercises, and am sure you will do your best. I want you to exercise patience with your brothers, and be always respectful to your mother, grandmother, and sisters. If you get into any sort of trouble, no matter what it is, always go straight to your mother for advice. She will always be your best and truest friend and the most competent to advise you.

I enclose to you a bit I cut from the newspaper, you can apply it if you see proper. I believe you have discovered some taste for tobacco, but I would strenuously advise you not to touch it in any form until you have arrived at man's estate, because of the injurious effect its use would have on your health. It being a season of war here, I suppose you would like to know something about the warriors. I send you some papers that contain a pretty fair account. The victorious general is named Correoso, a half-blooded Spanish negro, and his little army, about three hundred strong, is mostly composed of negroes. You will discover by the paper that they have just returned from a successful expedition to Chiriqui and Santiago de Veraguas, where Dr. Henry Dickson lives. By the bye, I may here mention that all the inhabitants fled from that city except himself. I have not heard from him directly, but through others, and that he is well. As I was writing, Correoso and his men came to port last evening, and I rode down to see the debarkation. The army was composed of a most motley crew, and were received with the most profound demonstrations of delight by the party that favors them. This party is composed of the black population and the half-breeds and mixed races, who call themselves "Liberals," and answer to what we call Radicals. The women turned out in great force, about four horrid, fearfully ugly negresses to every soldier. Women of all ages, all races, in all climes, I believe, are ever ready to welcome the victorious soldier, no matter what cause he fights in. The welcome on this occasion was a warm one, and some of the heroes looked as if they would like to be saved from their friends. Well, they were got into line, and with their little banners flying, marched up to the Plaza, trumpets blowing, drums beating, and bells ringing out a most dissonant jingle. Then the night closed in and then they proceeded to make it hideous, and such a saturnalia I hope never to see again. I believe it all ended in sound, anyhow I have heard of no deaths. It seems from all accounts that they had a most savage fight. This army of Correoso before leaving here provided themselves with an invoice of breechloading Peabody rifles that were on consign-



ment to a mercantile house. These arms are formidable, being easily and rapidly loaded, and of great range. These gave Correoso a great advantage over the other party, and with a couple of small cannon enabled him to hold them off at arm's-length while he gave them a drubbing ; they all fought very gallantly, I am told. Their leader, Obaldea, was wounded early in the action and taken to some sheltered place to lie while the fight was going on. His troops were soon driven from the ground and he taken prisoner, whereupon he was murdered, and his corpse being fastened by a lasso to a horse's tail was dragged into the city in triumph. Thus you see these semi-savages emulate some of the heroes in ancient history, both sacred and profane, in their treatment of the slain. So brave were the soldiers, that I am told many of them being shot in the leg or in the arm would deliberately hack off the maimed limb with their machetes.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
PANAMA, Dec. 13, 1868.

MY DEAR SON:

I have written to almost everybody at home excepting yourself, and though I have but little to say to you, I cannot permit the mail to go without taking my greeting. You have just completed the period of life that marks the end of boyhood and the beginning of man's estate. Very soon the world will call you a young man, and now more than at any time in your life are you called upon to place a guard upon your passions, to learn self-control, and to form the character that will stamp your whole future life. You will be called upon shortly to gain your own livelihood in whatever state of life God may place you. You, perhaps for yourself fortunately, are not the son of a rich man, and hence you must soon learn to put whatever abilities you may have in play to make yourself in some way useful to your fellow-man, in order to win such reward as will enable you to maintain a respectable position in society, without trespassing upon the rights or privileges of others. By your reading and observation you will have learned that many avenues are open to you, and you must soon choose for yourself that

course in life that will yield you most pleasure and profit and enable you to do most good to your fellow-man. You will have learned already that you are placed on earth for some wise purpose, and not alone for selfish gratifications, and your great object in your early life will be to ascertain how best to direct the powers with which you are clothed. The most I can do for you is to give you a good education and a decent maintenance while you are acquiring it, after that you must trust to God and your own good sense, sharpened by the experience and teaching of others. I do not intend to load you down with advice. I throw out these hints because I think it time you should learn to reflect and become habituated to what we term introspection. Few are able to put themselves through this fearful yet necessary ordeal, but I assure you it is a matter of prime necessity every night to balance your books with God and man.

I have faith in you and believe you will succeed in life. You must try to learn the art of making friends, for it is mostly through friends that you will make your way. . . . Do the best you can this year at your school. Persevere and keep up a bold heart.

“Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Be good, be great, be true to yourself, fear God, but fear no man.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
PANAMA, Christmas, 1868.

MY DEAR WIFE :

I have been very ill with the fever, the “Calantura,” and am now confined to my bed ten days. I am very weak and have had a serious time, but I believe the disease is now out of my system. I suffer with my head and from pains in my limbs, but more than all from the dreadful solitude, nothing can be done. There is no danger of my death from this attack that has passed.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
PANAMA, January 4, 1869.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

. . . . .  
A week since they took me to Taboga, a small island, almost a rock rising out of the sea, where there is a hospital for naval officers, and there I have been sojourning until yesterday quite alone. On New Year's day I mustered strength to be rowed over to the mainland, where I plucked an orange and a leaf from the tree on which it grew that I send you. This was all for my New Year's. My Christmas dinner of chicken broth I took in bed. Yesterday on my return I found Henry Dickson at the Consulate. He had come down to visit me and buy goods, and I suppose will write to mother by this mail. I am still very feeble from the effects of fever, and the weather being warm and my appetite poor, I do not recuperate as fast as I would wish, but I think after a while I shall get well.

. . . . .

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,  
PANAMA, Feb. 3, 1869.

I have just returned from a voyage to Guatemala, touching *en route* at Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras, traversing a distance on water of some two thousand and two hundred miles. My weak condition of health prevented my leaving the ship save for brief intervals, so that I can make no report of the country from what I saw except that portion apparent upon the seaboard and the coast, and two or three of the seaports. I do not know that anything I could say about these would be interesting to you. But if you will procure the *History of Columbus* by Irving, and, having read that, take up Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, having access to both works through the public library, you will be well repaid in their perusal, and then have the benefit of such comments as I can make from what has passed before my eyes. The cities or ports of Puntas Arenas, Costa Rica, Covento, Salvador, San José, of Guatemala, or indeed any of the ports on the coast, differ in no essential particulars

from Panama, my descriptions of which you are already familiar with. It is true, earthquakes being more rife, the people do not venture upon more than one story to their houses, and therefore, if it is possible, there is more squalor and dirt. There is the same nudity, the same apathy, the same indolence on the part of the natives. The same greed for money, and the same licentiousness on the part of the adventurers from all nations, who taking their lives in their hands, peril not only that life, but honor and all, that to a good man makes life dear, in their lust for gain. Whichever way one's footsteps tend, through this land of gold and silver, pearls and precious stones, of sandalwood and laurel, of mahogany and caoutchoc, of sarsaparilla and balsam, and bark and indigo and cochineal, and cocoa, and coffee, and sugar, and rice, and the thousand other luxuries for which the men who live where wheat grows have tempted God and caused blood to flow in rushing tides, whatever avenues to these equatorial regions you seek to penetrate, up before you starts the individual Englishman or Scotchman, Frenchman, German, American, of course, but in front and before all the cosmopolitan Jew, the Israelite steeped in guile; and these, singly and in pairs, oppose you, or cross you, or join you, permeating the land, and seeking what their avarice may devour. Small in stature, straight in the forehead, narrow-chested, stooped, bandy-legged, quick ferret eyes, large dirty hands with itching palms, always the same age and pock-marked, with mysterious air, army shirts, and little baggage, these creatures, on steamboats, on muleback, by the diligence or afoot, are up and down the earth. People like them used during the war to hang upon the flanks and in the rear of the army, always in the front just after a battle, jackals, hyenas. Here they go in advance, their scent is keen, and wherever they go they leave a poison trail festering in foul corruption; the smallest community has felt their blight, wandering Jews and adventurers, knowing no law but individual interest, whose highest hope is gain. These are all you meet, and these have given character, as far as such a quasi-social character can be given, to all the cities in Southern Ameri-

can republics. There is nothing obvious, but the bald, sordid intent for the "immediate sou;" none of the freshness and vigor of Western pioneer life, no healthy sport or recreation, only acute, sharp trade. The native element feels the influence. Religion of any sect is a by word. What chance would Christ or his Apostles have, could they come in person? How can their theories be otherwise received by those to whom the Jews our Saviour cast from the synagogue, were as angels in white raiment? Oh, how contemptible to a fresh, pure, good Cuban or Aztec or Otaheitan in their natural state must a Christian (!) have appeared, brutalized by lust and avarice. How these good people these good *radical philanthropists* have been swept away, and what have we in their place? I blush for Religion, I blush for Christianity, when I see their effects. No nation that has felt their blighting influence but reeks in shame, vice, wretchedness, or, worse than all, wealth in classes, with its attendant luxury that is the parent of all other vices. Here, my daughter, is food for reflection, and after you shall have read the works I have pointed out to you, I want you to read the voyages of Captain Cook, and meanwhile looking over Irving's *Astoria* and *Captain Bonneville's Expedition*, with careful study of that part of United States history that appertains to our relations with the Indians, keeping yourself well posted through the papers of the day with what is just now going on, you will be prepared to look into the history of the Crusades, the seven centuries war of the Spaniards with the Moors, the advance of the English into India, the history of the opium trade, the war England succeeded in when founding the present relations of England with the Fiji Islands, Australia, New Zealand; all of which you can post yourself upon with but little exertion, and then, my dear, I will be able to point out to you a course of reading that will stimulate your mind for stronger food. We are in a progressive age so far as the arts and science of manufacture are concerned. Almost all the known elements are bent to the will of man. We claim to have advanced in ethics and in the science of man's government of man. He would be a bold man to-day who would presume

to assert that all temporal government as a science was not based upon the laws of Moses, and the divine and sublimated law, exemplified by the precept and example of our Saviour itself founded upon those laws. This we, as Christians, claim is the law of God that we are called upon to proclaim to all nations. Our prayer and our hope is that all nations shall speak one universal language, and worship one, our God. Study history, then, and see what we have already accomplished with these heathen nations that are passing away almost before our eyes, unannointed, unanealed. We plant the Cross, and straightway the light of the nations goes out forever. The stranger from the strange land far away puts his foot down, and straightway the sins of the *stranger*, not the father, are visited upon the children of the third, not the fourth generation, and lo ! a nation dies and leaves no sign ! I have been betrayed into something like polemics, of which a traveller's tale seldom savors, and so I ask your indulgence. Skip whatever part it does not suit you to read.

The most noticeable features in the coast line that seemed to glide before us in the passage of the ship like a panorama alternately glowing in the livid light of day, and darkening in the veiled twilight of these Southern nights, were the volcanoes in sight the Cordilleras of the Andes. Some of these peaks tower to the height of fourteen thousand feet, belching forth sulphurous flame and smoke that clouds the atmosphere far above their caps, while the red lava overflows and finds its way in rivulets of fire down the sides, in their lurid course charring and destroying all impediments. These mountains lift their tops so high, that the ordinary clouds are midway skyward, and the adventurer who would reach the summit must be bathed in vapor before his task is half completed. On the brown, bare, lava-gashed and tempest-riven slope, thousands of feet above the dimpling sea that glints beneath his wondering gaze, reflecting back the ardent rays of a vertical sun, shivering in his altitude, gasping for breath in an air so rarefied that his lungs almost refuse their office, he may lave his hands in the passing cloud; while the rifts of vapor drifting, cause his brain to

reel as with upward gaze the heights on heights, stretching far, higher and higher in nobler and grander altitude, are revealed, half concealed, half disclosed by Heaven's veils. The islands of the coast are of volcanic origin, and at a little distance are exquisitely beautiful, clothed with verdure from the water's edge all up their graceful slopes. Some of them are tall mountains rising from the deep sea, fathomless almost at their very water line. The principal cities of Central America, like the fabled phoenix, literally spring from their own ashes or those of their predecessors buried in earth that has quaked for their destruction, and now in terror are waiting their turn to come. Guatemala, the largest and most populous, has been built three times, and three times swallowed up. This is situate high up among the mountains, but even close to the borders of the sea I had recitals from the coast-wise denizens of recent rumbling, and from their accounts the surface of the earth would almost seem to totter like thin ice to the tread. Nature is wild and gloomy and hellish in these regions. Civilization falters before the great convulsions and throes of a world unformed and quickening into being, or passing with an awful crumbling to another existence. Man hesitates. Wild beasts and horrid reptiles, strange fowls of the air, and still stranger fish hold high carnival in the fastnesses of hilltop and mountain, by the river and through the gloomy lagoon all down to the sea. Some of the wonders of the great deep were revealed to me; and strange stories were told of what peopled the tangled forest glades, and found life in the green morass. I saw huge whales throw their black and greasy bulk upon the ocean's surface, and blow their jets of sparkling brine in rainbow colors high against the morning sun. I saw the famous devil fish that Victor Hugo so well describes, and heard heart-sickening tales of his capture, and how his victims, the pearl divers, were enveloped in his jelly, and sucked by a thousand mouths to a dreadful death. I saw the great sea alligators and man-eating sharks warring against each other. I shot enormous pelicans, one of which would eat as many fish for his breakfast as would supply your table for a week. I saw the fierce South American lion or puma, and have

brought back as spoils the skins of the still more savage jaguar. I walked underneath the palm and drank of the bright, clear, cold, sparkling fluid that comes from the nut.

I ate the tamarind fresh from the tree, and saw the coffee shrub, and the bales of cochineal, and indigo brought down in the quaint, old-fashioned ox-carts, so old-fashioned that you see their counterparts limned in the old, old pictures. The wheels sawed out of a solid block, the tongue attached by raw leather thongs to the horns of the oxen, the hoops covered with undressed hide. The drivers marching naked with the Biblical cloth about their loins. Much more did I see and hear that others have seen and heard before me, and can recount far better than I am able, to make up the article for the magazine or serial. Still there is a good deal in the being brought face to face with that which seems so strange in description to the inhabitants of temperate climates. For instance, upon one occasion, I took a small boat, and went off to a desolate island where perhaps before my own no human foot had trod. It was one of a group offering no temptation to the explorer. Yet because it was solitary, desolate, where one could be utterly alone, I rowed to it, and leaving my boat in charge of its crew at the beach, clambered up among the rocks and through the brakes, where I thought I might start a deer, and indeed, I am sure, I heard one bound with his quick tearing leaps just before me, but the cover was too thick for my vision. A wood pigeon rose and I shot it. Hardly had the report of my gun echoed away when I was startled by the most discordant cries, and directly two large parrots winged their flight within easy range just over my head. I would not fire at them; they were the same large, green beautifully plumaged birds that you see at the Italian shops, and it seemed to me little short of murder to take their lives, though I am told the young ones make a very good pie. Then I sailed under the stars that glittered in reflection from the dimpling waves, through the most lovely tropical nights that poet's pen ever pictured, the palms clustering on the shore. I saw the Southern Cross, beaming in all its glory, rising in the horizon, as the Great Bear went down.



I saw the moon come up partially eclipsed only to emerge to a more dazzling and effulgent light. I leaned over the taffrail as we plowed through waters white as milk, showing the same phenomenon that filled the followers of Columbus with amazement and dread and that yet remains unexplained by our philosophers. I saw the waves part before our prow in phosphorescent glow, to meet under our keel like the burning billows of a fiery sea. I passed majestic ships with all sails set, top royals and sky sails, flying jibs and stern sails, all the canvas that could be crowded on the best merchantmen that float from England's docks, whitening in the sunlight and belling in the favoring breeze, the whole fair fabric "walking the water like a thing of life,"—with two exceptions, a noble horse, a fair woman—the most beautiful object to the eye of man.

I have seen the Aztec Indian girl, with her almond eye, her polished copper skin, her straight black hair, her round and supple limbs, her well turned ankle and aristocratic hand, pure in lineage from the tribe whose fair daughter welcomed the first Spaniards with seductive grace to the shores of the New world. She has come to me with her calabash, her oranges and pines; she has offered her hammock woven from the same fibre, in the same fashion, with the same gay coloring that centuries ago tempted the hardy adventurer from Castile to repose. But, like the knife grinder, I have no story to tell. My life is like a succession of waking dreams, and my thoughts are dreaming as the days that weave them. No strength, fading, rolling up like a scroll of mouldering parchment, I cannot write to give form to my ideas or expression to the memories. Like the sheen of the setting sun purpling with glory the fleecy mists that take a thousand forms as they drive athwart the molten sky, the light of my life is passing, scintillating with upward flash for the brief instant ere it emerges to the dim obscure.

. . . . .

I am called to a hurried conclusion by the unexpected arrival of the Hon. Caleb Cushing, whom I have to meet at a diplomatic dinner, after which an interview with the Presi-

dent, etc., all of which the public prints will fully advise you of.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1868.

MY DEAR WIFE :

The papers, of course, have kept you fully advised of the all-absorbing interest of the day, about which it is useless for me to say one word, save that I rank myself on the side of the executive as opposed to the grossly revolutionary measures of the radical and partisan methods of Congress. The impeachment process is a mere pretense for the perpetuation of party power. The getting rid of Mr. Johnson is the beginning of the formation of a pure oligarchy that will be tyrannous in its rule. There is nothing in law to warrant the procedure, in fact the President is sustained in his course by the best legal minds of the country. Should the opposition succeed, it will be without color of law, and I should apprehend very serious trouble.

The weather here has been stormy to a degree I think I have never witnessed. Snow and sleet, a harsh March wind prevails to-day, and I am not well. I have accepted, notwithstanding, an invitation to a state dinner at the Executive Mansion from the President and Mrs. Johnson, to meet the Chief Justice and other members of the Supreme Court, with other distinguished guests.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1868.

MY DEAR WIFE :

The impeachment process drags more slowly than the bitter partisans had supposed was possible. From present prospects it must be many days before the President can be brought to the bar, and afterwards a long time must be consumed in the trial. Meanwhile, the people from all parts of the country will have been heard from. He is calm, composed, and perfectly hopeful the best legal minds of the country are with him.

GALT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, Nov. 22, 1869.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :

The prevailing storms, the accounts of which you doubtless noticed in the papers, took full effect upon our line of route thither. We had snow and wind among the mountains, and on the plains near Urbana, Ohio, a tornado fairly carried a car from a side switch to the main track and caused a collision whereby we were detained twelve hours. We arrived here in a storm, and with brief interval it has stormed ever since. As I write, the smoky atmosphere is dull beyond expression, and the rain falls heavily. I came on as the guest of General Sherman in a special car, and as the same returned without him I declined an invitation to return in the same, although he proposed to place Mrs. Belknap, the wife of the Secretary of War, under my charge. He went to Cincinnati ; I propose to go to Indianapolis to-night, and probably from thence to Logansport, where I may remain a short time, and from whence I shall probably write you. The meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was a success in most respects, and I was gratified in meeting many of my old comrades. The address of General Parker, who delivered the eulogy upon General Rawlins, was a most finished production.

. . . . .

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, June 14, 1872.

MY DEAR SISTER:

. . . . .

It would seem vain and egotistical even if you could credit the recountal of my adventures ; how, at every turn, upon the crowded street, in the railway, even at the hotel, in all places strange to me where I go, I find persons crowding up to me for recognition, all eager to do me honor. At Cincinnati I had a perfect ovation, and from that place hither and all through my meanderings ; brother officers, comrades in arms, the relatives of those who served and fell under me, the people who keep alive the records of the war and who therein have read my name, all extend the hand of fellowship, greeting, and hospitality. What may grow out of it

all I cannot say or even hope, perhaps, as in the past, nothing tangible, nothing material. It may be only the lip service of honor with no substantial meaning, but there is a gratification in the sweet incense that nothing else can equal and that might turn the head of a less grave man. St. Paul is a beautiful and opulent city, with the purest atmosphere I have ever breathed, more rarified than that of California. Last night, returning to my lodgings, I suffered with cold; to-day the people are going about with their overcoats that are comfortable. The twilight lasts till nine o'clock in the evening. I am charmed with the place. Of all these things and places and people I have laid up stores of incidents to detail to you on my return, and now, my dear sister, with the vague idea I have conveyed of my *locus in quo*, of my health and spirits, with the assumed probability of my early return, let me make some answer to your sweet letter of June 5th, that I found with one from Walter of even date awaiting my arrival here. You tell me that you are glad that I have been admitted to the Communion in the Catholic Church. I will not say that I am surprised to know that you are glad, for I know your sound, practical common-sense judgment in matters of religion, because I know that you possess no bigoted feeling of repulsion towards a faith that under your eyes and in your own most intimate communion has made the lives of those you most love on earth pure and holy. I have taken a step, perhaps the most important for life or eternity, with full consciousness and mature deliberation, and with the conviction that for me there was but one step between the Catholic Church and infidelity, that I either moved forward or backward, that I could not long remain as I was. I do not desire to be misunderstood by my family or those friends who might take an interest in the matter. I do not claim to have received a change of heart, an experience of religion, or any strong revulsion of feeling usually understood as conveyed in the cant religious expressions of the day. I have made profession of the faith based upon the creed taught me at our mother's knee. I have received the holiest Sacrament of the Church, that if any is true, is the one true Church. I pray

that God may give me grace to have perfect faith. There has been no violent emotion of mind, I have been as an infant might be lifted to a cradle of peace. My course seems plain before me, and though I know, oh, how well, the force of all you say, that there are ills in life, there are times when our souls are tried and our faith well-nigh lost, yet I feel now quite at ease. The Church is right, I have enlisted under her banner, I have only to keep my place in her ranks and press forward in the march of life. Between us, you and me, there can be no difference; we can breathe the same prayer for the influence of that Holy Mystery that no human mind can conceive, to which all things temporal are less than atoms in the sunbeam.

I cannot now write, as I am at the Headquarters of the Army, surrounded by officers and the bustle of business; at some future time I will express myself more freely and at greater length. Put from your heart and mind all apprehension, all repugnance. We have the same God, the same Saviour, the same Holy Spirit. Let us pray for the same grace.

To-morrow I go to Dakota Territory to the source of the Red River of the North. If you look upon the map you may be able to discover the little lake whence the great river takes its rise and some fifty miles beyond Fort Abercrombie.

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,  
Saturday, Nov. 24, 1877.

MY DEAR BOY:

I am here in Boston . . . Heretofore courtesies have been extended to me, but never before so bountifully as now; cards came to me at my hotel and invitations without number at the club.

Two or three nights since, returning to my caravansary, I found a warm invitation to an anniversary dinner of the "Grand Army of the Republic." Coming from a source that I must respect, I deemed it proper to at once go in person to offer my regrets. It was impossible to get off, I was at once

seized, and having been introduced to many of an hundred guests, upon the arm of the commander, was assigned to the seat of honor. Facing me at the end of one of the two tables that formed the hollow square was the Secretary of State; at his right hand sat the Collector of the Port, one Simmons of Butler fame, next to him Oliver Wendell Holmes, then Squires, and so on and so on, with soldiers of the regular army, men of rank and note, etc., etc. A splendid spread, good food and rare wines, and as the cloth was removed an eloquent address from the commander at my left premising the first regular toast of the evening, of course the "*President of the United States*," and, to my profound astonishment, a call upon me to respond. To that moment I had no expectation of speaking, except perhaps in a general way, and certainly no reason to expect a call to speak to a regular toast, and to that one which at this time and before such an assemblage as I found before me, certainly demanded some consideration and mature deliberation. Fortunately, I had just read Noyes's speech in full at the Paris dinner to Grant, and was fresh from a discussion of Grant and Hayes with General Gordon that very day, so that my mind was drifting in the right channel for the occasion. I made a good speech, a better one, I think, than I ever made before. That is not saying much, but I found out long before I sat down that I had my audience, and more than once I took them completely off their feet. Avoiding personality, I made Grant the embodiment of a grand idea, and made him the realization of that idea, as an exponent to the nations of the earth of the young Republic yet in her swaddling clothes. I took Hayes by the hand from the time he left the wilderness of the West till he was hammered out at Cambridge and fitted for the conflict of life.

The first day of my arrival dined with Judge Woodbury, the next with the "Grand Army," last evening with the ex-Chief-Justice Bigelow, declining two dinners, one an invitation from Mr. Brooks. Yesterday I lunched with the present Chief-Justice Grey, a man who stands six feet four in his stockings. To-night I dine with Mr. Appleton, who

is the brother-in-law of Professor Longfellow, whose son is invited to meet me. To-morrow I lunch with Mr. Otis, the grandson of Harrison Grey Otis, and to-morrow night I dine with Mr. Sydney Brooks.

PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO,  
Sunday, Nov. 16, 1879.

MY DEAR SON :

From the journals of the day, for I presume the Eastern papers will republish from here, you must learn the wonderful events of the past week in this wonderful city. My experience in popular assemblages all my life has been large and varied, particularly since the war. I have seen the best cities at their best, but I have seen nothing that compares with numbers and strength and character combined, such as have gathered here. Nor can I hope in a letter to convey to you the impressions and ideas that from their contemplation throng my mind. I have been invited and urged to go hence to Washington, and believe I should be made welcome. But I do not desire to mingle in a crowd, even of the gallant soldiers that will be there, and it would not be fitting that I should be made to take a conspicuous place before the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland. Here it has been different. Kind fortune gave me the honor of being one of the trusted in the early struggles of the Army of the Tennessee ; my command kept me at the front of its battles. I was favored at the close of its first fierce fight with the friendship of General Sherman, warm and unshaken to this day. In its darkest hours, before the dawning of the splendid sunlight of its crowning victory at Vicksburg, I was admitted to the confidence and councils of him who to-day stands before the whole world as its foremost Captain, the foremost Captain among the soldiers of the world. Here in Chicago were enlisted many regiments that were grouped under my command, and which by the grace of God I led through fire and flood and privation and suffering to the bitter end of a horrible war. The names of their mighty dead are high up on the roll of honor. I have found

more than compensation for all my own suffering and sacrifice in standing by the side of Grant and amid the vast host that were gathered to do him homage, to give him welcome, to be able to greet in not a few of the upturned faces, as their procession passed in review, a glance of glad recognition from their heroic survivors. I know in this hour that my name is familiar at their firesides and in the mouths of their children. I know that Chicago has given me welcome, and that her citizens have felt proud that I should take standing place near the very pinnacle of glory she has erected for him so great in the estimation of myriads of men. I care not to descend just now to mingle with the throng that will swell the chorus of the dirge to Thomas. Still I was strongly tempted to accept Sherman's invitation to accompany him back, and though my engagements will keep me here for a day or two longer, I may go to Washington "as a looker on in Vienna."

. . . . .

It is vain, my dear son, that I strive to finish this letter, constant interruptions break the thread of my attempted narrative, and obscure my line of thought. I don't know that I shall be able even to tell you when we meet any more of my own share in the exciting events of the past week ; within the hour I shall join the Commandery of the Loyal Legion here at their invitation to a reception and lunch tendered by them to General Grant. The reception will be held at the Chicago Club. General Sheridan has tendered me horses and escort to look over the city. "Sandy," General George Forsyth, and others of his staff have been very polite.

. . . . .

Grant looks very well, and has borne himself well throughout all this affair. Sheridan is very sick, and seems to be breaking up. This is a wonderful place. Business men are in high spirits. There are nine millions of bushels of wheat in the elevators here ; orders for manufactured goods cannot be filled. Wednesday brought in seventy-five thousand people.

. . . . .



HYDE PARK ON THE HUDSON,  
Sunday, , 1880.

MY DEAR SON:

I had a most charming interview with General Hancock, to whom you will pay your respects at some convenient season not far away. . . I am the guest of my friend, Governor Dorsheimer. I cannot describe to you what a perfectly lovely place his is. My window commands one of the most striking views of the Highlands of the Hudson so celebrated in song and story. All around is superb prospect of hill and valley, rich in leafy trees and smiling verdure, the river winding away dotted with sails. Mansions and cottages nestled here and there, long and broad avenues bounded by lofty elms and hedge-rows, giving in their curves constant surprises as they open to the parterre or the lake. But why essay anything to bring your fancy hither ; only imagine a country selected hundreds of years ago by opulent patroons for picturesque loveliness, and inhabited for generations by the wealthy who have in each succession of family exhausted every resource of taste and the best efforts of the landscape gardener to develop what nature has so lavishly spread.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1880.

To-morrow morning at nine o'clock I start for Colorado in company with Governor Dorsheimer. This journey is not political. . . I *may* return a week from next Saturday, but, as usual, my movements will be uncertain, governed by daily events, so you need never fear for me.

You may regard General Hancock's election as *un fait accompli*. I shall probably be regarded as one who had some hand in it.

PUEBLO, COLO., Sept. 5, 1880.

We arrived here this evening at 2.30 after a not very eventful but most interesting journey from New York that

we left Thursday morning at 9 A.M. . . . This part of the continent I have never traversed, and to me the superb cultivated plateau of Kansas which with its highly cultivated farms and vast herding grounds for cattle, and the desert sage wilderness of Colorado was continuous delight merging into the sublime as the Spanish peak and Pike's Peak loomed upon the horizon. Pueblo is an old, very old Spanish town, now Americanized, with a population of 7500. The aspect of the place is simply horrid, though the air is pure, and notwithstanding the excessive heat, the place is healthy.

. . . . .  
PUEBLO, COLO., Sept. 6, 1880.  
. . . . .

If you look on your map, you will find Pueblo. It is a very old Spanish town, now Americanized. Its altitude above the level of the sea, or "Torresdale," is 4679 feet ; the air so rarified that in going fast I feel its effects upon my lungs, its population about six thousand, the largest city in Southern Colorado ; it lies about one hundred and twenty miles south of Denver, and is reached by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway and by the Denver and Rio Grande road. From this point the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road branches to the East and the Carson City Branch of the Denver and Rio Grande to the West. The Arkansas River runs through the city, separating it from South Pueblo ; North and South Pueblo it is called. This afternoon I shall leave for Silver Cliff, and from thence or thereabouts, take horse or mule and penetrate the mountain regions far away from civilization. As I write, the mountain ranges of the Rockies loom up in the landscape, and above them all to the eastward Pike's Peak, wrapped in his mantle of eternal snow. The weather here is perfectly charming at this season of the year. The winds sweep freely over the broad savannahs. For hundreds of miles we passed through the Great American Desert, with its cactus and sage brush and arid alkaline soil. The people here have been very polite. Last evening a serenade of beautiful music was

given us. I delivered a speech in eulogy of your friend, General Hancock, and was followed by Governor Dorsheimer on the state of the Union. . . . I have eaten antelope, but have not yet seen any live ones. I have seen wild cats and puma or South American lion, in a cage, however, and the most beautiful golden eagle. As yet game has been scarce with me, but this is not the season.

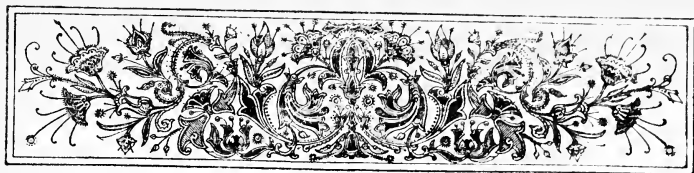
. . . . .





The following study of the character of General Smith was prepared by his second son, Theodore Dehon Smith, known in religion as the Rev. Father Maurice, a priest of the congregation of the Passionists, who died in Buenos Ayres, South America, February 15, 1894. It was intended for publication as an article in a magazine, but has been withheld until this time. It presents the views of an affectionate son of his father's character, and is thought to have an interest that makes it worthy of publication.





## GENERAL, THOMAS KILBY SMITH.

“Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation.”—Eccles. xlv., 1.

AS we grow farther and farther away from the great Civil War, its events and the actors in them become shadowy and unreal. It is the heroic age of the Republic. The men and the times stand out before the mental vision like mediæval pictures. In vain are written eloquent narratives and authentic memoirs by those who themselves were a part of the scenes they describe ; in vain are books and papers and pamphlets sent out from the press, the sons of the people are dull of hearing, the heart of the nation has ceased to beat responsive to the once familiar call of the bugle and roll of the drum. Occasionally that brilliant past that made the present possible is brought once more before us with something of the old-time force ; some battle-flag, torn and tattered by the musket-ball, with the bloodstains of its braves fading into the colors his dying eye lit up to see, is removed from its dust-covered bin,—the mighty chieftain of so many armies dies amid the pine trees falling like some lofty cedar with a crash that resounds through the forest,—but in a moment the apathy returns as the stillness resumes its usual sway. Grant has gone into song and story. He is already idealized. He and his generals are almost as far back to us as Charlemagne and his paladins, as Napoleon and his marshals, as Washington and the generals of his earlier days. Is this the fate of men and nations ? Is this the reward that awaits all who give themselves to the service of mankind ? Is this the vanity of human things, that the Wise Man speaks of ? Ah, no ; not so. To the Christian

eye to the eye of faith, the lives of persons and of peoples are indestructible portions of an eternal plan, by which they will be judged, and according to which with unerring justice and unfailing truth, every man will be rewarded according to his works. The world may forget the virtues of its heroes, but God does not forget them. And no one who has done his part to illustrate that dear humanity so wonderfully created, so still more wonderfully redeemed, shall remain unrecompensed. But the fame, and the honor, and the glory, "the report that exalts the character, the renown that every true soldier courts, and has a right to court" will be given in good measure, and pressed down and shaken together, running over, to all. To the statesman who gave his life that good government might not perish from the earth, to the general officer who in comparison with the love of country held life cheap, to the private soldier whose humble tomb tells this tale, "he died nobly contending for the right." There are besides the saints spiritual, saints political. For, indeed, the attributes of God are imaged in the economy of the State as in that of the Church. Dr. Brownson has said, that they are no less martyrs of truth who die on the battlefield in defence of true government, than they who die in witnessing the faith. But though we may console ourselves with such considerations for the inevitable transition that will cause our own selves to be forgotten, it is none the less our duty to avoid the truthlessness of the unthinking majority of men, and to commemorate with due reverence and respect the benefits we confess to have received from our fathers in their generation, the men of renown who one by one are falling into their graves.

In the number of these we would fain place the subject of this sketch. General Thomas Kilby Smith, whose death is chronicled under date of the 14th of last December, was as firm a patriot and as upright a man as any of those who followed the flag. Among the very first to answer the appeal to arms, he recruited a regiment and rose successively to the command of a brigade, a division, and a military department. Whilst acting as Chief of Staff to General Grant, he enjoyed the close confidence of that commander; and the



veteran, Sherman, has testified to the esteem in which he held him. Like Scammon and Rosecrans—and we wish we could say like Sherman,—General Smith was a convert to Catholicism. And, like them, he had a son who became a priest, whose consolation it has been to repeat the dear and honored name of his father at the altar, and to offer the prayer of Holy Church at his grave, “that he who on earth had been united in faith to the congregation of believers, in Heaven may be associated with the angelic chorus.”

Doubtless, the mind of a man thoroughly identified in heart and hope and sympathy with what are termed secular affairs, did not always bend promptly to the teachings of religion. Doubtless, a lifetime of association with non-Catholics, and in the exercise of that private judgment upon all matters under the sun, which they count as their choicest prerogative, and which he was well fitted to enjoy (if there can be any transient joy in the pursuit of intellectual chimeras), may have disposed him to moments of doubt and distrust. But the knowledge and the wisdom which must come in the train of so wide an experience of so cultivated a soul, convinced him of the necessity of revelation; and the question of authority that followed was easily solved. To those who have heard him converse, it is not necessary to say, how nature had gifted him with some of the choicest qualities that can be bestowed upon body or soul. He had the most beautiful, delightful, kindling enthusiasm upon every great subject of debate. He had what Newman says of Hurrell Froude, that sure hold upon certain prime and moving principles which made him utterly careless of consequences. The intimate society and habitual intercourse with the best minds of the day gave an additional impetus to the natural force and dignity of his character. The late Rev. Dr. White, Pastor of St. Matthew's at Washington, the late Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, the Very Rev. Vicar General Preston of New York, were clergymen whom he knew and esteemed. By the second of them, in 1872, he was received into the Communion of the Church. If then, after thirty or forty years of the widest and freest speculation, he found it difficult to think as we all tried to teach

him to think, who will be surprised? "You cannot teach me," he wrote to his son, naturally anxious at witnessing some of his mental vagaries, "I studied Brownson before you were born." "I dare say you did," humbly replied the young man, who was most often worsted in such encounters. "But," added the elder, with instant recognition of the filial deference paid, "probably not with as much profit to myself." Nevertheless, however his friends may regret the free vein he was accustomed to give to his mind, they have no reason to blush for his conduct. In the universal license of camp and court, he remained unsullied. A proverb amongst his companions for a gentleness and truth worthy of knighthood, as for valor that was dubbed chivalrous. It was characteristic of him to take his sons, even of tender years, to be with him at all times, at the mess table during active service, to his various resorts of pleasure or occupation during the long period of his retirement. "I never say anything I am ashamed for my children to hear" was his explanation on this point. There is no one but can profit by the significance of the remark. Such a character as this will repay study. What was it that brought so lofty a spirit in subjection to Catholic faith? The world had a mighty attraction for him. But it never filled his heart or kept him from experiencing those large desires that make every finite pleasure a disappointment and a pain. He would have what the present condition of things has to offer in the way of joy and consolation, because he thought that the effort required to obtain it was a manly and becoming exertion of strength. It would be folly, also, to pretend that the high aims and ideals he cherished were so absolutely single to truth and justice as to be without some trace of self-interest. But that he lived to realize the vanity of earthly power and of passing delight there is no room to doubt. Then, too, without perhaps being conscious of it, he was carried along by that reactionary spirit in the American Protestant Church against the stern traditions of the Puritan Fathers, which has been so often and so ably described in the pages of this Review. He hated Calvinism. But it was nearly all that he knew for many years of the

Christian religion. For he was born of Protestant parents in Boston, nearly seventy years ago. It is this which will explain his apparent indocility to Catholic inspiration upon a certain occasion. One of his sons already referred to, received a religious vocation. Enamored of the preaching of the famous Paulist, James Kent Stone, he followed that eminent divine into the stricter observance of the Passionists. This was a sensible grief to the father, who opposed the movement as long and as well as he fairly could, using every lawful and decorous means of hindrance that were in his power. He disliked the doctrine of human depravity, and he had a right to dislike it, because it had been taught him improperly. He did not understand that of Christian self-denial, of which the religious life is a consequence, because for so long it had never been taught to him at all.

"You wish," he wrote, "to darken this world so good, so beautiful, to deprive it of all its sheen, its glitter, and its gloss. . . . You despise those things that precede, accompany, and follow every man from his birth." Thus for long he struggled against the sacrifice that God demanded of him. But in his better moments, and ultimately, he lowered his strong heart to the inevitable, and kissed the Divine Hand that chastened him. Few can read without emotion such words as these that follow :

"MY DEAR SON :

"It is a good while since we had any commune, nearly a year since we met, and then I thought we should never again meet in this world. No day passes that you are not in my mind. I never close my eyes to sleep that I do not make my prayer for you. My dear, dear boy. It is all so strange to me. My cross is heavier than I can bear. At times I falter, and my heart is broken. Never let one doubt of my love for you cross your mind, never for one moment suppose that I am now or ever have been hurt or angry with you, or that I have suffered from disappointment at the course you have chosen to pursue. If you are happy in this world, my prayers are answered ; if in your vocation you can confer happiness on others, I am more than content. But little is

left to me. I am almost ready to lay my burden down. I have tried life in all its phases,—now for that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. . . . God has been abundant in blessing me, and if He has clothed me with affliction as with a garment, it too, doubtless, has been a blessing in disguise. . . . On . . . now all our hopes rest. He is our stay for troubles that are upon us as a sea, and for others that we wot not of. Pray for his physical health. In mind he is mighty, with a strong heart and high courage. Never doubt, never forget me, but know that I am always with faith and dearest love,

“Your affectionate father.”

Such words as these do not fall from the lips of sceptics. And when we know that he had complied with the precepts of Holy Church in regard to the reception of the Sacraments previous to his death, and that in that fatal moment he was conscious, and that, together with his family, he had at his bedside the ever ready, ever zealous, ever generous Jesuit, who can doubt that the grace of God which had followed him all his life, descended upon him then, to remain with him forever? Cast thy bread upon the waters, for after a long time thou shalt find it again. That dear friend, that honored father was not allowed to die alone. The brave and gallant soldier, whose very enemies loved him and had reason to love him, was surrounded by the prayers of those whom he had loved. In all parts of the Union he fought to preserve, there were those who remembered his soul before God. The citizens of Mississippi, whose property he preserved from the heedless soldiery; the citizens of Massachusetts, among whom he was born; dwellers in Philadelphia, the city of his adoption; New York, the city of his love, and far off by the banks of the Ohio, where sleep the nameless dead—no, not nameless—the beloved 54th. Ever reticent, ever modest, ever self-controlled, the half of his benefactions will never be known. He was strong to protect the weak. Whether in behalf of a downtrodden race, as when he stood by the side of the afterwards great Chief-Justice Chase, to receive the obloquy of a pro-slavery mob, or when from his

headquarters at Mobile he reported to the Secretary of War in behalf of the efficient negro soldiers,—or whether it were in defence of a proscribed religion, as when he married in the heat of the Know-Nothing rage, a Catholic wife, his arm was always raised to shield the unprotected from violence and to help the losing side. When the South was swept by the tide of invasion, it was to such as he that she looked not in vain for consideration for the vanquished. “War has its laws,” he told his soldiers, “as well as peace. Save by military rule, the rights of person and property are sacred—sacred here as near your peaceful homes in the Far West. Remember, it is not women and children nor States upon whom the Government is making war. . . . It is for the soldiers of the Government who have perilled their lives and pledged their fortunes and honor for the maintenance of law and order, to set an example to those who have sought to overturn all and bring anarchy and confusion upon the land. To teach them that in the proud consciousness of power and victory we can exercise a wise and just forbearance.” By such regulations as these the acrimony of the conflict was softened, the fury of war abated. To use his own exquisite, high-flown diction, it was “to march with the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other.” Sectional animosity gave place to human kindness. And when such dispositions prevail, there is no circumstance of life more favorable to the display of the natural virtues dear to God and man than the theatre of mortal combat. Charity descends upon the battlefield to cover its ghastly horrors with the mantle of holy love. The virtues of nature are indeed in a most true sense holy. They never go unrewarded. They sometimes meet with a higher than natural recompense. A great soldier, whose feats of arms are the applause of the world, once gave his canteen to an exhausted foe, made prisoner by his troops. Years after, his dreary exile was consoled by grateful testimonials from the relatives of the man whose life had thus been saved. But of this same one it is recorded, in language of incomparable eloquence: “The hand that was wont to countersign victory was extended to a Sister of Charity.” Of this last object of condescension,

the friends and relatives had neither silver nor gold, but may we not suppose, that what they had they gave? In the silence and the solitude that broods over the ocean's vast expanse there came to the mind so long engaged in the world's affairs the thought of the eternal God. Was this the gift of an excellent nature, or the result of abounding grace? We may be pardoned if we think it was grace given in answer to prayer. Prayer offered in grateful acknowledgment of an act of clemency to the friends of religious truth.

Our modest hero would disclaim all share in this comparison, except with regard to this last. In the times when almost every Union general was a ruler and a prince, his brief authority extended even to the domains of Holy Church. With all his respect for civil rights, it may be doubted if his acquaintance was very accurate with the law Ecclesiastical. He had shown but slight consideration for the scruples of certain dignitaries upon other occasions. But when, in 1864, in distant Louisiana, he found himself the *de facto* head of the temporalities belonging to a community of nuns, inasmuch as he was monarch of river and shore, his heart came to the help of his mind and he did for these helpless and destitute victims of conquest all that its generous promptings suggested. They had no reason to complain of the rigor of martial law. Like that of the ancient king, it was not made for such as they. The edge of the sword was not turned against them, but against all who should venture to molest them. The convent<sup>1</sup> was sacred from every invasion of its privacy by a detachment of his men, and from the camp of this considerate aggressor were furnished the sorely needed supplies and provisions of all kinds. In the impoverishment of that stricken territory, the Religious found better fare in this instance amongst their foes than their own friends could have offered them. "Deign to render, O Lord, unto all those who have done good to us for Thy Name's sake, life eternal." These courtesies of war probably cost the Federal officer little. They profited him much. Let it be recorded to the honor of religion, that

<sup>1</sup> The convent of the Sacred Heart near Alexandria, La.

these faithful disciples of the Catholic Church, which itself knew no North and no South, never forgot to return a hundredfold the little they had received. In their beautiful convent homes all over a re-united and peaceful land, their whilom benefactor, he and his, the living and the dead, have found rest and peace, and one of them a quiet grave. And not only so, for we are sure that to them in great part he was indebted for the grace of conversion, and finally for the grace of a happy death.

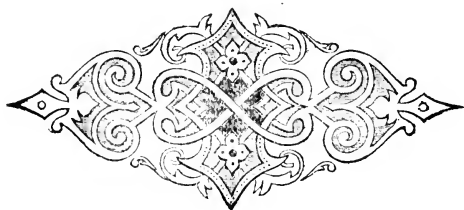
The mortal remains of the once proud soldier lay in state in a room in his own house. There, together with the insignia of his earthly rank and short-lived glory, was placed the symbol of peace eternal. And as the image of the Crucified looked down on the laurel and steel, and the son sang the funeral dirge over all that was left of the father, the countenance of the dead man reposed in ineffable calm. Surely, if ever the infinite attributes of a merciful God shone forth from the human face divine, they were to be seen here. Those features which were once so mobile,—which erstwhile were as stern as fate, or, again, as sweet as summer, rested now in aspect of contemplation. The brows, slightly elevated, communicated to the whole an expression of wisdom which the closed eyes could not contradict. It was only a deserted tenement, a shell, a mould of clay. But it had been the habitation of an immortal soul. We have no right to judge. We dare not say. The end no man can see. But may we not hope that the indomitable spirit which had so often looked forth from beneath those lids with determination to find in the world its counterpart of valor and of love, in the moment of its departure saw the vanity of that desire and mused upon its own mistake,—gazed into the immediate future, saw the glory of the coming of the world that was to be, and left stamped upon that which had been for so long the mirror of its motions the virtues of its final satisfaction and content.

General Smith is not buried at Spring Grove with his old regiment, nor at Greenwood near the busy mart whose active life he loved to share, nor at Laurel Hill, where rest many of the illustrious of his compeers. In the humble con-

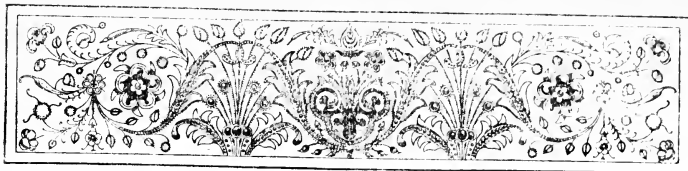
viction of his family and of many of his friends, he rests where the mysterious presence of God upon earth is more palpably evident than in any of these. They have laid the body of the soldier near the Body of the Christian's Lord. He, whose arm in life was raised in defence of what he believed to be true authority, in death has taken up his station to bear witness to the same good cause. Obedient to every detail of Catholic ritual, he lies in the Catholic burying-ground of his own parish.

"But," it was said, "even if he had died on the field of battle, his followers would have distinguished his remains from those of others. They would have wrapped his cloak about him, and put him in a place apart." And so it is now. Upon a gentle eminence, quite near the sanctuary, his grave overlooks those of all the rest who are buried there. It is the last bivouac. The warrior again mounts guard. He defends the Holy Sepulchre. He has stationed his outposts and picketed his men. And here he has pitched his tent. It will not any more be unfolded until the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise. When, upon the morning of that tremendous day, he goes to respond to the dread summons to render his account, God grant that the good works he has done may follow him, and that thus may come to pass the saying that is written "Death is swallowed up in victory."

THE END







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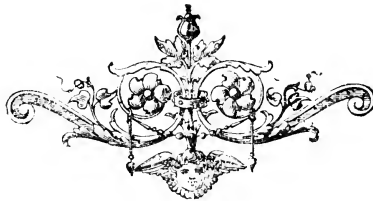
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